





N. R. PRICE, Mayor.

July 7, 1927.

Major S. Whipple,  
West Point,  
New York.

Dear Major Whipple:

This is to thank you for your letter of May 28th and to inform you as to developments in my son's case.

On June 2, the War Department informed me my son was definitely excluded from entrance, reciting the original reasons given by the Academy Board for refusing entrance by certificate. Nothing was said as to the action of the Board or review of his case. From this I infer no recommendation was made.

This final notice reached me on the tenth anniversary of my reporting for active duty in the the War, a service that continued nearly two years, and a rather melancholy reminder of that indiscretion when at the age of 41 I first joined the war.

The thing that irritates me is that my sons' Alternate, (Matthews), was admitted by conditional certificate granted six months before his qualification at the boys prep school where he was a student; also his schoolmate, Caraway, (Son of the Arkansas Senator of that name.) I probably overlooked my hand by not filing a certificate when my son first applied for admission in 1926.

Altogether, two years of determined effort to break into the U. S. Military Academy has resulted in humiliating failure, and I have advised my son to turn his attention elsewhere and work out a career. As for myself, I have forwarded my resignation as Major, Med40. P.C.

Very sincerely yours.

N. R. Price, Sr.



WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON

IN REPLY  
REFER TO

AG201 (Price, Norman Randolph) Res. 12-20-23

April 30, 1924.

SUBJECT: Appointment in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

Through: Commanding General, Fifth Corps Area.

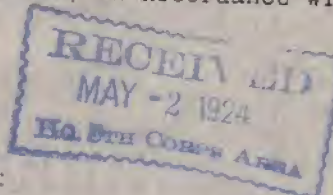
A 0-199200

To:

Major Norman Randolph Price, Med-ORC,  
Marlinton, W. Va.

B None

1. By direction of the President you are appointed in the Officers' Reserve Corps, effective this date, in the grade and section shown in address above. Your serial number and length of active service in your present or any higher grade are shown above in A and B, respectively.
2. You will not perform the duties of an officer under this appointment until specifically called to active duty under competent orders.
3. There is inclosed herewith a form for oath of office, which you are requested to execute and return promptly to the agency from which it was received by you. The execution and return of the required oath of office constitute an acceptance of your appointment. No other evidence of acceptance is required. Upon receipt in the War Department of the oath of office properly executed a commission evidencing your appointment will be sent to you.
4. It is important that there be no delay on your part, otherwise it will be necessary to cancel your appointment after lapse of a reasonable time.
5. Your attention is especially called to the importance of notifying all concerned each time that you change your permanent address. For this purpose please use the forms inclosed, in accordance with instructions thereon.



By order of the Secretary of War:

4 Inclosures.

Copy to Surgeon General.

  
Adjutant General.

Price Norman Randolph



1409 Colonial Avenue,  
Norfolk, Virginia,  
July 9, 1925.

N. R. Price, M.D.,  
Pres. of The Greenbrier Med. Soc.,  
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Sir:

Your recent article relative to the situation of medical education which appeared in "The Evening Sun" of July 1st, was read with great interest by me, as medical education is something that I am interested to the extent of aspiring to be a country doctor--a Calling that four generations of my maternal ancestors have followed in this country.

Unfortunately, however, I have learned to my sorrow that the door to all medical is now closed to poor boys--worse, the deans of many of the medical schools are advising the poor boys to keep out of the medical profession. This statement in the face of the much heralded claim that we the citizens of America live in a democracy is rather disconcerting.

Nevertheless, it is vry gratifying to learn that there are a few physicians left of the "old school" who can peer ahead and discern the impending dangers now threatening Orthodox Medicine.

Previously, I had come to believe that Dr. Pusey was playing a "lone" hand in the suggestive reforms that he cited in his presidential address of last year.

What has been done about the matter since then? I have yet to learn a single fact in connection with this matter! Why?

You know, and I know, Dr. Price the reason of all this inertia! So why discuss the matter any further.

However, I think it fitting to state that there are plenty of qualified students who are only waiting for the chance to enter the medical schools and qualify for country practise. Just now, however, we cannot work our way through medical schools because we have no night schools and part-time attendance is not permitted under the existing laws.

No change need be written into the present preliminary requirements, provided The Council On Medical Education And Hospitals would be a little tolerant toward our financial shortcomings. We are not seeking a doles system--nor schlorships, or loan funds.

The alleged claim that enough schlorships and loan funds exist to care for needy students can be dismissed with the statement that they only exist in the proportion of two to every thirty students. To prove this statement all you have to do is to count the number of students enrolled in the medical schools today and divide the number of loan funds and schlorships against them.



Much has been written about the inferiority of the old time medical school and yet most of the present leaders of Medicine today are products of these institutions. In addition to this, the old time medical school could make more concessions toward needy students than the present highly endowed universities.

A study of medical education in Maryland for the year 1884 reveals the fact that of the six schools existing at that time, three of them made a seventy percent reduction in tuition for poor students. This was not confined to one or two students, this was a concession made to all who could vouch for their indigency.

It is not my intention to comment on the "desiderata" of the present day medical schools, since that is a matter for the medical pedagogs to debate. It is significant to note however, the dearth of medical geniuses under this new system of teaching--a subordination not in keeping with the expectations of its sponsor--a layman.

A survey of the University of Maryland under this new era reveals no achievements which the late Eugene F. Cordell could add to his book: The History of The University of Maryland. If the University of Maryland could graduate such men as Councilman, Abbott, Hemmeter, Williams, and Carroll under the old system of teaching, why cannot the University under this new regime, increase this famous progeny.

1895, the period which produced these famous men, discloses some interesting facts in connection with the University of Maryland. In those days the faculty consisted of ten professors--twenty-four weeks a school year and three years a graded course. Today, under Flexner's dictates the University of Maryland requires 87 professors, 103 instructors and assistants--a grand total of 190 individuals to impart the knowledge that an ordinary medical student is supposed to amass.

The writer, in 1913 qualified as a medical student under the then existing medical laws as a medical student in Maryland. On the basis of a high school diploma. I completed a year, and then was forced to leave school because of financial reasons. In 1917 I attempted to return to school but was refused admittance on the grounds that I had no standing as a medical student until I satisfied the new requirements. Since that time I have repeatedly attempted to reenter the medical school with no success. My contention is that since I satisfied the requirements in 1913 I should be governed by the laws of that year. What do you think about this? Are medical laws retroactive? Can a enrolled student be legislated out of school?

The only choice I have in the matter is to either enter a Class C school in Boston or do two years premedical work. Therefore I am most anxious to see the outcome of this present discussion regarding medical education. Trusting that you will continue your articles regarding medical education I am with best wishes for your success in the matter I am, believe me,

Respectfully,

*William McCaffrey Dillon*  
William McCaffrey Dillon.



Office of

Dr. ....

Dec. 14, 1911.

Dear Mr. .... :-I have written you twice recently concerning your account with me, but, strange to say, I have heard nothing from you. Suppose I should treat you in such a way when you are sick--what would you think of it? However, I will be charitable with you, and will conclude that you have been too busy--or perhaps you have been saving up the amount to bring to me in a few days. I assure you that it will be very welcome, for doctors have more expenses to meet than most other people.

After settling this account you will feel better--you will feel easier in mind, and that will make you feel better in body. You will also know that when you or any of your family get sick, you can get prompt and willing attendance. This in itself is worth much.

Confidently expecting to see or hear from you soon, I am,

Yours for a Square Deal,

N. R. PRICE, Major.

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-9.4? July 7, 1927

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-O.R.C.

To : The Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

Subject: Resignation# of commission.

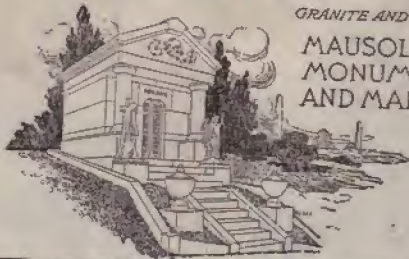
1.-- I hereby tender my resignation of commission as  
Major - Medical Officers Reserve Corps.

Norman R. Price .  
Major, -Med., O.R.C., 325th Engineers, 100th Division



HOME OFFICE  
and  
MANUFACTORY  
at  
CLAYSVILLE, PA.

# SIMON WHITE'S SONS



GRANITE AND MARBLE  
MAUSOLEUMS  
MONUMENTS  
AND MARKERS

OFFICE AND SALES  
ROOMS

1133 Main Street  
WHEELING, W. VA.

68 West Maiden St.  
WASHINGTON, PA.

NOTICE TO PERSONS SIGNING THIS CONTRACT—Read the terms of this contract before signing it, as no statement, settlement, agreement, understanding or representation verbally made or written and not contained herein, will be recognized. Please address all communications to the firm and not to individuals.  
(This Contract subject to Acceptance of Home Office)

I have this day bought

Monument Design No.

Marker Design No.

Dimensions

2-0 x 1-0 x 1-0

2-0 x 1-0 x 1-0

2-0 x 1-0 x 1-0

2-0 x 1-0 x 1-0

Inscription on

JEAN KINSEY - PRICE

1880 = 1928

Remarks

Set in Washington Cemetery, named after John Keating

To be erected in

or as soon thereafter as possible, for which I bind myself my heirs and assigns, to pay SIMON WHITE'S SONS

Cemetery

just amount of

Twenty three

the full and

DOLLARS

And it is further agreed that this Monument shall remain the property of said SIMON WHITE'S SONS until it is paid in accordance with above contract, and they may enter and remove said Monument without process of law, This Contract not subject to countermand. The price named in this contract DOES NOT include any lettering, etc.

All Contracts taken subject to labor troubles.

87-10

Norman R. Davis, MD

[SEAL]

[SEAL]

FOR R.R.

POE & HARRIS Co. Md.

MARLINTON W. B. Jones

1928



B. Norman E. Price, M. D.

In the two English-speaking nations the trend toward socialism in medical practice is very widely discussed in medical journals, as well as in newspapers and magazines. The prospect of state controlled medical affairs is not pleasing to the more individualistic members of the profession. The increasing cost of medical and hospital care to the public is a related matter of great popular interest. England already has her penal practice, and in America the ever widening activities of national and state boards and bureaus and county medical units tend strongly toward centralization in some form of state controlled medical practice.

During the past three decades, men of great wealth, and with zeal but not according to knowledge, have poured out their surplus millions to endow the higher schools of medical education, and to initiate the so-called surveys and classification (notably the Oil and Tobacco Kings, Rockefeller and Duke), and as a result there quickly followed the elimination of the slowly built up and established system of centuries. The medical schools from which we of a former generation derived such knowledge of anatomy and medicine as we possessed at the start of our public professional careers were quickly put out of business by means of the state educational laws that followed.

There is good reason to doubt that this has been a benefit to society at large, and the members of the medical profession as a body. The slowly developed principles of medical education acting under the law of supply and demand and the customs of the people for centuries, cannot be suddenly arrested by the power of huge sums of money suddenly applied without danger of disaster. A frequently referred to result, accomplished in a decade, is fewer practical general practitioners, and a multitude of specialists and surgeons. Few of our youth, except the rampered type with plenty of backing, have the spirit or hardihood to endure the years of incarceration within the halls of learning necessary to obtain the degree, and many of these emerge sapped and lifeless, devoid of initiative or vitality for the battle of building and enduring the strain of medical practice. Some one has remarked that the country doctor is dying out because he ought to die, there being no longer any need or room for that type in the scheme of modern life. Be that as it may, the fact is that the vast majority of the newer graduates are remaining in the cities and large industrial centres.

As it used to be, at least the rural physician was a rather long-lived animal. The mortuary tables of the American Medical Journal prove that a host of physicians are giving up the ghost between the ages of forty and sixty years, in what should be the prime of life, not living to enage when it could be said of the individual that he died full of years and honors. Ambassador Choate once remarked that he had set the age of seventy as the time when he expected to really begin enjoying life, and he expected to hurry up and get to seventy as soon as possible. Arterio-sclerosis, kidney and heart lesions, suicide, and automobile accidents are taking far too heavy toll of medical men who should be in the prime of life at the time of their



leaving what to them has often been an inhospitable world, in which they seemed to fit awkwardly in the scheme of things. Replacements of of newer men, practically educated, and of good habits and strong constitutions are not by any means available from the farms from which we should look for such materials, and to which environment they should return, to assist in a more equitable distribution of medical men in this country.

~~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem "The Old Man," which should~~  
Kipling in his incomparable poem "The Old Man" which should be committed to memory by every medical man, and others as a prophylaxis against premature senility, states the case:

This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the end--  
That we outlive the impatient years and the much too  
patient friend:

And because we know we have breath in our mouth and  
think we have thoughts in our head,

We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are  
really dead.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth,  
to bind on our children's hands;

We shall call to the waters below the bridges to return  
and replenish our lands;

We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses) and  
scholarly plough the sands.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out, but we shall  
subsist on the smell of it;

And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our  
gums and think well of it;

Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that  
is the Perfectest Well of it.

A painful result of the modern trend of State Medicine is a lack of esteem in which the medical profession as a whole, and as individuals are held by the public generally. Henry L. Mencken has recently taken to praising medical men, and commending medicine as an interesting profession. I will admit that it is an interesting occupation. This is proof positive that the average man has the opposite view. Comparing medicine to the law, Mencken says that if you employ a physician to do the best he can to help you, without interference from anybody. On the other hand, he says if you employ a lawyer to defend you in court another lawyer on the opposite side is doing his damdest to harm you.

To complicate existence and multiply jobholders is characteristic of American life. And always we have the jobholders long after the emergency for which they were created has gone and been forgotten. Recently a fantastic disease known as peiticcosis has been seized on by the sensational news vendors. As a result the health department of certain cities have proposed inspection of and registration of all parrots imported into this pure country, where barnyard fowls and filthy diseases such as colon infections are of course unknown.



The great increase of quacks, negro medicine vendors (of which type Decatur county has a star of the first magnitude, rationalized by our best men); chiropractors, christian scientists and such like charlatans, with their notable financial success, against whose operations the most stringent medical qualification laws--particularly in our own state of West Virginia--are powerless is another case in point of the adverse workings of modern medical education and regulation. Far better would it have been to have allowed the medical schools to evolve along rational lines than to be thrown into the confusion and violent uplift of the Rockefeller Foundation (with millions to favored schools). The old Deans and Professors of the Baltimore Medical Schools, whom I consider it a privilege to have known in the early years of this century, saw the handwriting on the wall, and the end of the practical, workable middle-class medical education in this country, and the fantastic system of legislation relating to public health that would follow,

The result in public health activities is comparable to the change wrought in the economic life, and otherwise, in this country of the adoption of the 18th Amendment and its legal legitimize of the Volstead Act, and concurrent state legislation. This may well be a matter of interest to medical men, for as is well known and embodied in the State Cost of Arms Mountaineers are always free to still moonshine or manufacture home brew in the homes for their own use, but spiritus frumenti is not recognized as a medicine, nor may it be prescribed legally by a physician.

Far too much of our medical regulation and legislation belongs to the class such as President Hoover designated the 18th Amendment--"Noble Experiment."--and which, because of their questionable value, or downright detriment to the health and well being of the whole country, should be of particular interest to medical men.



The Doctor and the Public Health Service in their  
Relations to the Public.

-----  
The most successful persons I am acquainted with are those who most persistently attend to their own business. Welfare work, uplift, and new legislation ~~that end~~ seems to be a mania with many people of the present day, in the face of widespread lawlessness and moral degradation among the people. The question arises, would it not be better to lay off some of the activities of the day, and ~~leave~~ <sup>let</sup> the public work out its own salvation.

The daily press "discovers" a laborers' family living hard in the minesection of this state, and proclaims that famine and pestilence is raging in the mountains of West Virginia; while we, who have lived here for many years, can discover only the usual percentage of privation which has been our lot for generations, and on which we have developed endurance and retarded the extension of the abdomen. A certain amount of hard times is good for a critter anyway.

Our medical press is getting ~~all fussy~~ <sup>alarmed</sup> because there are signs that the public is getting suspicious of its medical advisors, even while it requires their services more than ever, and on the slightest pretext. Having the doctor in, or trying a little of his medicine, is no longer the historic event in the average family that it once was. The doctor, too, is at fault, with his fussy diagnostic stuff, persistent treatment and added expense in trivial matters. The public employs, yet fears, the specialist and physician, and on slight pretext resorts to the absurd manipulations of the chiropractic, or other cult.

Economic pressure is partly to blame for the armed neutrality that seems to exist between the public and its physical and spiritual advisors. It is the custom to demand all the luxuries and attentions,



whether the individual is prepared to pay for them or not. They tell us there is a scarcity of physicians in the rural sections. My own observation is there are enough to do the necessary work, if only the public would discriminate between the necessary and unnecessary. at any rate the average man has little trouble in getting the medical attention he needs, or at least all that he is able to pay for.

Then comes the public health service, state health service, and welfare workers. In theory they reform and regulate the race, with an optimism that ignores wind and weather, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. But an unhealthy season comes, or circumstances that seems to be unexplainable, like the outbreak of influenza in the perfectly sanitary army camps during the war, and the old percentage of mortality is right on the job as usual, or a little worse, apparently to make up his due.

I verily believe that if it were possible for our genial director for the suppression of venereal disease, working in conjunction with the doctors, to eradicate the last diplococcus and spirochete in the whole state of West Virginia, and they were to be declared extinct, like some of the prehistoric animals, that some germ of the same nature would evolve again under the grime and filth that exist today and have existed in all ages. Our culture and civilization is, no doubt, doomed to extinction. What good reason can be given that this nation which had its cradle in the forests of North America should not reach a stage of development, and then sink in chaos and oblivion that has been the history of all tribes and nations.

The races of man have moved from one part of the world to another and as their numbers increased they have devoured every green thing, and over-population has led to extinction; or some neighboring state has envied them their riches, and has invaded and carried them away captive.



Fussy laws, fussy welfare work, and fussy medical attention and diagnosis, will not cure shifflousness, natural born ignorance, or common laziness. Hard time, if not too hard, will act as a tonic, and some will rise equal to the emergency. Fat and flabby politicians will advocate cure-alls for public evils, all tintured with gifts from the public treasury and plain graft, but ~~there~~ is no cure except in hard work, and each and all attempting to mind his own business. The desire for luxurious and easy living, so characteristic of the times, (and I might add, particularly so of the female of the species) which is not attained by downright hard work and achievement, can lead to but one end, and that the weakening of the physical and moral fibre of the people. Fundamental rottenness in the scheme of our civilization can not be eradicated or cured by any amount of inspection or welfare work by the government bureaus.

At present, as always, the public is accepting and struggling along with an unlimited amount of bunk, loaded on it by the legislative bodies, ranging from Volsteadism to our State Bureau for Negro Welfare, and I can only wonder when the burdened public will arise and scrap a great mass of this fantastic law stuff.

"We make the laws we flout,  
We flout the laws we doubt;  
Until we wake the <sup>thunder</sup> guns that have no doubt."

The experience of the Red Cross shows malingering on the part of the Public, which asks to be received into hospitals, to have their teeth fixed, for medicines, or a change of climate, and do many other things for them. Nursing the general public deprives the individual of self respect. He no longer tries to look out for himself, or meet his obligations; it paralyzes his energies and ambitions.. Social insurance and accident insurance have not brought contentment to the



working classes, as promised. It has been demonstrated that the period of recovery and convalescence has been lengthened because the individual lacks the incentive to early recovery. The pension system which follows all wars, and particularly in evidence since the World War, is bad, for it helps to destroy initiative and self-reliance, which otherwise would be much in evidence among the Veterans.

Let us discard this flowery bed of ease stuff, and get back to the fierce fear of dust spirit of the pioneers. The load of Welfare work and Government Bureau activities threaten to paralyze the successful functioning of our Government, and do the public no good at that.

"Then welcome each rebuff  
Which makes earth's smoothness rough;  
Each sting which bids not sit nor stand, but go:  
Be our joys three parts pain; strive and endure the strain;  
Dare, never grudge the throe."

W. R. PRICE

Marlinton, W. Va.  
April 7, 1922



Marlinton, W. Va.  
December 15, 1925

Dr. Wm. Allen Fussy,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Doctor Fussy :

Replying to your letter, I submit the following.

There are twelve practicing physicians in this (Pocahontas) county. Of these five are located in the county seat town, a village of 1500 inhabitants, and the largest in the county. In addition, four retired physicians live in the county. The same figures approximately apply to other rural counties in West Virginia, and in others there is an increasing concentration in any city or county seat town.

The average age of practicing physicians in this county is fifty-five years. Fifteen years ago eighteen physicians, for the most part young men, served this section, the population at that time one third less than at present. Three have died, 4 retired, and two removed, possibly more. Several physicians have moved in and out again.

No recent graduate has located in the county in 15 years. One graduate (1924 C School) not yet licensed, nor under our state law, likely to be. About 8 of our county young men have studied dentistry in the last decade, as being a more practical career. No lack of dentists in this county.

Pocahontas is a county of large area, as can be observed by reference to a map: approximately 80 miles by 40, and very mountainous. The adjoining counties of Greenbrier and Randolph also the largest in the State.

I enclose a third article by myself in the Baltimore Sun of recent date, dealing with the generally unsatisfactory state of affairs as applied to medical education and health legislation.



Please pardon long delay in replying to your request for such information as I have been able to give you in the foregoing. Any further statistics bearing on the general subject - will be glad to give. I was away from home at the time your letter was written, in attendance at a Reserve Officers Camp, at Camp Humphreys Virginia.

Allow me to congratulate you on your able and complete exposition of the whole subject of Medical Education in the Journal. I have specially filed the numbers containing your series of articles.

Sincerely,

N. E. Price, M. D.  
(President Greenbrier Valley Medical Society)



September Volume 2  
1959 Page 1

John and family returned to Pudersville, Ky. Wednesday, August 26<sup>th</sup>, where they arrived, daily, Friday, 28<sup>th</sup>. The annual 1959, visit successful, and enjoyed by all of us, whatever the pains and expense of travelling, entertainment, and gifts. Jean for scholarship at Vanderbilt University, where she has completed the first year; ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> requiring my financial help. Whatever the outcome of present day higher educational trends, maybe. While here, Jean typed 269 pages of my narrative, approximately 10,000 words, (544 pages script).\*

Today, resume my story, with Page 1, "second volume". Arose at 3 AM. the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp Custer, Michigan; talked out as Surgeon 10<sup>th</sup> Infantry by Major J. C. Adams, M.C., but continued with the Regiment as Surgeon 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ a Military Reservation for Troop Training in the recurring Wars of America, located on an elevated sandy plateau.

Showing glacial erosion, marked by large and small ponds, ~~with~~ with numerous muskrat "houses".

The Camp located six miles from the thriving town of Battle Creek (name)



because of some forgotten conflict of the  
pioneers with the Indian residents of  
the valley. a world center in all  
production of cereal foods, typified by  
the names Post and Kellogg. There  
also is located the famous Hortorium  
of the Christian Scientists; also  
abounding Vegetarianism in diet.  
The Bottom lands of alluvial soil  
produce celery as a principal crop.  
Abandoned farm houses marked the  
sandy plateau of several thousand  
acres; the soil appeared thin and  
worn out by unskillful cropping;  
adapted to grape growing; each  
farm had a small vineyard of  
neglected appearance. Prevailing  
winds from the west, and ~~such~~ the  
trees and shrubbery about the houses  
a lean eastward due to constant  
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland  
sea.

The nature of the country is well  
described by W. B. Miller, in his  
book "I found no Peace"; 1936,  
where Gray-hood house was  
near Dowagiac, Michigan;  
a famous "War Correspondent" and  
"Isolationist" - if not a pacifist, his  
writing not approved by the war-  
mongers, and Major, Churchill  
and our own F. D. Roosevelt -  
Miller was found killed by a "Fall"



From a train in <sup>3</sup> the London yards,  
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the  
United States in the war in Europe.  
As Miller had been strongly writing  
and opposing the war, he had met  
the same ostracism by internationalists  
as had the ~~Warner~~ Colonel Charles  
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill  
faction. It is therefore probably  
certain - that Miller was snuffed  
by agents in the employ of the  
authority in Britain and America.  
The cause of death officially written  
off as an accident, with the usual  
hypocritical "regrets" of the inter-  
National Press and Politicians.

W. B. Miller, shortly before his  
death, in early middle life, had  
married an English woman. His  
book, little known, and almost  
forgotten, may yet be given the  
credit that is its due, a clear  
and sensible commentary on the  
wars of empire in the first years  
of the twentieth century, A. D.  
His death was timely, perhaps;  
as undoubtedly he would have been  
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh  
and retired, as has the latter, to  
comparative obscurity. By good  
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still  
survives, though looked on with  
suspicion as a Divergent.



His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abduction and murder of his first born son - Mrs. Linberry (Came Morrow) appears a gifted and able woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books, though not brilliant, are sufficient evidence of talent and morality - a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The fiendish murder of the Linberry Infant typical of human degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America - an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americas.

In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Custer, while the 1st Infantry Division was being recruited to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farm house near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and



predecessor of  
and mother

Peaceful rural community was  
now inhabited here; the spot now  
devoted to the study of War in the  
School of Mars.

The house was ~~round~~ an well  
built and sound, though never painted;  
an iron cooking stove abandoned by  
my former occupant and owner.  
The quartermaster agreed to my plan  
in lieu of quarters in "ind", and  
supplying ~~some~~ fuel, a few utensils  
and tools and bedding. With the  
help of Mr. Gary and Arthur we  
contrived a table and benches from  
boards salvaged from Camp refuse;  
four mattresses spread on the floor.  
I met the family in Battle Creek  
October first, moving immediately  
into our new home on the Farming  
Road, which we occupied quite  
comfortably until my "honorable"  
discharge from the Army the following  
February, 1918-1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved  
mild, with little snow, compared  
with the preceding "hard winter"  
of 1917, marked by gales blowing  
from the Lake and drifting snow  
on pleasant days, and off duty, all  
of us took walks in the country  
with its adjacent woods and small  
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we  
visited Battle Creek, where for a







Couple of months 6 Normany attended  
Public School. Part of his sketchy  
formal education, until his final  
graduation from Marlinton High  
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a kindly greaser, in  
Battle Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind  
in delivering food stuff not  
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.  
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family  
man, apparently in a good way in  
business, as the saying goes, was  
quite openly admired. He has high  
spirit and acceptance of our  
Nomadic Army life, with its  
pioneering aspects on the Harmony Road.  
He frequently delivered groceries in  
person. At our departure from  
~~the army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge  
of two litters and a young dog  
the children had taken in. In  
connection with the final dispositions  
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote  
before our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalangou  
where James Brathes Macer was  
employed as a boy-scout executive  
for the local Scout Camp.  
Taken all together, our winter  
with the Army at the house on the  
Harmony Road, more than endurable  
and routine for both ~~with~~ a few  
and our young children. Perhaps



With my usual matter of factness  
spent too many evenings until late  
at the card games in Officers mess;  
But Jean, as always in our family  
life of twenty two years did not  
complain of my absence on business  
or otherwise, except once when  
I staid unusually late and failed  
to meet her on return from town  
by street car, she and the children  
getting "home" as best they could  
in the rain and mud. This was  
mexcusable, on my part; Deeply  
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was  
neglectful of the family comfort;  
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard  
and long for this comfort, and  
supplied every comfort need;  
fortunately, I had other means than  
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,  
style 1917. Never incurred a  
debt during entire ~~active~~ active service.

Undoubtedly, Jean missed her  
accustomed social contacts  
during this time, although 35,000  
human beings and their camp  
followers inhabited the Army Camp.  
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride  
from the East, and following the  
example also set up these  
kitchens in another form.



+ and was comparing

8  
Have a quarter mile on the Harmony  
road. An exchange of calls  
did not lead to cordiality between  
the families, particularly on the part  
of the Lees regarding the part  
terrible turn-out of marriage  
~~with~~ Pioneer; and Captain  
Lee and wife soon took an apart-  
ment in town.

Once again gave shelter to a  
young woman, Camp follower, &  
married to a ~~young~~ sergeant, who  
did not remain long. We  
learned the young soldier woman  
had been "Bartey" for neglect  
of duty; it being evident that  
marriage in his case had not shown  
his way to promotions and pay.  
At Thanksgiving Jean prepared  
an excellent and elaborate turkey  
dinner, and we had in St. Xavier  
my friends of Rock Island Camp,  
Captain ~~Vaughan~~ Eugene, Vaughter,  
now with the 40th Regiment, formed  
from the 10th. Captain Vaughter  
in full dress uniform in honor  
of the occasion. Moreover, ~~Captain~~  
~~Vaughter~~ a native of Albemarle County,  
Va. - and a gentleman born, single  
and even then approaching middle life  
in his thirties. He was living at  
last alone; married a retired officer, in



Saturday  
September 5, 1959  
3 AM.

This day marks my  
74th year residence  
at Marlin, Boston.  
James and I emi-  
grated our tree in the "Carry-all" from  
Rockingham County, referred to at length  
in a preceding Chapter. I a boy  
ten years. Both brothers departed  
aged ~~49~~ 77 (1946) and 59 (1930).  
Our first night in Brentwood County  
at the home in Huntersville of  
Dr. S. P. Patterson.  
A change in plans and extensive  
alterations being made in the drainage  
and sewerage system under Main  
Street - at added cost. As the  
whole street is to be paved with 2 feet  
of concrete conglomerate; the sewer  
and water systems underlying will  
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a sailor,  
that I am sheltered in our home  
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;  
perhaps, with her genius for coaching  
~~and managing~~ young women in  
their settling in life, hoped to save  
the marriage. However this young  
person proved to be "Not the marrying  
brand," and soon disappeared from  
our household; perhaps to become



On the arrival<sup>10</sup> of the Battalion at Camp  
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a  
large number of negro draftees running  
at large, encamped adjacent to  
our Cavalry Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed  
by the order and discipline of our  
~~of~~ Regular troops; many blurted  
out the "new doctor" in camp,  
and appeared in numbers for treatment  
of their many diseases, though having  
their own Medical Detachment  
Physicians. I found it necessary

to turn these away to seek their  
own medical facilities. One  
of their Lieutenants (White) called  
on me as Regimental Surgeon  
and audaciously threatened to "Report"  
me as refusing his men medical  
attention. Telling him to "report  
and be damned," he did report me  
to the Division Surgeon, but I  
escaped with a mild reprimand  
from Colonel Oriehter to be more  
diplomatic in future in handling  
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Burke<sup>Jackson</sup>  
a colored boy who had for a time  
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter  
and field hand. Burke had been  
swept in by the draft, and hearing  
of my presence, called to pay respect



17

Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "debehold Battalion," the dumping ground of army misfits, where he was kept for ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, pathetically glad to see me. ~~He~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Curtis. After his army hitch, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the girl" (Jennie) and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army, Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge - ("Surgeons Certificate of Disability") The cause of Discharge was written "Imbecility". When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> exhibited the discharge paper no more. Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in trouble, only weak mentally. He had a good heart. Peace to his ashes.



The 10th Regiment, recruited to full  
was strength, autumn 1918, and the  
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ shoulder  
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ~~for~~  
"overseas" and routine examinations  
made of men and officers for that duty.

At the same time, Colonel C. C. Creighton  
M.C., devised two specially irksome  
activities for medical officers,  
designed to test and improve  
whatever physical and mental qualities  
we possessed.

The first, "Pop drill," specially  
for those assigned "overseas". A  
young medical Lieutenant, who appeared  
to have recently been a football  
player and coach, was assigned  
to drill us; of fierce facial expression  
and mental density typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the  
athletic field, about forty in number  
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress-  
~~and~~ were put through all paces,  
consisting of setting up exercises,  
including short runs and leaping  
low hurdles. ~~Individuals~~ <sup>an officer</sup> who  
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the  
knees ~~was~~ singled out to ~~do~~  
run a hundred yards and return  
and jump a hurdle.

~~There~~ A middle-aged and dignified



13

Major, M.C., who in civilian life had probably been a distinguished man in the community, dared to protest, with some heat, this ignominious destruction to moral; his protest received in stony silence by our "Coach." It appeared for the moment one of those tense tense moments, not unknown in the military life; but we were soon dismissed without noting <sup>boresome duty</sup>.

Another ~~test~~ designed by Colonel Creighton was a weekly quiz designed to test our professional fitness and scholasticism. All Divisional medical officers assembled and required to recite; ~~independently~~ <sup>some were</sup> called on at random by the grilling officers. It is readily seen this could be embarrassing and destructive of true moral in the military service.

Once when called on to describe some intricate detail involving the blood circulation, I rose and stated I was not prepared to recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical degree from a University and had practiced medicine and surgery for fifteen years just past, including one and one half years active military service. This I did.



Father then attempted to escape from a  
defective memory, mentioning details.  
Having had my day, I sat down, and  
was not called on again by the  
"Professor" detailed by Creighton  
to quiz us.

Ambrose Pare, noted Military  
Surgeon of the sixteenth Century,  
was largely ignorant of scientific  
details; I have not yet described  
the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory  
symptoms of the onset of the great  
Influenza epidemic of 1918, and  
well as ~~onset~~ of winter, ~~and~~ the  
"Armistice" of November 11th, put  
a final quietus to the Creightonian  
Nagging. His Medical Divisional  
Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing  
number of ~~soldiers~~ reporting with  
fevers, temperatures and catarrhal symptoms  
at H.C. Camp, Colonel Creighton  
was inclined, at first, to suppress  
the percentage of sick in the Camp,  
even directing the diagnosis

"Influenza" be used sparingly.  
However, I continued writing "Influenza"  
quarters, where indicated. ~~at the~~



Sunday, Sept. 6, 1919 13-

4 A.M.

"September Morn," an  
idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights.  
Ripening fields; some corn already in shock.  
Slept a little late, rising at 4 A.M. Some  
weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large  
numbers in quarters and Hospital, and  
the night cool, the men began to close  
the windows in ~~the~~ crowded Barracks,  
for already full to suffocation with ~~the~~  
morning. Coughing sick soldiers, ~~and~~  
a duty of the officers of the day to keep  
open a certain number of windows  
for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for  
the Divisional Medical Staff heard  
of no more in the onset of the epidemic.  
Futile efforts made to make the sick  
comfortable; more straw provided to  
stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra  
barracks made available for the sick,  
and partial isolation. A good deal  
of confusion as to the number reported  
daily as present and fit for duty.  
Numbers went to their rear-by homes,  
or overstay leaves of absence, and  
not missed at assembly. ~~Others~~ Others  
could have done so, without being  
reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many  
as fifty in one day, from pneumonia  
and complications, besides the per-  
manently disabled by pleurisy and.



16  
tubercular infections. (Many a  
pensioner is living today - Forty years  
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)  
I do not know the exact mortality  
at Camp Curtis following the "flu"  
epidemic, but many hundreds died.  
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,  
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians  
left, and the virus infections deadly.  
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities  
among ~~the women~~ <sup>the women</sup> who bore children, and  
~~those who~~ gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks  
quarters, though the officers of the day  
deposed to get the sick to hospital,  
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in Camp.  
Civilians and armed men have a  
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of  
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only  
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity  
- did not contract flu. myself and  
family staid well. Possibly due to  
having had influenza the winter of  
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov. 11,  
and due to epidemic disease, there  
was a let down in morale and the  
movement set in among the men and  
officers to "go home," ~~unopposed~~  
opposed



for a time by higher authority. The  
movement extended to "over seas" and  
in January Detachment began to arrive  
for discharge at the "Base", ~~every~~ very  
sympathy with this over-seas caps,  
serap leggings and "gold" service  
stripes. Some name-calling and  
even fights occurred between  
individual soldiers on a point of honor.  
The soldiers of my old Rock Island  
detachment especially beligerant on  
the subject; ~~as~~ all young volunteers  
at the outbreak of the war. A <sup>SCORE</sup> ~~few~~  
points freely expressed; not every  
permitted in general orders & when  
"strips" for voluntary service, ~~that~~ <sup>when</sup>  
~~that~~ decorations were handed out  
freely for every imaginable  
~~that~~ distinction ~~other~~.

Army Bureau rising reached a  
all-time high in stupidity in this  
flay-up, advertising an unpopular  
foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided  
in December, 1918, to break out with  
renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early fallowing the  
"Armistice" of Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> put in an  
application for discharge, feeling  
the urge to get out of the Army and



back to civilian employment, to  
restore personal finances, much  
depleted. This was finally granted  
to take effect January 27, 1919. I  
had been duly examined in the field  
by a board of Medical officers  
and pronounced perfect physically;  
presumably, also, mentally unimpaired  
and unscathed by a year, seven  
months and twenty-seven days  
"home service" in ~~active~~ war time,  
including about eighty months  
"field service" with my 10th Infantry, 45th Army.  
Like thousands of other soldiers  
and officers, in my anxiety and haste  
to get home and ~~into~~ business in  
a "war market" I ignored or  
concealed injury or illness that  
could have been pensionable at  
a later date; or even retirement  
pay as a Reserve officer; The ~~unhappy~~  
Railroad accident at Blue  
Creek, in particular, to both legs.  
Incidentally, I may add, that  
the number of Medical officers  
granted "retirement" status after the  
war of 1917, became a national  
scandal shortly after, due to favors  
granted this or that kind by a Medical  
retirement board. (Comp. morae.)



Friday, Sept. 11, 1959 19  
Thirty days of almost continuous heavy weather  
around 90 each day; cool weather and  
fall signs. Combining cut, locally the  
average was large x work on the Road  
and bridge progressing; but delayed by  
extensive ditching for sewerage. And  
day a typical "September Morn." a long  
distance call from Mr. Jensen, of Chadeston,  
of limited fuel gas, regarding renewal  
of leases Campbell Ry. Mineral. It is  
evident they are still interested in  
this gas field.

Following the Armistice of November 11, 1918,  
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced  
the war was over, whether the Pentagon or  
the army agreed; and settled down to wait  
discharge. There had been no deaths or  
serious illness among the officers of the 10th  
and 40th Regiments during the influenza  
epidemic, and all of us relinquished early  
his hope for promotion and pay in the war.  
Jen and the family by this time were well  
enough quarters in his old house on the  
Farmington Road, with more space and  
freedom of movement than most families  
in the army enjoyed. We made visits  
to town, saw a show occasionally, and  
lived in hope of early discharge and return  
to Marlinton. No more bay drills and  
gung classes by Colonel Bright, a  
Division Surgeon much distressed by the  
heavy mortality during the epidemic.  
Morale in the camp was low; no R&R  
games nor feigning, and pining for R&R  
was rampant, resulting in unjustified



20  
Losses to many officers, as for the men, those  
usually confined to any money  
they had in hand. Credit of "San Bon"  
in gambling not popular among the  
centurions. <sup>At night</sup> the game  
went on at night the Barrack windows  
of officers mess covered with blankets and  
lights were supposed to be "out". On  
such a drop note. The war so far as it  
concerned the Citizens soldiery, ended.  
This passes the glory of the earth.

I have made my financial clearance with  
the Quartermaster, the Commissary and the  
officers mess, early in February we left  
the farm house and returned for home.

During the second day in the evening  
regaining practice in my profession  
after long absence, in my case, was  
comparatively easy, as I had retained,  
and paid out of my office in the Bank  
during my absence I was able to begin  
immediately, and it is a matter of some  
pride I earned a dollar the first day.  
I also made a deal with Ford Peabek,  
and friend James Baxter for a Model  
T and to work. Influenza was still  
rampant and home attendance of cases  
of old birth the usual thing. It is  
true the mud of late winter was  
almost bottomless, but I and  
my model I and a horse I purchased  
valiently tried to answer all calls.



Just as I had been accustomed to doing  
before my tour of the War and its clamors.  
It is a singular fact that in Dec. & Jan. of  
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice  
in Marlinton was equipped with either  
horse or auto transportation; ~~except~~ except  
myself; the others relying on hired  
conveyance or conveyed to the homes  
by the clients. I had thus first call  
on Country Practice, and kept busy.  
Many Physicians returning from the  
War were not so fortunate as I; some  
finding their places filled by claim  
jumping Doctors, or otherwise ousted.  
"For emulation has a thousand sons,  
Who stand in line; if one be gone  
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my Power and  
place as an elected County official,  
but hoped to regain that or some other  
Public office; at this time having, as I  
thought, a justifiable belief that the  
returning Soldiers might be welded  
into a voting block of influence in  
the election as supporters of former  
officers and comrades. My election  
~~of next year~~, a Presidential year,  
together with woman suffrage, pretty  
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans  
Politically, in a foreign war.  
The sad case of my class-mate and



and was awarded Captain George a-  
McQueen, M.C., is cited as a good to the  
fidelity as a patriotic asset of service  
in the war -  
a brilliant student and prominent in  
the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of  
Maryland, and a native of Summersville  
in Nicholas County, Do. McQueen was  
quickly successful as physician and Surgeon  
in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married;  
and before 1917 had served as Mayor  
of the Capital City.

After honorable service he aspired  
to the office of Governor of the State, with  
respectable personal and financial  
backing; his grandiose figure in uniform  
featuring his campaign posters, as  
justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldier's  
vote - expected in the elections of 1920.  
This proved a delusion, of the highest  
magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as  
personal and political opinions  
dictated, as heretofore, before and after  
the war - Dr. McQueen, running  
as a Democrat, failed of nomination,  
going to some "civilian" politician, who  
was in turn, defeated by the Republicans  
land-slide of 1920.

The losses of a Political Campaign  
are heavy and the Doctor lost out in  
his profession as well. The death of his



23

Paul H. ...



he considered "staying" or bluffing  
tactics of the sharp-shooter directed  
at me in several plays previous.  
His quite obvious "staying" nettled  
and discomprized my opponents, who  
dropped out on the next bet. Mr. ~~Hall~~  
commented to me after the game, in  
which I was a small winner, what  
the gentlemen had against me.

Because of alcoholism, after  
a few years, Dr. McQueen lost  
out professionally and politically  
and died aged about 40 years.  
Unusually gifted and promising  
in early life, his end I fear was not  
peace. I trust he was in the  
Covenant of Grace; though wandering  
not last.

The death of a brother, a Doctor  
McQueen, Dentist at Seemerville a  
few years since was tragic. He  
fell into an open hearth fire, it may  
have been while dozing, and was  
fatally burned.

Further, I will record that in the elections  
of 1920 I was nominated for County  
Commissioner, as a Democrat, and  
defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams.  
Prominent Lumberman and Banker.  
~~that~~ I opposed the amendment to the State  
Constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.

Putnam



Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939<sup>25</sup> - Rose at 3.30. The  
Mummy Coal; a genuine fire in the Bath room -  
very usual "sitting down" in early morning  
and eve. Arthur has come - They Write.

It seemed unreasonable to me - then as  
now - that people the Voters - men and  
women - under the leadership of Tay-  
lors in the Legislature, should  
call at the Pells and vote an amend-  
ment enabling the State to borrow  
vast sums to be used internal  
improvements. The Mothers state  
that Virginia, Reminiscent of the  
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating  
to a period before the Revolution  
of 1861; the West Virginia part of  
the "Virginia Debt" until receiving  
a political issue, in ~~1920~~, finally  
settled by payment of Fourteen  
million Dollars with interest. Elected  
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.  
In the election the "Good Roads  
Amendment," with its borrowing  
"Revolving" fund, carried heavily;  
particularly popular with the need  
women Voters; ~~and~~ the ladies  
as always, insufficient for progress,  
regardless of Public Debt. The  
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me  
in the election; besides the trend that



26  
Year was Republican. Wilson  
Paralytic and Senile, held on to the  
Presidency to his last gasp for  
greatly in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not  
going my way - My defeat for County  
Court not unexpected. The Campaign  
was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat,  
I was soon after elected to the Town  
Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton.  
Meanwhile I was practicing to the  
limit of capacity, enjoyed a good  
income, sufficiently ample for all  
present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-  
year onset of the incredible 18th  
amendment, with moonshine traffic  
in hard liquors and the home  
brewing of filthy country wines and  
liquors - along with Judicial  
and Police Tyrannies, graft and  
hypocrasies. Our home, like  
others in Marlinton, was marked as a  
fifty brewery of Malt liquors and  
fermented assorted drinks, with  
Wmmy, aged 13 years an enthusiastic  
helper in Bakery operations, thus  
early acquiring a taste for illicit  
alcoholic Beverages.  
With my customary aloofness, I



gave no need. Signs of danger, even  
when, at times, I found at the house  
an assorted drinking party of men  
and women. I was personally there  
and through life a total abstemious.  
Always early to rise for a breath of  
morning air, and busy with my  
practice of medicine, and gardening.  
Land-surveying and forestry, I ignored  
as did not observe the plain signs  
of disaster in the family life.

From early life, Jean had been  
accustomed to social drinking on  
occasion; now for a considerable  
period - about three years - excessive  
and habitual, until the onset of  
ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety  
about Norman's alcoholism, put a  
final stop to her drinking, until  
~~her death~~ ~~four years later~~.

About this time the activities of  
Mr. H.S. Ruelar, an attorney, and  
for long operator of a part-time  
gambling commercial paper place  
in an apartment over his office; he  
was also notable in the Moonshine  
and home brew business, as an  
adjunct to his paper game, and  
as a business.

"The Judge," as he was often called  
by owners and customers, possessed



28  
An ancient auto - a "Hup" or  
other extinct brand, the operations of  
which required the expert attention  
of Henry Hines, and who drove the  
car on Judge Ruchers frequent  
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided  
one Hightlett, a lead mine moon distiller  
of Moonshine. Many times Henry  
accompanied ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~also in~~  
~~with~~ the expeditions. It was on  
returning from a trip to the North Fork  
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I  
first observed Jean drunk in the  
Autumn of 1928. The unpleasant  
incident is fixed in memory,  
because Jean ~~proper~~ exhibited a  
long knife, or stiletto, I did not  
know she possessed, and stated  
fiercely that if I objected to her  
conduct I would be killed then  
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor  
fled or made resistance; she put  
away the evil looking stiletto;  
and nothing more said of the  
incident. Nor was the threat  
repeated. Doubtless, I have always  
thought of the right of a woman  
to kill her husband, if she cannot  
live with him, and feared not  
be penalized. It may be this



be considered one of the risks inherent  
in ~~the~~ the state of matrimony. I know  
the incident was deeply regretted by  
Jean when she later came to her senses.  
She had a good heart, and would  
normally <sup>have</sup> died, literally, for her  
husband and children.  
Many years later, and following my  
Jean's death, Brother James told me,  
quite casually, that he had <sup>then</sup> expected  
Jean to kill me - about 1923.

Except for an occasional incident  
as the foregoing, ~~it is not at all~~ <sup>it is not at all</sup> our  
domestic life ~~was~~ unhappy;  
~~otherwise~~, actually, we lived well,  
decently and in harmony. My  
single, and doubtful, diversion was  
the weekly Village Paper game,  
generally <sup>usually</sup> all night, which was  
interrupted by a call, usually of  
an abstract nature.

It is related of the great London  
Physician, John Hunter, 17th Century,  
that on one occasion returning late  
to his home after a day's work of  
research and practice, found his wife  
presiding at a mixed party, or  
"fink-fop", as he described it, and  
dispersed the gathering, thus  
exhibiting his authority.



Sunday, Sept. 14<sup>th</sup> 1909 30 30

I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complex national election - style of about 1970. Personally, my problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

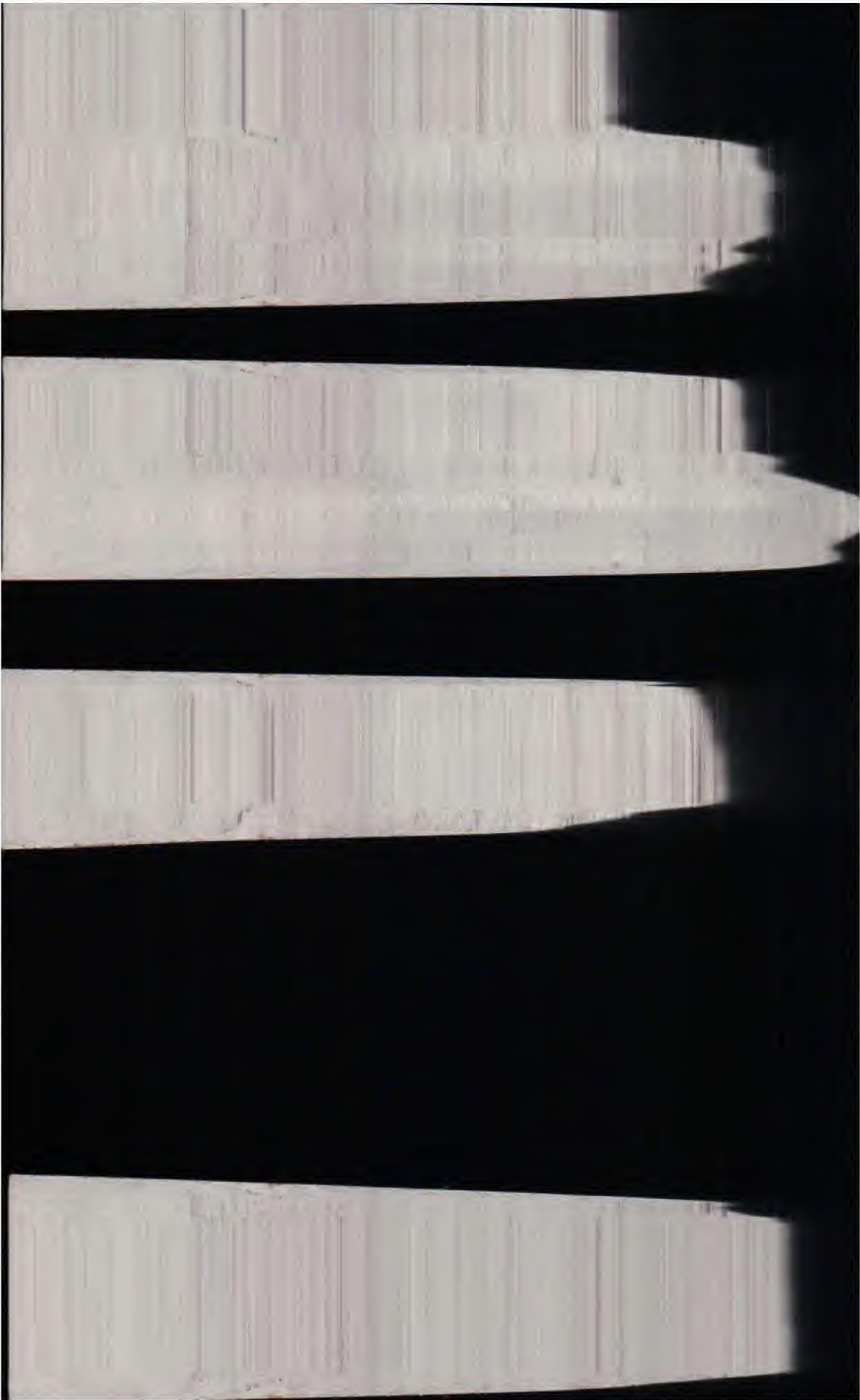
The youths shall faint and be weary,  
And the young men shall utterly fall;  
But they that wait upon the Lord  
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;  
They shall run and not be weary;  
And they shall walk and not fall faint.

A recent letter from Amos L. Herald of Austin, Texas; two pages written in execrable, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time to practice round letter writing, with some wrist and forearm action, "even as you and I."

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because if I do not make the damned

(44) Hunt and Miss Agnes M. (44) Hunt







31  
Further today, I will be sure to

need if tomorrow the same demonstration  
that on the morning of the 1st (Friday)  
will be given. Undoubtedly, that he will  
demonstrate the effectiveness of Moberg  
as a cure. He has not yet  
"been certified" as a sepiologist in the  
great medical society.  
Moberg has been recognized by the  
myself to the appointment of the  
myself to the appointment of the  
Moberg (Moberg) on his chest.

A. Scott Rucker was one of the  
of Dr. William Rucker, of Corvallis,  
Virginia and Kentucky, who was  
both physician and lawyer. All  
the way were lawyers, one, James  
Pomroy in Southwest Va. Va. (at  
with an average, and it was this  
residence in other towns, in  
Mying River Valley, and visiting  
them (Moberg) that is the case  
just this from money, 1804;  
Moberg.



Mr Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a  
 handsome lady of large frame, the  
 mother of three daughters; a native  
 of Hunter County, Virginia and of  
 excellent family and culture.  
 Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney  
 and journalist, practiced law in  
 our county and edited the Marlinton  
 Journal for several years. In  
 1899 he married Miss Lillie Yeager -  
 daughter of Henry A. Yeager. Mr. Sam  
 Scott had University Education, was  
 literate, even a genius; but was  
 dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -  
 all of which is another story.

During this married life in Huntersville  
 and Marlinton, over a period of about  
 forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker  
 "separated" a number of times, due  
 principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent  
 affairs with certain Native Concubines  
 of the Period.

On more than one occasion when  
 Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at  
 a fast gait the team of two cross-  
 gray horses, with her three daughters  
 in the large family chariot, the  
 village would remark that Mrs.  
 Lizzie Rucker was leaving Scott.







with her aged <sup>34</sup> husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life the deadly sin she could not bear was Scott Rucker's "infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally defending those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also popular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from wrong wives, if other evidence was not to be found or proven.

Incidentally affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his Capt. room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Court House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The joint gradually lost its atmosphere of gentility as a resort for all hours discourse by fellow attorneys and gentlemen, and at last became known as a "Rake-off game", resorted to by "lumber" jacks, even negroes; with a bit of boot-legging of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County grand-jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker's gambling "joint".



The Prosecution <sup>was</sup> usually unsuccessful  
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors  
not usually cooperation in reporting  
"Law and order".

On one occasion, the late William Dearing  
was asked by the Grand jury foreman if he  
played Poker, replied he "did not know  
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful  
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~had~~  
and had no luck. This from a  
veteran soldier of the 1st Cavalry,  
excited merriment, and no damning  
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate  
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet  
lives a retired and plain life in  
Marlinton at an advanced age,  
supported for the most part by his  
"Social Security". Married late in  
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Moore,  
who has recently died. For many  
years Wallace Lange followed  
the life of a woodsman in the Lumber  
Camp, was known as "Pete", and his  
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in cards  
games to some extent proverbial.  
When asked by the jury foreman and  
Prosecutor, he admitted having played  
in Ruckers apartment, interrogated  
further if he had seen money pass  
commercially in the game, "Pete"  
replied he had seen "Donations"  
to provide utilities, cards, light, heat,



Father's services and other survivors  
 surroundings of a gentleman's game -  
 The jury returned no indictment x  
 To fully appreciate this anecdote  
 one needs be familiar with Walter  
 Lunge, his personality, eagle eye and  
 And peaked nose, altogether a hand-  
 some man not often seen, even in  
 age and adversity; correct in his  
 language, although not regularly  
 schooled, his education that of a  
 man of the world endowed with  
 intelligence. I believe, had fate so  
 decreed, Wallace Lunge could  
 have been a leader in war and  
 peace. True, a lifetime in the  
 lumber camp - like unto soldiering,  
 he may have spent too many hours  
 studying the <sup>history of</sup> things, and the  
 favor of the Goddess of Chance.  
 At present friend Lunge lives  
 alone in his cottage at the base of  
 Price Hill in West Marlinton. Kind  
 Providence has granted him length  
 of days following an active life in  
 the open and forest places. He was  
 born on the lofty top of Buck's Mountain  
 overlooking Marlinton from the west.  
 Now he can review life as vanity;  
 "the shadow of a dream"; at the same  
 time deal and earnest. In good luck!



In the autumn of 1907, and Jean being detained  
at home, our young son being an infant of  
eight months, I desired to offset the  
exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's  
consent travelled alone by rail, and by  
way of Baltimore, having a nostalgic  
wish to again ~~see~~ recall student days,  
after a four years interval, that had  
witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two  
days in a student's boarding house  
West Fayette Street, and mingle  
with students assembling at the  
University of Maryland Medical  
School, where I readily passed  
for one of them, with the reserve  
of new acquaintances. The Medical  
School had recently opened for both  
men and women - an innovation -  
a woman medicine sat near me at  
table, who appeared to speak German  
by choice. I did not rate her as near  
my equal in beauty and charm as  
Dr. Alice Steffian of the early days.  
I travelled by boat from Baltimore  
to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the  
shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving  
the boat, who should appear looking  
for lodgers at her rooming house  
than Mrs. Fizz Rucker, who had  
recently "left" Scott Rucker as her  
wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker  
either did not recognize me, or a student



38  
appearance of doing so; she may have  
felt somewhat near sighted, or ~~her~~  
over-sight. As she had seemed to  
look directly at me without recognition,  
I chose not to introduce myself, and not  
long afterward I heard that she had  
given up her logging business and  
returned to her home.

After Mr. Rucker's death in 1924, Mrs.  
Rucker went to Alabama for a while.  
Before her departure she enlisted Jean  
to arrange and dispose of the household  
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,  
including some debts the Ruckers  
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Premontory symptoms of Jean's  
long illness had already appeared  
in the fall of 1924, but she labored  
long and hard on the Rucker  
disposal of effects, though not  
feeling well. This she did from  
some feeling of association and  
friendship for the family over many  
years; although at the time I did  
not think she owed them much,  
either in association or sincere  
friendship; especially in the matter  
before referred to in the Automobile  
expeditions for ~~the~~ foot-leg  
leprosy, wines and home brews  
of the early years of Prohibition  
beginning in 1930.



39  
This trafficking by Jean of the Rucher  
family, and effects continued for  
about a year, because as late as  
September, 1925, I paid Mr. Rucher  
for books and some furnishings. By  
then Jean's liver and pancreas was  
failed to function markedly, together with  
hardening of the arteries and emaciation.  
An abnormal craving for carbohydrates -  
cloves, pepper, cinnamon, was a symptom.  
A collection of wines in jugs and some  
malted drinks in bottles no longer craved  
as nature had revolted against such  
abuse of appetite for food and drink.  
It was necessary to keep the "wines" under  
lock, as by this time Norman was quite  
tiring and eager to dispose of the lot  
in short order.

Next spring, 1926, as a general state  
police had begun raiding private houses  
in Marlinton in search of alcoholic  
beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose  
of our "cellar" contents, some gallons  
of jug of wine being cached by me  
among ~~some~~ <sup>the</sup> rocks on the hill-side.  
Some years later when I ~~searched~~ <sup>looked</sup>  
for this treasure I could not find  
a single jug - six in number -  
but it had exploded, or else  
I had not marked the site of  
burial treasure sufficiently well.  
Anyway, the brew was not of a vintage  
exactly improved by "age."



434  
Saturday - 1/9/1960 <sup>4 a.m.</sup> a mild winter - this  
morning a balmy "forty". wrote five pages  
letters. Perhaps with "Memories"  
completed, & may fill in with letters,  
Diaries, & Essays. Having begun  
"a dog's life", continue to the end.  
— writing.

Down. Clear, at 7 - not even heavy  
frost. Rain, or snow, in the offing.  
There has been little floating (chance)  
ice in the Green River winter 1959-1960.  
"The Weather" important in human life  
on this earth planet.

Wednesday 1/13/60 Rain in the night  
<sup>4 a.m.</sup> ~~Mid~~  
Woke at 2 a.m. tried to get back to sleep;  
failed. This is not surprising, as I  
slept eleven hours right before.  
Got up at 4 a.m. with a crew to  
write some letters.

Yesterday morning made some  
progress removing old wire fencing  
from the garden lot, and early spring  
cleaning leaves and shrubbery.

The Bridge Rd. walks completed -  
all that remains the metal guard  
rails. The wooden bridge still  
in use. River remarkably free from  
ice and high water past months



Thursday - 1/14/60 435 Jan. 13, 1960 - Full Moon.  
5-am! The weather continues mild.  
Got on, yesterday, with many cleaning  
handicraft. Removed broken down jewelry -  
a letter from Jean, Jan. 9. All's well.  
Jean, Jr. - Returned to school - Nashville, Tenn.  
Andrew Jackson "Hermitage" new city.  
It is announced Governor Underwood  
and staff will attend the Bridge "opening".  
An election year, no bets over looked.  
If I attend, the "pick up" ~~of~~ because  
of "Seigniority" - Not "Popularity".

Joseph H. Buzzard

(1862-1942)

Joseph H. Buzzard was born on Anthony's Creek, the  
son of a Confederate soldier, slain in the  
war (25th Va. Infantry) in 1862. From  
earliest youth in a post-war period  
accustomed to privations and hardships of  
a pioneering community.

In early manhood his left leg  
was so severely fractured at the knee  
by a falling tree that two or more  
physicians debated amputation of the leg.  
Dr. John M. Ligon, himself a Veteran, one  
of the surgeons.

Joe Buzzard recovered without loss of  
limb, but ever after walked with a  
noticeably distorted gait, his foot inverted  
outward, but without aid of cane or  
crutch - using neither cane or crutch.



By nature intelligent and Personable, he used his, crippling adversity as an asset, becoming a self educated business Man and public official; for several terms the respected assessor of Pocahontas County, and for more than one term Treasurer - Sheriff. As a youth known for his trading ability in live-stock and doing a full man in supporting his mother widowed in the war (1861) -

Apparently, a hopeless cripple, in his young manhood Joe Buzzard persuaded Mrs. Jennina Alderman, noted belle of Derethus Creek, to marry him. Which of itself speaks volumes about Joe's business ability and strength of Character -

Mrs. Jennina Buzzard has recently died, (1958) at her home near Huntersville, aged 96 years. A personal friend and client for fifty years, I could relate incidents of Aunt Jennina's good sense and strong Character. Usually, in summer, she could be found at her house or in the garden bare-foot; strong and capable, though far advanced in years. At ninety known to walk to Stillwell - seven miles - to visit her daughter Mrs. A. Lee McCorn.



437  
On one occasion I was called to treat  
Mr. Buzzard for injuries received  
while assisting her son Edwin in  
corralling the unruly live stock at  
his ranch on the Deep Run of Williams  
River. At the time she was at the  
home of her daughter Mrs. Howard  
McClure in Marlinton. The injury  
several fractured ribs and bruises  
having been run over by an outlaw  
wild cow.

On this, and other occasions, Aunt  
Jemima greeted me with her homely  
adage:

"Pills, Pills; and Doctor's Bills!"  
I have long thought the name "Jemima"  
should be adopted frequently in naming  
girls.

Though strong, ~~independent~~ notably  
independent & an intelligent strong-  
minded woman, apparently indifferent  
to public opinion. Through her long  
life Mr. Jemima Buzzard deferred  
to Aunt Joe's superior education  
and worldly knowledge. His  
usual address to her was a firm  
"Jemima!"

At the very last, for past thirty years,  
Aunt Jemima consented to brief visits or  
calls in the County Hospital, treated by  
Younger Physicians than myself. I did  
not retain mentality to the last. She



28438

Survived her husband many years -  
Her family four grown sons and two  
daughters. Tragedy had a place in  
her family, endured with Stoic philosophy.

The eldest son, ~~William~~ Joseph, had been  
~~for~~ was a soldier in the Regular Army -  
a sergeant, at the beginning of the war  
(1914). ~~He~~ and served with the First  
Division in France. Following the  
armistice, Nov. 11, 1918, Master Sergeant  
Joseph Buzzard was struck by a  
French soldier in a brawl and killed.  
This occurred ~~while~~ at a French  
port while his ~~Regiment~~ was preparing  
to return home. Sergeant Buzzard  
left a wife in America, but not located  
at last report. His death was rated  
in line of duty. Burial in an  
alien soil.

The youngest son, Harry Buzzard,  
also a Veteran (1914) died by a  
self-inflicted rifle shot in 1940,  
while residing on his farm. A bold  
active man, his rash act and  
untimely end, aged forty years,  
is ascribed to a fit of temper.  
Harry was employed at the local  
lumber and farming as well. His early  
brutal death lamented, leaving a widow  
and children.



Wednesday 2/3/1960 439

Wednesday 2/3/1960 439  
5 am. No recording, last two  
Weeks, January 14-31, 1960. During this period  
a notable "January thaw" following an deep  
cold wave Jan. 16-26, 1960. The Bridge opened  
for traffic February 1, 1960 - a fine sunny day.  
By invitation of District Engineer Spangler,  
Construction Engineer Paulsbury (Floyd County,  
Kentucky) and Road Foreman Arnold Burns  
were conveyed the message. I drove my car  
first over the Bridge, - the third on this  
location over Greenbrier River. No special  
ceremony - but the Commemorative and  
Anniversary of the Engineering Department  
to me as a Senior Citizen appreciated.  
The history of the three bridges, over a  
period one hundred and ten years (1850-  
1960) has been recorded.

William Davis, Colored, age 71 years,  
was found dead in his house January, 1960.  
A veteran of 1917, drifted while living in Ohio.  
A few days before his death I met William  
Davis on the street, observing the benevolence  
of his countenance, "the image of God done  
in clay." Pleased by his kind inquiries  
about my health and family well-being.  
His wife and family, several children,  
living in Washington, having left William  
alone in his house, foot of Martin's  
Mountain, almost the last of his race in  
Martins available for odd jobs, horse  
cleaning, janitor service, repairs, and so forth.  
Also the last remnant of Japs and East  
Indians, formerly ex-slaves, hewers of wood  
and drawers of water. All lived in Martins  
Vaya Con Dios.



Joseph H. Buzzard was repeatedly elected Assessor of Pocatello County, early 20th Century, filling the office acceptably, with notable dignity and justice. Plainly drunk, he usually rode a mule on his official journey. In election years I have ~~often~~ heard his remark "Joe and his mule were running again;" the inference was that he was ~~unfit~~ <sup>unsubstantiated</sup> for the office. At a period when taxation was a touchy subject. I have rarely heard Assessor Joe Buzzard's decisions and judgment questioned.

Joe Buzzard was Sheriff of the County during my ~~term~~ first term as County Commissioner - 1911-1916 - and our official relations were pleasant; he seemed to fully approve of my efforts to build roads and bridges, at a time when full responsibility rested with the County Commission in this business.

Never a large land-owner, though his early unusual opportunity to acquire valuable lands, in the late years of the 19th Century Mr. Buzzard bought the Michael McLaughlin place, formerly known as the "Jake" McCallum place, presumably on favorable terms from the Pocatello Development Company, though none was heard to criticize, nor was public confidence in Joe Buzzard's honesty and justice. About the same time an unfortunate partnership in a feed and supply business in Marlinton caused losses, and his



#41

last year, remembered by Bank Loans. However, Sheriff Buzzard's public accounts were in perfect order throughout, until his retirement from public life as assessor and Treasurer - Sheriff of the County. For several years before his death his health declined, largely due to a moderate oxidation in the lungs; acutely sensitive to the air - and wearing heavy woollens even in summer heat. On at least one occasion when calling on him at his home, I found him sitting up and sorting out voluminous papers. His death was sudden. Summoned to his home, I found him, fully clothed, lying dead on his bed, aged 77 years. Without formal education, Joseph A. Buzzard was self-educated in contact with his fellows - a reader and thinker.

Vaya Con Dios.

His son Rodney Buzzard, who yet lives (1960) diverged politically, and elected as a Republican Sheriff of Pocatello County. At the present time, (1960) Joe Buzzard, grandson, William Buzzard is running for the Republican ticket for nomination as Sheriff. A veteran of #4th war (1941) - Bill was nominated in 1956 for Sheriff, but beaten in the election. Because of a preponderance of Registrars going for Buzzard will need support from the Democrats, from some of us who remember his name father Joe Buzzard - Democrat.



441-A

Rodney Buzzard, son of Joseph H. Buzzard, elected as a Republican, served a term as Sheriff, acceptably, during the "Reconstruction" period, following the civil war and following the third decade of the century. The Sheriff's brother-in-law Mr. Howard McElevie was jail deputy. He and ~~his son~~ Mrs. McElevie having held the position for many years previously ~~and~~ notably during the terms of Sheriffs William Gibson and Lincoln Cokeran. Both live at an advanced age in Marlinton. During this period many human derelicts, some aged "White Pine" lumbermen, were housed in the jail annex, no other house of refuge, or "Poor Farm" being available at the time. From personal contact with some of these public charges I can testify to the uniform kindness to them shown by Mr. and Mrs. Howard McElevie over a long term of years through many seasons.

Howard McElevie in youth a "White Pine" lumberman and log driver on the Cress and River. At past eighty years, "His age is at a lusty wittes - frosty yet kindly."

I can also testify to the efficiency, Personal Courage and faithfulness of Sheriff Rodney Buzzard performing the multiple duties of his office. The personal dignity of his father, Joseph H. Buzzard, reflected in



The son. Mr. Rodney Buzzard still lives aged and alone in his small house near Huntersville; with the appearance of a man to be reckoned with, as becomes the son of Joseph and Linnah Buzzard. He is lame, but walks erect, using a cane. I do not recall ever observing a "silly look" on the faces of any men or ~~and~~ boys of the J. H. Buzzard line.

Mr. Rodney Buzzard died many years ago, about the time Rodney served as ~~sher~~ County Sheriff, leaving quite a large family, children and grand-children. Unprofitable business resulted, also, in the loss of ancestral lands.

The low estate of government in the present era, undeniable, office holding seemingly inextricably tangled in a multitude of private interests, wellfare agencies and "pressure groups", or Labor Unions if you prefer -

It is altogether fitting that some of us (Democrats) support Young Bill Buzzard in his ambition to hold the office of County Sheriff, once held by his father and grandfather, Joseph Henry Buzzard, the latter a Democrat.

A sober, industrious, intelligent young man, who resides on his own ancestral acres on Cummins Creek near Huntersville, farming and as a job delivers the widely circulated Beechey Post-Herald to all parts of Rockingham County. As a diversion and social frolics, also Recording Secretary of the Huntersville Mens Club.



441-C

It has pleased me to write this testimonial  
- unsolicited - Passably a surprise  
to the Buzzard family Committee -  
(Incidentally, there are, or have been  
recently more than one Bill Buzzard  
known in the county through the  
years.) ~~Buzzard~~

During the Political Campaigns  
of 1966 - ~~four years ago~~ - I recall  
there was some confusion as to the  
identity of the Republican Candidate  
for Sheriff - Young William Buzzard  
of Cummins Creek, and grandson of Joseph  
P. Buzzard. By this time (1966)  
~~there~~ there should be no mistake in  
identity.

As a student of faces, William  
Buzzard of the third generation, looks  
to me to be a chip of the old block -  
Joseph and Jennah Alderman  
Buzzard.

(1966/1967)



Thunders 2/4/60 442  
5-am. The

Engineer Faulsbury -  
Yesterday at 2 pm. Press pictures  
at Center of Bridge, together with the  
car and the Engineers; to appear  
in the Berkeley Times-Herald.

The Rickwood Paper - Hillbilly -  
Prospering because of plain printing,  
of facts, and forthrightness, Edited  
by Crustock and McClung. It  
remains to be learned whether the paper  
can "stand prosperity" - or no. The  
editor recently remarked, regretfully,  
that it appears "Dog owners (People  
who like dogs), usually are neighbor  
haters." - To the Editor of "Hillbilly"

My letter to the Editor of "Hillbilly"  
appears in the current issue - attached.  
Full reports of the Regular (1960)  
Legislative session quite remarkable,  
especially the first week.

The fixed star (Sun) *Arcturus* visible early morning at 5-am, high in the North-east.



Saturday - 2/6/60 443  
3-4 mi. Heavy rains - ~~it~~ rained. Have  
written several long letters past two days.  
Dr. Ligon Price, Aspen, Colorado; Mr. Murry  
Bosworth - Filing (Formerly of Elkins)  
Richmond, Virginia. - referred to the best  
families in Randolph County, and of Jacob  
Warwick descent. I am forwarding the  
last installment (typed) - (432)

An informative letter from C. A. Dixon  
about affairs in Eastern Kentucky, and  
check for one hundred Dollars, Royalties  
on the Wooten Creek Mine (Coal) - Wooten,  
Leslie County, Kentucky. (Kyoga Coal).

January 26, 1960, The Chicago Tribune  
featured the 80<sup>th</sup> day of birth of General  
Douglas Mac Arthur, old and diseased,  
a millionaire, who dwells in a ten-suit  
apartment 37<sup>th</sup> floor of the Waldorf Tower;  
(When not in hospital); Figure-head  
Chairman of the Board of a Corporation  
(Rand-McNally); Portrait attached painted  
many years past ago.

Colonel Robert Mac Cormick attempted to  
boost for the General for President in  
1952 - for what reason not made clear.  
Defeated, his army destroyed (in Burma)  
the Philippines (1941); leaving the second  
in command in captivity (Gen. Wainwright)  
according to "Regulations in Modern War"  
- he escaped by air.  
Again defeated and his army lost in  
North Korea (1950), again deserting.



Keft Historians<sup>444</sup> will have difficulty  
~~even~~ in Building a National Hero of  
two armies (which he deserves) destroyed  
in the Orient, to be replaced by a draft  
without limit, and Billions of War Dept.

A handsome soldier, the son of a  
Civil War (1861) General, and a "West  
Pointer", General MacArthur has been  
"successful"; and a thoroughly  
disillusioned old man, kept going  
by a squad of Medical and Surgical  
"Specialists", - including "He" personal  
Physicians - and a Horde of Hospital  
Corps Nurses and orderlies.

When in age Circumstances was sought  
to return and Command the Army,  
the old Roman was found plowing  
with oxen.

It is written: "King Azzarius trusted  
in Physicians, that they might Cure him;  
and Azzarius slept with his fathers."

Political Economics in Modern United  
States of America is well summed up in the  
phrase: "Spend, Spend; Tax, Tax; Elect  
and elect."

The saying first credited to the cynic  
and Court favorite Harry Hopkins, and  
will not down.

During the Administration of "He" -  
upon everybody else - the Spending  
Philosophy has been elaborated and improved.  
Where it goes nobody knows!



Monday 2/8/60 5 AM. 445-

(Fixed) The morning clear - returns  
at 5 am. Snow flurries  
all the day - Sunday. Red Sawt-

General Douglas Mac Arthur, early  
exploit, went in August, 1932, troops under  
his command dispersed the "Bonus  
Marchers" and burned their encampment -  
Huts on the Anacostia Marshes.

In 1932 - an election year - "Depressive"  
Conditions had become desperate. Herbert  
Hoover a candidate for re-election.

The President, once famous as "Ford  
Administrator" for the War, appeared  
apathetic, paralyzed, when confronted  
with an "emergency" at home and in  
a "free" country. Fortunately, food  
was plentiful and "Dust Cheap" despite  
Dust storms in the "Bread Basket" of  
America - Kansas.

New York financiers seemed helpless  
because of financial shock - J.P. Morgan  
& Morgan Company bankers - first to  
extend loans to "the allies" because of  
personal losses in stocks, paid no  
income tax in 1932.

They say the Lion and the Lizard Keep  
The Courts where Lamsyd gloried and  
Drank Deep;

And Bahram the Wild ass  
Stamps o'er his head but cannot  
Wake his Sleep. - Rubaiyat.



446

For several years there were no strikes or other "labre" disturbance; the unemployed exceeding those who held jobs a dollar per day and upwards.

Many large fortunes were formed by those who either held on to stocks and bonds in their possession or bought at a few cents on the dollar "gut-edged" securities - even "Liberty" bonds exchanging ownership at eighty or less - Cash offer.

My modest personal "flier" on a depressed market, Silver at 25 cents per ounce, as related heretofore and at length. (Montgomery Ward stock would have been better at four dollars a share, or Anaconda Copper (three dollars), et cetera.

"God pity the rich; the Poor can work," as intoned by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, before the war (1914).

Throughout the "Depressive years," I continued busy in practice as usual, though cash income reached a near vanishing point. In the year 1932 I Carig had been an alternate Delegate at the Convention in Houston, Texas, 1928) achieved a total cash income of eight hundred dollars, on which I was expected to maintain my household (a cook, colored) Rent an office, maintain a Model A Ford and dispense Medicines; also hold my gun well as possible in the regular Saturday night poker game in the Village. Net result Naturally, was a debt of



447  
Two thousand dollars, interest bearing -  
by borrowing on life insurance, (United  
States Government bonds.)

Fortunately, Norman was at long  
last in the army in Honolulu - not  
as an officer; and then in training  
at Joseph's Hotel, Baltimore, therefore  
self-sustaining for the most part.

Card playing soon abandoned, for  
good and sufficient reasons. Though  
practiced as a diversion - mainly - since  
the war period - 1917.

For a time the small cash ~~used~~  
may have had in bank was doled out  
to depositors - the so-called "Bank Holiday" -  
could business and financial integrity  
reach a lower stage of degradation?

President Hoover - a vastly over-  
rated man - was duly swept from  
his perch in 1932, and March 1, 1933,  
President Franklin Delano Roosevelt  
began his long reign - another story.

Sister Anna's husband, Frank Renick  
Hunter, died in April, 1932, having  
been executive Vice-President and Cashier  
of the Bank of Marlinton since its founding  
Autumn of 1899. His age 72 years.

My parents buried sleep with his father  
in the cemetery Old Hill Church, Lewisburg.  
Age and illness coming on, several months  
before, and preferring to end his days  
"from a stormy life unblest" at this home



of his elder brother Carter Hunter,  
Sweet Springs, Virginia. - the home place  
at one time jointly owned by the  
brothers and a sister, Mrs. Trayman.  
Our parents long dead - Pa in  
January, 1921, and Ma January, 1924.

In the year 1932, or about, Mrs.  
Anna V. Hunter began a long career  
in Building and Business promotions  
extending to the present, a period of  
nearly or quite thirty years -  
Quite remarkable in their extent  
and variety - at times even spectacular.  
A portion of this mighty work I will  
later refer to, briefly. Another story -

In August, 1932, I first was affected by  
~~An~~ a troublesome and unsightly skin  
inflammation, resistant to the usual  
remedies, and affecting only the  
face and hands, even the scalp.  
This I correctly diagnosed as "Allergy,"  
but resistant to usual remedies. As is  
often the case, medicines recommended  
and tried only increased discomfort  
and therefore harmful. Shaving  
was difficult, and I even tried  
growing a beard.  
I had used tobacco habitually



449  
Time the war period (1917) and in  
desperation, after attempting dieting,  
abruptly ceased smoking. Almost  
immediately the deep lesions on face  
and hands lessened. By good  
fortune the sedimentary deposits  
of the Sweet Chalybeate Spring  
was applied freely, with almost  
instant relief and quickly healed.

The value of this "Healing  
Spray" has been known from  
the earliest times. Traditionally  
known to "the Indians", who  
applied the mud freely for sores  
(including small pox), also wounds  
and Burns, - in the latter quite  
effective. Among other contents  
the water carries in solution and  
deposits a reddish sediment  
on the stones. Iron, Sulphur  
and alumina.

am still "allergic" to tobacco,  
therefore only occasionally smoke a  
"Ceremonial Cigarette", as did the  
people who discovered and used  
tobacco - the American Indians.

Addiction to the Poison tobacco is  
world-wide, and abandonment of a  
Needless habit necessarily slow.



Wednesday 45-0

2/10/60 - 5 A.M. Mild - cloudy - Awoke  
at 4 A.M. Because of an open winter  
some color remains in leaves and shrubbery -  
The autumn was unusually heavy -  
Spring not far behind.

More about the "Allergic" Dermatitis of  
the Summer 1932 - 1933. In 1916 I first observed  
patches of leuco-derma on neck and  
hands, a phenomenon frequently seen in  
the Negro race, when it may be spectacular,  
- a colored boy "turning white". In my case  
especially noticeable during summer tan  
by contrast. During the years following  
after quitting tobacco the leuco-derma  
cleared with return of normal tint to the  
skin of hands and facial parts.

Unquestionably, this was the type of  
skin discoloration of which Cleopatra,  
the French War Minister, was sensitive,  
causing him always to appear in public  
wearing gray silk gloves.

The Napoleonic "Itch" has been  
commented on at length in the section of  
"Diseases of the great," and the peculiar  
and affects of infections which have  
degraded humanity in all ancient and  
Modern times.

In his valuable book "May the Anusman";  
Dr. Alexis Carroll, exerted the resources of  
an enlightened, imaginative, intuitive mind.  
- but did not solve the riddle - himself dying



before the allotted three score and ten.  
 from heart failure; perhaps Cancer.  
 He may have used tobacco; undoubtedly  
 used much animal fat in his diet (Carnibalistic)  
 and did not till the soil. Moreover, I  
 find little evidence in his "intuitionist" work  
 of interest in evolution of the soul, or spirit.  
 Nevertheless his life work and writings  
 added to the sum of human knowledge,  
 even wisdom, therefore valuable; good to read.

The Arabians say that Abdul Khair,  
 -the mystic, and Abu Ali Siena, the  
 philosopher, conferred together; and on  
 parting the philosopher said, "all that  
 he sees, I know; and the mystic said,  
 "all that he knows, I see." (Intuition)!

The wisdom of the East (Yogi of  
 India) offers <sup>at least</sup> a solution of human life,  
 and destiny in the theory of reincarnation  
 of souls. More than is offered  
 (solutions) by the West.

"God is a Spirit; and they that  
 worship him must worship him in spirit  
 and in truth." - John vi

All flesh is as grass; in the morning it  
 is green and groweth up; in the evening  
 it is cut down and withereth.

"METEMPSYCHOSIS" - the word used to describe  
 transmigration of the soul.



## Early Dental Practice.

At nine years there was decay of the "permanent" teeth, with severe toothache principally afflicting the ~~the~~ lower six-year molars. I have related visiting dentist Furtz in August, 1885, and, having two molars drawn, endured stoically without a cry; never after having such toothache as before removal of the two molars. No local or other anesthetic was used in this extraction, or any antiseptic. Succeedence observed, other than rinsing the mouth with water.

Dr. Furtz was a skilled artisan who made "dentures." A complete set, upper and lower fitted for my mother about 1880 of such excellence worn all her remaining years until her death in 1924.

The set of teeth notably complimentary to the family of the local Minister. At my event not more than twenty dollars.

The wife of a "Peasant," - (Reliepers) lately passed to me, she had four hundred dollars worth of dentures in her mouth.

At age sixty I had lost all the remaining teeth, nearly all extracted by my own hand and without local anesthetic. Unquestionably, the after effects are better, with less bleeding - or post-extraction pain.

I have never had fitted, or used "Dentures" have enjoyed ~~such~~ a good appetite and excellent digestion, subsisting on suitable foods - largely vegetarian, together with eggs and dairy products, and for



He may part doing my own cooking.  
 For aesthetic reasons, I prefer to dine  
 alone; likewise avoid public banquets, or  
 even continue eating in "Harbours".  
 Cosmetically, Facial Mobilities largely  
 subject to control, thus avoiding  
 muscular atrophy; it is possible to  
 smile without grimacing, and the "social  
 laugh" betrays the vacant mind. Facial  
 Massage helps.

Not being cannibalistic, an eater of meat  
 and animal blood. Canine and the molars  
 of a horse not needed.

I fear Peter of Russia called the "Gnat,"  
 is said to have habitually dined alone  
 at a square table. Perhaps his teeth  
 were bad - or absent.

General George Washington often  
 ate in private. Certainly, did not often  
 appear at banquets. He had difficulty  
 in getting properly fitting "Dentures".  
 Once he used a pair connected, but  
 upper and lower, by springs.

at age seventeen I was concerned  
 to find decay in upper incisors, also  
 cavities in bicuspids and molars.

at that time (1892) the only resident  
 dentist (not in active practice) Dr. Sprague  
 at Hillsboro

It was customary travelling dentists  
 to visit the County and set up office  
 for a few weeks, usually in private  
 houses or inns. Such a one was



D. James H. Weymouth, whose home was in Elkins. He usually located for practice at the home of Mr. Clark Kellers, Day Branch of Lingo Creek, a home noted for hospitality and good living.

Clark Kellers had served in General Philip Sheridan's Cavalry in the War (1861); afterwards in Indian fighting, and roundups on the plains—a "Regulas" of the Cavalry. (a Battalion of the Seventh was wiped out under Colonel Custer in 1872.)—the so-called "Custer Massacre."

I have talked with Mr. Kellers at some length. It was evident that some reminiscences of the war were distasteful to him; the burn and home burning and driving off of livestock, the women and children, the wholesale subsiding on rabbits and such nuts, berries and such as the woods and fields afforded. He once stated, with emphasis that General Philip Sheridan was "a very bad man."

Sheridan's Army, in burning and desolating the Valley of Virginia in 1864, effectually cut off the principal source of supply for the Confederate Army.

A recent book "Appomattox" is a vivid biography of Philip Sheridan, the Genghis Khan of the War (1864). A bachelor, and a "loose liver" through life, black Irish; short in stature; a general



45-5-

Who exposed himself in the front of  
battle, moving at a hand gallop.  
He once described the ideal cavalryman  
of the period as eighteen to twenty-four  
years of age, light in weight, not married,  
and properly reckless.

In July, 1896, while in Washington, on  
being examined for the Medical Reserve  
Corps, U.S. Army, I visited the Arlington  
National Cemetery. In a section  
reserved for officers I observed the grave  
of Thurman, which is on the slope  
before the Mansion House. Marked by  
a small marble stone, the scene remains  
in memory.

On the day of death I was called  
to visit Clark Kellison, his age about  
seventy, ~~the year 1912~~. He had  
suffered an attack of "Heart block,"  
and died, the month October, 1912.

He was a just man, industrious and  
respected. His wife had died from  
a cancerous affection ten years before,  
and Mr. Kellison had married again,  
a lady from Harrison County, not  
too young.

Vaya Cen Dies -

Dr. Weymouth, the Dentist, a man of weight  
and stature, native of Randolph County,  
had served in the war, probably in  
state troops. When I visited him, at  
the home of Mr. Kellison autumn of 1891



I found him at leisure. He received me kindly and consented to work on my teeth immediately. I was newly seventeen; had appeared voluntarily at the Doctor-Dentist's office, not previously consulting my parents. Without any money of my own, if a bill was rendered my father I have no knowledge of it.

Dr. Weymouth expertly filled several minor and bicuspid teeth with gold, of which I was very proud.

Dr. William Campbell ~~visited~~ of Monterey, Virginia, also visited Martins in the 1890's, the village still without a resident dentist. A kindly, jovial man, also a Confederate veteran, he ~~also~~ made extensive repairs on molar teeth, probably without charge to Pa, as a Minister he had known in his youth.

From an early day Country doctors were expected to extract teeth and supplied with necessary forceps, though not trained to the business.

Brother James in practice had become an expert tooth drawer, and observing his technique, and supplied with both "upper" and "Lower" instruments, I soon became more than usually skilled in pulling teeth. Continued over a



457

Period of many years. Twenty-five  
Cuts per tooth was the standard fee, and  
the operation done without either local  
or general anesthesia. Occasionally  
a "Nervous Nellie" - male or female -  
required Chloroform for Mass extractions.

It will be readily seen the extraction  
of painful, ulcerated and infected teeth,  
indiscriminately, was important in the  
prior history, long before resident  
dentists were available in our County,  
with all the refinements of the Profession -  
Dr. ("Cedar oil") George Erwin.

John Wesley Erwin and George Erwin  
(brothers) served and reared families  
in the rich Verdant Valley, north of  
Marlinton, following the War (1861) in  
which both had served with irregular  
troops in Western Virginia, C.S. Army.

George Wesley Erwin, the elder,  
is said to have habitually carried  
his Mountain rifle, on foot or on  
horse, for many years following  
the war, as though still expecting  
separals. (He may have been prepared  
to kill any wild game encountered.)  
His son, the excellent Dr. Erwin  
but briefly, lives in Marlinton now.



458  
in his salage; rather unusually  
stout, cheerful and jovial, as one who  
looks forward to joining his beloved  
"Blanche" "in the air". Very deaf  
and almost blind - totally blind from  
an early injury to one eye, wears  
neither hearing aid or glasses.  
Yet walks as one assured of the way.

Joe Ervine has worn his "bachelor  
night-cap" blankets for all his  
eighty years. For many years he  
worked as surveyor's assistant to the  
Cale County Surveyor, Adam Baxter,  
and himself has a working knowledge  
of the surveyor's art.

Referring to difficulties offered  
surveyors by the steep, rocky  
hills of the Arallup Creek and  
Eastern Pocatento County generally,  
Joe once quoted to me something  
about "the Pedicles of Hell" of the  
region - with apology for the  
"profanity"!

Joe Ervine and Min Blanche Dean  
of ~~Arallup~~ Cochran Creek, kept steady  
company for forty years - a union  
of souls. Min Dean has recently  
died, leaving her small property to  
Friend Joe, who has published  
well creditable memorial verses to  
his beloved. Page 101 Divs.



45-9  
Dr. George Irvine and his excellent  
wife Mary reared a large family  
on his portion of ancestral land in the  
Verdant Valley high on the slope of the  
"Sleeping Hill"; adjoining the extensive  
Jacob Murphy, Sr. lands. Two of the sons  
~~with native genius~~ remained bachelors  
through life, living and dying on the  
home farm.

With native genius, Dr. Irvine early gave  
study herb medication and surgery,  
without benefit of the Schools. His  
researches resulted in the "Discovery"  
of Cedar oil, not previously recognized  
in botanical medicine, and for many  
years prepared and sold "Cedar oil"  
in a watery solution, especially for  
tooth-ache. As the Cedar tree is  
not native here, the Doctor made  
journeys to Eastern Virginia for stumps  
and coats of the tree from which he  
distilled a tar of execrable acrid  
taste; offered for sale in discarded  
"Extract" bottles in 25 and 50 ct sizes -  
The production and sale of Cedar  
oil late 19th Century, required long  
absences from home and farm, leading  
to a somewhat nomadic life, traveling  
by mule cart, or mule wagon.  
In later middle life Dr. and Mrs. Irvine



469  
lived apart, the Doctor was "sustained  
by an unwavering faith" and impoverished  
because some time of a burn and deafness,  
unworthy of his excellent family heritage.  
Of strong-minded, he early developed  
skill in drawing teeth, expertly using  
a single straight small straight forceps,  
seen by me some years before his death  
in 1913 was devoid of vital power  
and blackened by use. With this  
single instrument he had extracted  
thousands of teeth.

An old man, occasionally seen riding  
a lean, spavined black horse, perhaps  
leading or driving an emaciated, aged  
cow for trading purposes, the Doctor's  
end was not peace. His body was  
found on the log railway track on  
Anthony's Creek, apparently killed and  
dragged by ~~an engine~~ a log train.  
Foul play was suspected, the body  
lying there for some time, and badly  
decomposed.

Placed in a home-made coffin,  
in ragged and torn clothing the body  
was brought to the Sharp Cemetery  
Verdant Valley, for burial. A related  
autopsy was demanded by sons of the  
dead man, and I was summoned  
to the Cemetery on a Sunday to view  
body before placing in the grave.



Monday 461  
21 Feb - 4 am.

The "Deep" snow -  
about 6 inches at Marlinton. Feb-13, remains  
frozen - the night cold - near zero -  
Arose at 3 am. To inspect the plumbing,  
which is intact. A warming stove (Till  
Feb 12) sitting 6.30 am. over Price Hill.

Feb. 14 (Sunday) Spent before the open  
fire, and in shoe paper and Myler in the  
open air. Walked to the office and Post office.  
A letter from Jean dated 11th - I wrote her  
on the 12th of February.

Viewing the body of Dr. George Erwin,  
badly decomposed and in its coffin beside  
the open grave, I could learn little  
as to cause of death, presumably that of an  
Aged Man, about eighty, Mauled by a  
logging train, afterwards found on the  
track, although the train crew had observed  
Nothing.

Acting as Physician - Coroner, my  
decision was that death was probably  
due to being knocked down and sent  
dropped by the train, the time of death  
unknown, but evidently some days  
before. No objections being offered  
the body was buried the dead from  
the death was buried from our sight.  
"Antcasts always Mourning."

Aged Hatter, gray and grim,  
Here is custom Come your ways  
Take my ~~best~~ and lead him in,  
Stuff his ribs with Moldy Hay.

Feb 1920



Dr. Ervine would recite on a casual  
verse in couplets describing his profession  
as botanist, Surgeon and tooth Drawer.  
New lines added as desired, endlessly:

"Old George Ervine pull teeth free;  
Here's eighteen he drew for me."

"I pulled her teeth with never a groan,  
And then she baked me a sweetened Pone."

(~~All~~ infinites), St. Clare, ad infinites.

A scene in the life of this old man remains  
vividly in memory.

~~One~~ I encountered him on the road, a  
year before his death, riding his spavined  
mare and driving a cow on a rope, the  
cow ~~fast~~ exhibiting ~~at~~ a large and repulsive  
tumor on the jaw, evidently Anthrax,  
or "Fungus jaw". It was plain the  
Doctor proposed to treat <sup>the</sup> animal surgically,  
or ~~tooth~~ teeth "Cedar oil" - his universal  
remedy, and so condition <sup>the</sup> for the market.  
A striking tableau of age, Weakness  
and ~~disease~~ <sup>disease</sup> in man and beast.

"Who knoweth the spirit of a man  
that goeth upward; ~~or~~ the spirit of a  
beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

George Ervine never exhibited <sup>Proverb</sup>  
of a drunkard and a dope. With a natural  
bent for medicine and Surgery, his error  
was to ~~live~~ <sup>live</sup> the easy way, as he saw it,  
by the ~~practice~~ irregular practice - quackery.



Tuesday - 2/16/60 463  
3-AM - Clear, Cold - near Zero.

Buzzards, north-west, north  
and North East, - most severe, with much  
snow, of the winter.

The Philosopher, Immanuel Kant, as an  
aged man and recluse, was wont to remark  
(to himself) especially when seeking repose,  
'How Comfortable I am!' He died at  
eighty-two, active in body and mind until  
a ~~few~~ years before death.

A feature of the John Wirley Grove farm  
foot of Slippery Hill is a depression, or  
"bowl" of several acres, very fertile.  
Traditionally, good grass and had has  
grown in the bowl for one and a half  
centuries, without rotation of crops or  
fertilization, other than drifting surface  
soil from the higher hills.

There is no outlet, nor does water  
accumulate in this bowl. Quite evidently  
there are subterranean caverns or  
caves, (limestone) in this region.

A somewhat similar formation at  
the "Rorer Place" on Red Lick Mountain,  
known from the earliest days as  
"Tallow Hill." The origin of these  
place names is obvious, due to the  
'greasy ground' of steep alluvial time-  
stone when claked for grass.

Verdant Valley once famous for the  
enormous growth and size of its white oak,



(Especially Red oak), Maple, Sugar and Poplar trees; "Washed" by the pioneer settlers William and Jacob Warholic Sharp and permitted to thus die and decay, as 'Clearings'.

A tract of about twenty acres "Virgin" white oak forest remains on the portions of William Sharp land, owned by the late Mrs. Catherine Mary-Barlowe. This forest surrounds the Sharp family Cemetery, and was still intact at the year of death of this estimable lady (the widow of Neal Barlowe) in 1956) when last observed by this writer, and admired ~~by me~~ when ~~often~~ passing on frequent journeys to the Poores Lane and Clover Creek regions.

Two sons of Dr. George and Mary Irvine lived their lives (unmarried) on the home place, ~~tutored, though~~ ~~not~~ ~~illiterate~~, usually employed as laborers on the farms of neighbors.

The death of Edward, about fifty years of age, in 1935, was tragic. The brothers were returning from work on the higher portion of their land, ~~they~~ George observed a large flat stone suitable for a door-step ~~of the home~~. and ~~began to~~ roll it down hill. ~~started~~ began



The elder brother was some distance ahead of George and did not observe the rolling stone bounding in great leaps, and, ~~was struck so~~ with the "Prowess of the mort," was struck squarely below the right shoulder - dead, with fracture of several ribs, extensive lacerations, and concealed hemorrhage in the pleural cavity. A large heavy ~~load~~ he was knocked or shoved ~~a hard fall~~ down hill - falling hard.

With the stoical indifference of ~~frontiers~~ for bodily injury, little was done by the brothers for the severely injured man, and several days went by before I was summoned to attend him at his home; when a neighbor ~~summoned me~~ (Mr. Neal Barlow) who saw the injury and complications were serious.

Note: I can well understand the type of endurance in bodily injury practiced by those living in primitive surroundings, having survived without serious injury, ~~crippled~~ ~~several~~ wounds, bruises and putrefying sores - without benefit of surgery, other than first aid.

Climbing the Lehigh Hill, on foot, from the old Wesley Grove Place, I found the patient in extremis; Traumatic pneumonia and septic infection, from lacerations puncturing the lung, the pleural cavity.



Filled with Blood Clots. Little could be done by ~~way of~~ treatment medical treatment; and Edward Grimes died on the seventh day following his injury.

Afterwards I was called to attend the brother George, in July, 1937, when struck by lightning, the only case of injury by a "fire ball" I have seen. ~~At the time~~ I have seen that the electric current, or bolt, goes upward from the earth, and not <sup>down</sup> from the clouds, as I ~~supposed~~ thought.

At the time George Grimes, Jr., was employed as farm hand on Cousin John Poage's Poage Lane, in Hurvost, a storm came up and George took refuge from rain under a large Red Oak, knocked out by the electric shock and when found was thought to be fatally injured. He had carried a gun to the field to shoot groundhogs, and held it in his hand. The gun was scored and bent, but may have served to conduct the current away. The sole of a heavy shoe, studded with nails, torn from the upper part, and blown from his foot. A red mark about one inch in width from sole of foot to upper thigh, where there was an explosive wound of exit, apparently. When I arrived the injured man was able to stand up, and recovered from shock.



Sitting permanent injury, although the  
patient ascribed the preceding illnesses  
and weaknesses as ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~primary~~ <sup>initially</sup>  
having begun by being struck by lightning.  
Injury to human beings by lightning  
is an awesome thing, but comparatively  
rare. More frequently animals taking  
refuge from rains under trees are  
killed; ~~possibly~~ <sup>possibly</sup> reported, though I have  
never seen the body of an animal thus killed.

Friday (2/19/60). Ten days of wide-brand  
snows and cold. Feb. 13. (Saturday) Sub-  
Zero - the coldest of the winter; an eight-  
inch snow, at Marlinton; again on the 18th  
seven inches. (February 2, 1960, clear  
throughout).

"Cauldwas Day be clear and Bright  
Winter will take another flight"  
Deep snows and cold waves reported from  
the north-west and north-east, and extending  
to Florida and Texas.

"All bitter chill it was, the aol for all his  
feathers, was a-cold;

The hare limped trumbling through  
the frozen grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

—The Eve of St Agnes"  
(Wordsworth).



Saturday - 2/20/6<sup>468</sup> Cold; rising winds.  
4 am - arose at 4, in part to  
replenish fires and prevent freezing water.  
Electric service crippled; the linemen and  
electrician - and road crews - working  
day and night.

### The McCloud (McLeod) Clan.

Mary, daughter of Dr. George Ervine, much  
resembled her mother, also named Mary.  
First married William McCloud (McLeod)  
and bore twelve children. The large  
family noted for Native intelligence and  
industry. Though not a "Landed"  
family, each, usually, has acquired a  
small farm, or a house, to which they  
have clung tenaciously, in which to carry  
on the simple life of living.

After the death of Bill McCloud - in  
early middle life, Mrs. Mary Ervine-McCloud  
married Antony Dominice, a native of Italy,  
and they both live, past eighty years, in  
their own house on Carrick Ridge, Big  
Run, near the site of the one-time  
"Italian Settlement," of which more will be  
written. Mr. Dominice lost a leg a few  
years ago from a circulatory ailment.

A good woman, Mrs. Dominice has  
showered members of the McCloud Clan  
with her fortune has overtaken any,  
notably Mrs. Virginia Dille who tragic  
life has recently ended - by a stroke - Paralysis



Virgin Yellow ~~Marriage~~ day. 469

An unusually handsome, buxom Woman  
of a pure Scotch type, she in early life  
parted from a "a good husband," because  
of human frailty and perversity. Her  
former husband, Russell Dilly, was again  
married, and has recently died.  
For more than fifty years Mrs. Mary  
Dominici has been my loyal friend;  
and by nature and inheritance kindly,  
poised, and courageous through thick  
and thin. Vaya con Dios.

### Italian settlement at Big Run

Patsy Anastasio and his wife Anita in  
youth emigrated from Italy to America.  
Far above average Italian peasantry, devout  
Catholics, intelligent and handsome in person.  
By industry and thrift a family was  
reared - American born - and Pat Ma-  
Anastasio became a minor contractor of  
railroad track building; rearing the  
family on an "Italian" standard of  
living - and better.

At about fifty years, Mr. and Mrs.  
Anastasio had saved some money.  
They decided to settle down and dreamed  
of founding a "settlement," where retired  
people with a chapel of their faith,  
where far removed from the customs of  
a strange land they might end their  
days in peace and plenty.  
Land was bought at Big Run  
and "Carroll Ridge," recent site of a  
Lawn-Mill, near the Railroad at one mile



below Clover Lick - 470

It is interesting to recall that Jeremiah O'Fall, Bond-man and kinsman of Jacob Warwick, in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century and ancestor of the O'Fall relationship, who, according to Pacer County History, settled first on "Curry Ridge" on land given him by Jacob Warwick.

In line with the standard of Italian Peasantry the well watered land looked good, though not up to the standard American standard of what makes good farm land, being rocky ridges with a predominantly northern exposure. Neither did the Green River valley possess the genial climate of the Mediterranean, an inland sea, on whose shores ~~ancient~~ <sup>ancient</sup> civilizations have arisen in ancient times.

However, rapid progress was made at Big Run; saw-mill shacks converted into comfortable houses, and native stone used freely in Italian architecture of a peasant type or style. Good water and fuel was abundant. By patient labor a mile-long road was dug out up Big Run and Curry Ridge - steep - but passable for a Ford Car. I have driven to Big Run in my car many times. At the time, I was impressed by the



471

Intelligence and dignity shone by Mrs. and Mrs. Anastasio as they labored in middle age to construct a little home. A flock of milk goats had been added to their live stock, and once when detained at Big Run, the only time I have fed on goats milk, which is excellent.

My hosts were unlearned in bookish lore, but rich in living, unworld travel and good sense - written in their remembered faces. Mrs. Anti, especially, had a truly Madonna-like face, in late middle life. The marks of getting and giving had gone, leaving beauty and benevolence.

"Big Run" was not to endure for long. In the 1930's the auto age in America ~~was~~ had got going, and the second generation, took to second hand machines enthusiastically, with the usual result - idleness, extravagance and debt.

Some integration of the younger set with a predominantly Protestant people bewildered the Anastasio Elder Anastasios - devout Catholics.

The times hard; plagued by debts incurred for autos by the sons, "Patsy" Anastasio shot and killed himself. His body rests on Cemetery Ridge, marked by a handsome inlaid plastic Holy Cross, along with several of his family and country-men. Vaya Con Dios.







Archaeologists. Life-time study of the stone remains, burial places, and way of life of a most interesting, vanished, race. I was later to find among a heap of field stones on the River bank a dozed or more "Celts" which may have been collected in my grand-parents time, and needlessly discarded in "cleanny house" after his death.

Well Dennis Haury Price was not interested in Indian Relics - "sharp teeth" I also searched for fossils - "sharp teeth" and "acorns". The late Andrew Haiman, who lived on the old field fork of Elk, and Joseph McNeill, of Bucks Run, generously gave many specimens; Indian stone relics as well.

At the James Sharp Spring, on the Jericho Road at Green Hill, there is plain evidence of a "flint" quarry. - Flint, nodules scattered from exposed limestone ledges, in the nearby fields, heaps of flint "shells", and implements - for the most part broken, and while being fashioned, have been exposed by the plow.

The Sharp boys, Elmer and their sisters Mrs Talbert Sharp and Mrs. Harvey Bright, traded me many a relic from this ancient quarry and encampment - a mound once ~~continued~~ <sup>was</sup> near-by, which was partly leveled when the Jericho road was graded, early 19th Century. It was at top of hill near the Adam Moore house.



My attention <sup>called (474)</sup> to the Jericho Road Mound  
~~being called to my attention by the late~~  
William B. Johnston, I at once dug a  
trench through a portion remaining at  
the road-side. Only the usual signs  
of cremation-burial at the ancient  
ground level - a strata of ashes  
judged by the quantity of ashes and  
burned earth remaining, ~~that~~ a lot of wood  
had burned.

I still possess a large number of fine  
stone-age specimens, to be carefully  
preserved by posterity, or deposited if they  
be in the ~~Lewisburg~~ <sup>Greenbrier</sup> Museum,  
Valley Museum, at Lewisburg, W. Va.  
Among the collection of exceptional  
interest a partly broken war club head  
of Hematite "Venez" - the broken part  
exposing a water-worn pebble of the  
Oriskany or Medusa period, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$   
by 3 inches, overlaid with one-quarter  
inch ~~thick~~ Hematite (Iron oxide);  
to be ~~later~~ found by a stone-age  
man and adapted to his use in  
war and the chase.

It is quite evident that the warrior's  
ancient owner was unaware of what  
lay at the core of his implement -  
unless broken while in use. The specimen  
is of the greatest interest and value both  
from a geologic and ethnologic ~~view~~ view.



445-  
Hematite and a favorite material  
utilized also for ornamental tokens -  
and ground with oil for ~~skin~~ <sup>face</sup> ~~are~~  
paints. The conical stones of iron oxide  
or "Paint Stones" are well known -  
Presumably, ever warrior and hunter was  
supplied with a paint rock.

My library once contained a complete  
set of Handson's, profusely illustrated,  
Reports of the ~~American~~ <sup>Smithsonian</sup> Bureau of Ethnology  
Period 1885-1900, when the Bureau  
was under the excellent Major J. W.  
Powell as Director.

Major Powell lost an arm as a  
Northern Veteran of the War (1861).  
It is quite evident - aside from his  
position as Director of the Bureau, -  
that he had intense interest in  
Ethnology. He is also remembered as  
the first to ~~discover~~ <sup>explore</sup> Canyon of the Colorado  
River in Arizona, by a perilous trip  
through the mile-deep crevasse.

Though I never met Major Powell,  
I considered him a personal friend,  
who never failed to respond to my  
annual request for a copy of the  
Reports. These and other historical  
and geographic volumes, are now in the  
Library of the University at Morgantown  
W. Va. for safe keeping.



476  
Wednesday - 2/24/60 - Three deep snow and  
4.50 out. Temp - zero, at times, February  
12-24, 1960. Milder; but much snow remains.  
The rising sun near the base of Marble  
Mountains; sitting far beyond the Kee Knot  
of Buck's Mountain.

A heavy package, two dozen, "Blood"  
Oranges received from Mrs. Lillian Munnie Lewis-  
Grice, ~~Box 66-M~~ Route 2, Box 66-M - Chandler,  
Arizona - (Postage \$1.40). Mention has  
been made of a similar package sent by  
Norman, December, 1959. It contained also  
fruits and commissary goods. - The Postage,  
alone, about equals the value of the ration.  
All very good, perhaps, as a gesture, but  
impractical, - expensive - and fruit perishable.

I would prefer that neither had done this.  
Both Norman and Lillian (Minnie) are  
employed in the public schools of Arizona;  
Probably as efficient as most, as both have  
scholastic credits from the University of Tucson.

Norman an alcoholic, with twenty years  
service with the "forces" as enlisted man,  
~~and now~~ ~~commissary~~ sergeant, and may yet  
be afflicted with drinking bouts - I do not  
know.

Lillian - about fifty - "schizophrenic";  
with homicidal tendencies - judging from  
eccentricities exhibited over a long term of years.

She and Norman were married in  
Honolulu - (California) about 1936.

In psychiatry, schizophrenia has many  
shades of meaning applied to mentality and  
human behavior; and frequently observed  
in recent times - in the United States of America!







to in this memoir, <sup>478</sup> and which fitted in well enough with the deprivations of the pioneer family life on the frontier, late 19<sup>th</sup> Century, with my cherished 'Drop of Indian Blood', ~~and~~ early cultivated, quite successfully, a real or assumed indifference to physical pain, as in wounds or even drawing teeth, which has endured through life - an ordeal by fire, if necessary -

"A Hero of the woods;  
A man without a fear."

- Campbell's "Last Man"

The driving out of the Eastern Indians from Appalachia by the white man, is comparable to the ~~conquest~~ <sup>conquest</sup> of Canaan, across the River Jordan, by the Israelites ~~baggy~~ under Joshua, and ~~that~~ that continued over a long term of years -

"Thy shoes shall be Iron and brass;  
And as thy days; so shall thy strength be."  
- Blessing of Moses, Deut xxxiii

"Be strong and of a good courage, for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land. Only be thou strong and very courageous" - Joshua iii

The ancient Canaanites (Moabites, Kittites, Amorites, and so on) had a warlike qualities also; an agricultural people,



Living in Wales. 479  
like the Welsh cities  
the the original cities  
warfare among the  
with a small number  
of the people of the  
country.









His growing family. After a time  
 the Fingers family returned to the  
 "Civilization Cities" and with McNeel  
 liquidation of "Little Blue Book,"  
 about 1940, I heard no more of any  
 author I liked. His style is excellent,  
 and while not psychoplastic in writing  
 of eminent men and women, ancient  
 and modern, does full justice to all.

That he admired those of whom he  
 wrote is proven by the fact that he  
 studied their lives to begin with.

Probably, in the course of human events  
 Charles James Fingers' spirit has joined  
 the innumerable host in the air - "Tito  
 at wine with the Muses Nine" - ~~Vaya Con Dios~~.  
 Not forgetting Waldeman - Julius and  
 Ed Howe, of Kansas: "Their spirits  
 purged of pride, because they died; -  
 May show the worth of their bays."  
 Vaya Con Dios.

John McNeel - Little Level  
 1844 - 1826

The interesting life of this early pioneer of  
 the Little Level, and his descendants is well  
 written of in Price's History of Frederick County  
 (1901) in which it is hinted that young  
 McNeel at about twenty years fled from  
 Frederick County to the wilderness  
 because of a ~~mob~~ duel or shooting.



thought

Scrape. his life <sup>threatened</sup>, because his opponent supposed to be fatally wounded. Names and other details not known to history. Permit me to write that early Biographers could well have followed old Testament example and supplied names and details of the loves and hates of ancestors innumerable.

It is told the wounded or wounded duelist recovered, and after a time returned. Young McNeil returned to Frederick County, married Martha Davies, Wash immigrant, Army and Dyming (1886) Near the bold spring where McNeil's first camp was located in our County. Both he buried on the elevated knoll, McNeil Cemetery, their graves marked by flat, elevated lettered slabs, the work of Thomas Briffer, of Brupper's Creek.

Jacob Warwick and John McNeil were contemporaries. The years of their birth (1844) and deaths (1826) being the same, or nearly so. Both bore rifles in Gen. Andrew Lewis Army that assembled at Leesburg, 1774, and marched to Point Pleasant to fight a bloody Indian Battle with allied Indian tribes, under command of Supreme Chief Cornstalk. As before stated in this memoir, they



418  
Paternal Ancestor Jacob Warwick,  
as Contractor - Indian Scout and fighter,  
drove his own troop to supply the  
Army of about twelve hundred men -  
commanding a squad of herdsmen in  
his employ, who were also armed  
men and prepared to fight, which  
they effectually did in a plausibly  
attack on the day of battle, Oct. 10, 1744.

It is plausible that money earned  
in this rugged manner in part was  
applied buying more land of the  
vast estate of Grandfather Jacob  
Warwick, in three adjoining Counties  
Bath, Pocahontas and Randolph - His  
holdings - I am pleased to repeat -  
included the 640 acres at Merlins  
Bottom, wedding portions of my  
great-grandmother Nancy - Gatewood-  
Poage, whose grave is in the Poage  
Cemetery, Hamiltons field.

The John McNeel line for two  
hundred years large landed  
proprietors; his grandson Colonel  
Paul McNeel, associated with -  
William Admiston and John Yeager  
located and pre-empted the vast  
"Wilderness Country," rich in coal,  
timber and wild game, later known  
as the B. & O. Lands, in these Counties.



But in land-owning Jacob Warwick  
 exceeded his comrade John McNeel;  
 his advantage born in what is now  
 Pocahontas County, at ~~Sumner~~ <sup>Sumner</sup> ~~named~~  
 for Gov. Lord Sumner) and interesting,  
 to begin with, more than almost from  
 his birth, more than fifty thousand  
 acres, patented by his father, a Crown  
 officer named J. Warwick, as attested  
 in my paternal ancestry Memoirs.  
 In writing of the John McNeel line  
 I am to some extent <sup>moved</sup> to rescue from  
 what appears to be partial oblivion  
 the name of Lt. Colonel John Osborne  
 McNeel, M.C., U.S. Army (1905-1955)  
 Reserve Corps. (1942) (1941) Reserve

Born at Mill Point, on ancestral lands,  
 eldest of three sons of John Lanty McNeel,  
 and Grace Wilson-McNeel, his father,  
 late President of the Bank of Marlinton;  
 and nephew of McNeel John McNeel,  
 (Capt. U.S. Army) and first President  
 of the Bank of Marlinton, until his death  
 in 1934, aged 44 years - a large-  
 landed proprietor. M. J. McNeel seemed  
 destined to leave most of his wealth  
 to great nephew John, himself being  
 childless, - and so it proved.



Monday 1/4/1960 42°  
5 am - Frosty - clearing - storm -  
Blizzard in far west - Snow north and east.  
Charles F. Frings "The Ice Age in America"  
relates the scientific fact that "Heat is a  
necessary prelude to the formation of ice."  
- Supplying moisture - The phenomena of  
a recurrent ice cap appearing in cycles of  
about ten thousand years; hence a change  
in climate.

I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine;  
The deaths you have died I have  
watched beside,  
And the lives you have lived are mine.

Three Physicians and Surgeons of more  
than ordinary eminence and wealth,  
and their wives, have worked and  
had had their being in Marlinton in  
recent years. I refer to Kenneth J.  
Haurick, Mark L. Wilson and John  
Osborne McNeil.

By co-incidence all three met  
their future wives, employed as Nurses,  
while the young physicians served  
their internship years in Hospital -  
in New York, Baltimore and Charlottesville, Va.  
All are dead, except K. J. Haurick, M.D.,  
himself a broken man, aged and  
disabled, Surgeon, and Mrs. John O.  
McNeil.

As a son of Mrs. Portia Beatty Haurick  
~~and~~ I have mentioned Dr. Haurick in this Memoir.



Wealth, acquired and inherited, while  
useful in the simple life of living, did not  
appear to lastingly benefit the lives of any.

In July, 1903, Dr. Mark Wilson and 15  
took the prescribed ~~examinations~~ practice,  
in Charleston, and returned to get the to  
~~Dr.~~ Marlinton. Dr. Wilson to engage  
in the practice at Wildell for a year,  
where the Wilson Brothers operated  
a large sawmill industry. Soon  
tiring of the monotony of "Company  
Practice" in a wilderness, and possessed  
of ~~Money Means~~, and married, Dr. Wilson  
removed to Marlinton, in the course of  
years became prominent in business,  
President of a Lumber Company; also  
President of the First National Bank.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson built an elegant  
home on extensive, elevated ground  
in the "Big Bend" of Knapps Creek,  
with a background of Hemlock  
Forest, Buckley Mountains.

Dr. Wilson also served as Mayor  
of Marlinton at the time a tunnel  
flume was constructed, complete with  
"water wheel" to elevate Creek  
water to tanks on Marlin Mountain.

Retiring and industrious, but not especially  
prominent in public affairs, Dr. Mark Wilson  
died in 1955, aged 77 years, Mr. Wilson  
surviving with two sons and a daughter.  
Mrs. Glend Smith - (divorced.)



Let me say, if I seem to write of her  
intimate details in the lives of contemporaries  
it is because I consider them worthy of  
a memorial; also to "point a moral  
and adorn a tale". Otherwise, these  
friends might be utterly forgotten, and  
as though they had never been lived.

Mrs Martha Wilson an exemplary  
house-keeper, landscaper, extensive  
lawn and gardener, her interest thus-  
wise principal patron of the Episcopal  
Church, which numbered few members in  
the Village - about the year 1912  
she actively led a "Crusade" to  
banish cows and other live stock from  
the streets and commons of Washington,  
many of whose "first citizens" my-  
self included, kept a cow, dependent  
on commons for range - pasturage.

It required more than one ~~little~~  
Annual Village election, with "Cow  
Pasturage" the principal issue, before  
sentiment was built up and a  
majority returned, against it. To  
the last, as a cow keeper, I was for  
"Cows ~~here~~". But the gradual influx  
of the more refined who objected, under-  
standingly, to the useful cow feast  
leaving "Calling Cards" (dinner) on  
streets and side-walks, prevailed  
and the milk-cow banished the city!



Tuesday 1/5/1960 423  
Hampshire  
"The American Association for the Advancement  
of Science" currently meeting in Chicago.  
The Tribune is giving space to their  
conclusions, which, together with its  
individual foreign and domestic "News"  
service, a feature of this great newspaper,  
formerly owned and "run" by Colonel  
Robert McCormick. I have been a  
subscriber to its 6-day Weekly for  
nearly forty years.

In the issue of January 1, 1960, of the  
Tribune, Reporter Roy Gibsen quotes  
Dr. Chauncy D. Leake, President of the  
A.A.S., warning of the possibility of  
a disastrous flood because imminent  
melting of the Polar ice cap, preceded  
by a "Change in Climate", caused  
through retentions of the sun's heat.  
Through accumulations of ~~diapogers~~  
gas in the atmosphere. Carbon Dioxide.  
The "Remedy", plant more trees  
to absorb ~~Dioxogen~~ giving off oxygen.  
Carbon dioxide

Following the death of Dr. Mark Wilson,  
in 1955, Mrs. Wilson lived in retirement on  
her estate until her violent death, in  
1957 by gun-shot wound, of the body,  
presumed to be ~~abrupt~~ instantly fatal,  
and accidental. Her death of this  
Judged Premature



224

~~The~~ cultivated and pious lady is regretted -  
Vaya Con Dios.

For a period of about twenty years  
Kenneth D. Hawrick was Chief Physician  
and Surgeon at the Pocatello Memorial  
Hospital, an institution as its name  
indicates, built and effectively administered  
(~~though~~ expensively) as a public trust.  
Emerita, Dr. Hawrick acquired a  
large estate, including the Shearer  
ranch of nearly one thousand acres, and  
continued surgical practice  
despite ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~finger~~ <sup>finger</sup> ~~main~~ <sup>main</sup> (Box-Ray) of  
his fingers; himself undergoing surgery  
in New York Hospital, several times.

Finally (1953) the County was  
disturbed to learn ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> Surgeon Hawrick's  
"license" ~~was~~ had been suspended by  
the State Board of Health, because of  
confessed drug addiction - Narcotics.

Public protest - extensive - of no  
avail, and soon followed chaos.

The fine mansion and lands liquidated  
and Mrs Hawrick (also ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> addict) and  
young son removed to Pittsburg, Pa.  
Followed division of the remaining  
assets of which the lady and son  
appeared to get the lion's share.


A "blue-grass" Kentucky lady of most  
excellent family, whose unhappy life  
ended in 1958, at her home in Pittsburg  
her body buried near her home in



Steel -

11. 10. 11

July 10



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



4-24  
The cultural and how early to register -  
for a piece of art that usually goes  
Kenneth A. Howard was Chief Advisor  
and began at the President's Museum  
for that, an institution as its name  
indicates, must and often are abundant  
[though] (experiences) as a field, first  
[University, Dr. Howard] acquired a  
a limited estate, maintained by Howard  
much of money, one thousand acres, and  
the and continuing European practice  
of the [strong] medium (Boy-Boy) of  
his [strong] [strong] [strong] [strong]  
in New York [strong], [strong] [strong]  
[strong] (1993) The century was  
disturbed to [strong] the [strong] [strong]  
"License" [strong] [strong] [strong] in  
the state [strong] of [strong], because of  
Conference [strong] [strong] - [strong]  
Public [strong] - [strong] - of the  
[strong], and [strong] [strong]  
The five [strong] and [strong] [strong]  
and the [strong] (also [strong]) and  
[strong] [strong] to [strong], Pa.  
[strong] [strong] of the [strong]  
[strong] of [strong] the [strong] and [strong]  
[strong] [strong] [strong] [strong] in  
her [strong] [strong] [strong] [strong] in



425

Cemetery Ridge, near the home she  
built on Hamlet Field, her spirit  
"in the air" - Vaya Con Dios

Dr Hamrick's "license" was restored  
in 1956, (Son of Mrs Partha Beatty-  
Hamrick, as it remembered.) and the  
Doctor labors on as Superintendent  
of the Denmark home for ~~the~~ aged  
incapables, though himself partially  
disabled by age and crippling injury  
to his hands. ~~He~~ wearing his

Nature Note: During "Bachelor  
Night-Cap," Dr Hamrick occupies his  
own house at Denmark, and offers  
hospitality to his friends at his own fire.  
A local paper records that last  
summer the Doctor landed the  
second largest small-mouth  
Bass of the season in Greenbrier  
River.

John Osborne McNeel, M.D.

on the death, in 1937, of "General"  
Matthew John McNeel, age 94 (and  
General by brevet Confederate States  
Veterans, 19th Va. Cavalry), it was  
found that young John O. McNeel  
had inherited the large landed  
estate of his great uncle. The terms  
of his Will was a well kept secret,  
known by the late attorney Alfred E. Edgar,



Several years before the death of the testator. Always genial, though keeping his own counsel, ~~it is possible~~ and having no descent, it is possible that numerous relatives hoped to share in an estate ~~exceeding~~ by conservative estimate two hundred thousand. Except for a few minor bequests to the Presbyterian Church and allied interests, the ~~estate~~ <sup>will</sup> was left to young Dr. John O. McNeel, who had completed his medical education and had served an extensive internship in the University Hospital, Charlottesville, Virginia, specializing in "Internal Medicine".

Soon after receiving his inheritance Dr. McNeel and a beautiful, cultivated lady from South Carolina, employed at the Hospital, were married; Mr. Wilson had studied art, an accomplished portrait painter. Both Dr and Mrs McNeel continued their employment at the Hospital, the Doctor an instructor in Medicine -

On the Outbreak of War (1941) as a Reserve Medical Officer, Captain J. O. McNeel, M.R.C., accompanied the Hospital unit overseas, and stationed in Africa and Italy for (429)



from page  
continued

R

more than two years, attending the  
rank Lt. Colonel Medical Corps. As  
a cause of rift in families such long  
separations is understandable. From  
certain things which have occurred  
to me.

Be it remembered, General U.S. Grant  
was married as a Captain, 4th Infantry,  
at a desolate Army post on the Pacific  
Coast, his wife and three children in the East,  
(1850-1852). He became a drunkard,  
on "free" commissary whiskey, was  
cashiered from the Army and left to  
make his way home as best he could  
by the Isthmus of Panama, and forced  
to borrow money - in New York - from  
his class-mate Captain Baliver Buckner,  
to reach his family in Missouri.

Nevertheless, General Ayrault  
Grant, under Providence, lived to  
command the Army, along with  
Phil Sheridan - a "bad" man, to  
roll like a juggernaut the Army of  
the Potomac over the expiring  
Confederate States Army. (1865.)

I sent my soul through the invisible  
some letter of the after life to spell,  
and by and by my soul returned  
to me  
and whispered thus thy self art  
Heaven and Hell - Put away at



430128

After the war (1946), Colonel and Mrs McNeil (still children) decided to live in his home County Pembrokeshire, and begin the general practice of medicine, having spent thirteen years since graduation in medicine in ~~two~~ hospital, university teaching and in the army.

no other physician was ever to locate here under equally favorable circumstances. Large landed estate and much property, being the largest owner of stock in the Bank of Marlinton.

Brother James Price dying that year, John Laury McNeil succeeded as Bank President. Colonel J.O.

McNeil being obviously next in line in the course of human events as this hereditary office in the McNeil line.

It is true ~~Dr~~ President James W. Price is survived by his son Leo, for Leo Price, for many years a Director in the Bank, but failed to succeed his father as President. Brother James majority holding of stock having been split at his death. May have been a cause. But that is another story.

It is conceded that son Leo in his own right, not the equal of his father as a practicing "Capitalist."



430 438  
Office Personality and independent  
Means, on locusts in Marlinton  
(1946) a profitable practice was built  
from the start. Truth to tell, Mrs McNeel  
(a low-lander) did not appear to  
"integrate" successfully either  
with Mountain Villagers or her  
~~married~~ husbands relatives. Perhaps  
did not know "it takes a lot of  
living to make a house a home."

Further, an unfortunate mis-  
understanding between Dr. McNeel and  
Surgeon Haurick over referral of  
surgical cases at the Hospital to  
Dr. Haurick, Dr. McNeel preferring  
to practice as an internist. This  
also became a feature cause of  
discontent. Carried so far, Dr.  
Haurick is said to have bought the  
Alex McNeel Place - adjoining  
Dr. McNeel's holdings - as a "spite"  
operation - the lands never came  
in the market during "Depression Days."

In about a year the McNeels  
(still childless) went their separate  
ways, the Dr. McNeel accepting  
a well paid position in a Clinic  
in Portland, Oregon, with occasional  
"fly plane" visits home on business,  
or trans-continental trips by auto.  
- ~~usually~~ at top speed.



431 430

Followed several years arguing  
over a property settlement and divorce,  
in which Mrs. McNeel demonstrated, by  
excessive pecuniary demands, the  
dependence theory of "lack of a sense  
of justice in the female character".  
Finally settled at the cost about  
half the McNeel estate, and nearly  
the whole of the liquid assets.

Meanwhile Dr. McNeel returned  
East, joining a Clinic at St. Louis, Mo.

In August, 1956, the County was  
startled to hear that the body of  
Colonel John Osborne McNeel, M.R.C.,  
had been taken from the Mississippi  
River about twenty miles below

St. Louis, ~~the~~ Doctor having been  
missing about a week. ~~Identify~~  
Identification ~~only~~ made by Dental  
Charts. There being no witnesses  
to the manner of death, a verdict  
of accidental drowning was returned  
and rather large insurance claims  
settled on that basis.

A will was found, in which Colonel  
McNeel specified cremation, his ashes  
to be given to the winds on the summit  
of the "High Rocks", a bold peak  
on the Stamping Creek Mountains  
from which an extensive view is  
had of the Little Level and beyond.



432 434  
I have not yet learned if this request  
(similar to that of Judge G. A. McClellan)  
has been dutifully carried out. I hope  
that it has. It was also  
written that the ashes, be scattered at  
the ceremonies of a relative who  
visiting the High Rocks locality.

Because of his tragic end, perhaps,  
~~and~~ no public notice given of the  
funeral, at the service, at the home  
church (Presbyterian) in Hillsboro;  
therefore failed to attend as a token  
of respect for the departed. That  
the body was represented by the  
traditional funeral "urn" of ashes  
a touch of the bizarre to the rites.

At the church service appeared  
(uninvited) the widow from her home  
in South Carolina, dressed in deepest  
mourning, the object of interest to all  
beholders.

The Niobe of Nations, there she  
stands,  
Childless and crownless in her  
voiceless woe;  
An empty urn within her withered  
hands  
Whose sacred dust was scattered  
Long ago!

8 am. a light snow at day-break  
pages this morning. (A "Dorp life.")



32  
H 32

Wednesday 1/6/1960. 4 A.M. Mild - cloudy.  
An Argumentative session of the County  
Board of Mental Hygiene, at the County  
Court Session, April 5. The subject,  
Charles W. Allen, colored, twenty <sup>four</sup> years old.  
Colored "Boy" of the Billy Wilson Ethel.  
his case first heard in October, when  
Dr. Pitman and I declared him  
"Mentally Ill." The late Richard  
Currence arbitrarily "paralled" him  
in care of his family; and brought  
before the Board on a new Complaint,  
an over-grown (acomestic, or giant)  
6 1/4 feet - unemployable and idle.  
a public menace, as any idle negro  
may become. Otherwise Normal.  
President Brown Beard insisted his  
"Parale" be continued, but objections  
on my part prevailed. Though  
there had been resumed on this  
young nigger. Sentenced to "hard  
labor" at the State Hospital at  
Weston, indefinitely. A graphic  
example of the workings of the  
"Welfare State."

Part of the "evidence" leading to his  
Certification (Mentally ill) turning on the  
radio or Television all hours day  
and night, though begged to quit down.  
- the family on old age public  
assistance, in part, ~~and~~ indulged  
in radio-TV necessities.



A lecture to President Brown Beard,  
(near eighty), on "Modern Trend" in  
dealing with "mentally ill misfits"  
of no avail - Of the same opinion  
still, I sent a divided Board, but  
the majority favoring commitment  
to State Hospital.

By good fortune I have found in a  
"Little Blue Book, H. M. Tichenor's  
"The Theory of Reincarnation Explained."  
In short the "evolution" of the soul (spirit)  
it maybe in successive bodies. He  
quotes extensively from Emerson,  
Swedenborg, Schopenhauer, et al., in  
support of his thesis.

Tichenor writes (and I believe) the  
modern Church might well adopt  
a doctrine of spirit evolution!  
thereby overcoming a stumbling  
block as to our future estate -  
How else explain the presence  
among us in the flesh of superior  
persons?

The German Philosopher Schopenhauer has  
the distinction, almost alone, to write in  
an understandable and pleasing way.  
He once wrote 'the chief fault in the female  
character its lack of a sense of justice.'



Wednesday 12/23/59 379  
4 AM

December 22, 10 AM - The winter solstice  
and shortest day. Sunrise 8 AM. - Light snow  
and colder. Sun-set, 4.30 PM. Observed from  
out of the steps. A "Ley-dog" far to south of  
the setting sun - a faint luminary with pointed  
rays, resembling the rainbow

### The William Sharp Family, of Flaty Fork Fork River

The Pioneer William Sharp, and six sons -  
bequeathed an immense estate - several thousand  
acres, on the waters of Flaty Fork Laurel  
Fork and Big Spring Branch of Elk, extending  
as far as the top of Gauley Mountains.  
During the War (1861) the three older  
sons were killed in the irregular fighting.  
Bernard Sharp falling at Duncan Lane  
in the skirmish, under the purchase Captain  
Walt Allen with Captain McVee's Company  
19th Virginia Cavalry -  
Confederate General George M. Lee related  
to me that his Company, under command of  
Lt. Woods Price, in boat marched up two or  
three through the low place at the  
Gauley Mountains to West Union where  
Captain Allen's Company was found in the  
Duncan Lane. An exchange  
of notes and Bernard Sharp killed the  
Yankee partisan retreating by way of Laurel  
Creek and Red Lick Mountains, and the  
Rebel Company returning they were they had  
come. Soldier George Lee appeared to  
think a great deal had been made to  
put a flight a squad of horse-dealing  
partisans under Captain Walt Allen - I could



The names of the two brothers of Bernard Hays killed in 1861, during the fighting in Randolph County, possibly at Rich Meadows on the Beverly Road, a defeat for the Confederate army under General Garnett, and the subsequent retreat of General Lee's army in Western Virginia.

An incident of the ~~first~~ Campaign was the death of Lt. Colonel John Washington, of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff. While riding with an escort near Elk water the troop was fired upon from ambush and Colonel Washington killed by a rifle ball; quite evidently these assailants being Mountain men armed with rifles.

The dead officer, son of Augustus Washington and nephew of the first President, created a sensation. ~~At the time~~ It was said the sharp-shooter who fired the deadly shot was other than one of the Sharp Boys, of Blatty Fork of Elk. There may have been other casualties; be this as it may, the escort retreated leaving the Colonel's body. Traditionally, some trophies were taken, including an ornate dress sword, or rapier, with hilt and scabbard inlaid with gold. The ~~trophy~~ <sup>weapon</sup> was in the possession of Dr. James W. Price, and may yet be in possession of the Price family. No present possessor was known.

The younger surviving sons of the pioneer Washingtons, Elias, Hudson and Bush, survived the war - and in their



381  
 duty possessors of extensive timber and coal  
 lands, Elk and Gaudy mountains. The  
 Murphy family closely allied with the  
 Haden family, descendants of the pioneer  
 Joseph Haden, whose history is fully  
 recorded in Price's Biographical History  
 of Harman Township, portions included a thousand  
 acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Gaudy Mountain.  
 Rich in timber and coal. Following the sale  
 of Harman Township and family removed to Elkins  
 in Randolph County, where he and his son  
 Albert lived until his death.

Lilas Murphy, whose extensive holdings  
 were principally on the Laurel Fork and on  
 Elk Mountain, has therefore been another  
 of our hospitable, good men, whose  
 good sheltered me on occasional journeying  
 to Randolph County, late 19th Century.  
 An excellent man, devout, his memory  
 is cherished.

Hugh Murphy, whose possessions lay  
 in the most part on the Big Spring  
 Branch, between Lilas and Harman places,  
 but he included the ancestral home -  
 High loved and died unmarried - a  
 good humored bachelor, who in some  
 respects, I have thought, resembled my  
 bachelor uncle, Jesus Price, a contemporary.  
 As with other pioneer families of the  
 Elk valley, and the Keokuk, a few years



day possessors of extensive timber and coal  
lands, Elk and Gaudy mountains. The  
Murf family closely allied with the  
Hamm family, descendants of the pioneer  
Joseph Hamm, whose history is fully  
recounted in Price's Biography. His wife  
farmer Murf, portion included a thousand  
acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Gaudy Mountain,  
rich in timber and coal. Following the sale  
of farmer Murf and family removed to Elk  
in Randolph County, where he and his son  
Albert Murf resided until their death.

Lilas Murf, whose extensive holdings  
were principally on the Laurel Fork and on  
Elk Mountain, has heretofore been written  
of as the hospitable, good man, whose  
roof sheltered me on occasional journeying  
to Randolph County, late 19th Century.  
An excellent man, devout, his memory  
is cherished.

Hugh Murf, whose possessions lay  
in part on the Big Spring  
Branch, between Lilas and Hamm place,  
and he included the ancestral home.  
Hugh lived and died unmarried - a  
good humored bachelor, who in some  
respects, I have thought, resembled my  
father, Uncle, Jesus Price, a contemporary.  
As with other pioneer families on the  
Elk was used the keeping of bees was  
almost universal. With Uncle Hugh  
Murf, a bachelor but not a recluse,



Bee-Culture was more than a utility,  
 but resembled a passion - of endless  
 interest and enjoyment. True, his bee  
 "colonies" were housed in sections of hollow  
 trees ("gums") or exposed board hives,  
 before the day of "super"-hives by ~~Wm~~ McWarr,  
 requiring the destruction of a bee colony  
 to obtain needed honey. Uncle Hugh  
 permitted the escape of many a swarm  
 to the forest, rather than build up an needed  
 "gum". Also cut many a "bee tree"  
 rather than sacrifice his ~~family~~ domestic  
 colonies - his friends.

Mr. Hugh Sharp died many years ago,  
 and his spirit is roomy with the best - and  
 among the bees.

The forests of the upper Elk and Teton  
 River valleys remarkable for natural  
 beauty and wealth, - a veritable  
 land flowing with milk and honey -  
 its early inhabitants, down to the present,  
 noted for a "high standard of living" -  
 including milk and honey, and other  
 novelties. The Sharp domain ~~settling~~  
 where three forks of Elk converged -  
 Sluty Fork, Laurel Fork, and Big Spring  
 Branch, unusually strategic and  
 convenient of access, where everything  
 seemed to "come to the house downhill"  
 as dreamed of by the pioneers.



December

(Sunday) 12/24/59 -

383

"Christmas" Day - Remembrance of yester-year - { Continued cold - snow in North-east - Maine - cheerful fire in fire-place yesterday - }  
A bleak childhood which has no memories of this season. The winter solstice - anciently a pagan festival to the sun - sustenance of life. The time of giving gifts.

"I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine;  
The death you have died I have watched beside  
And the lives you have lived are mine."

In childhood and youth I have wondered -  
envied - the bounteous tables set by the  
region housekeepers, where honey was  
served every day. Aunt Mary McLaughlin's  
meals also graced with honey, to which  
I applied myself on occasion. Strangely,  
none of the bees kept bees, nor did ~~we~~  
until Uncle Andrew McLaughlin stocked  
me up, in 1892, as told heretofore.

A saying was, 'only an honest man  
had luck with bees'. At the very least  
a bee-keeper, needs be, enterprising and  
industrious! - experienced - congenial  
with bees, at swarming time!

Silas Sharp had a son, and daughters,  
Mrs. Ellis Hamlin and Mrs. George Gibbons.  
Brief mention has been made of the sudden  
death of Mrs. Lam Wood while attending a  
Singing class conducted by Professor  
Little, Devere Sharp, at Haley Fork, June  
1934. At eighty-eight years Mr. Sharp  
still leads his choristers with spirit in  
singing gospel songs and Psalms



384  
Active as Merchant and Rancher; Principal  
heir to his father's lands - Uncle Henry as well -  
Mr. Humph has led an active life. Merrett the  
second time, he resides on the Big Spruce  
Branch, site of the Henry Sharp house. At  
one time ~~at~~ a frequent winter visitor, (and  
investor) to Florida; not too fortunate in  
investment in the South, but his losses, if  
any, endured without complaint.

In June, 1908, while "swarming" a flight  
of bees, and bending a bit far, Mr. Humph  
heedlessly fell in a bramble bush and seriously  
wounded his right eye. I was consulted,  
and attempted surgery for an extensive laceration  
wound of the eyeball. Fearing complications,  
I journeyed with the patient to Baltimore,  
where he was treated at a general hospital -  
a measure of sight preserved, although  
a noticeable scar remains.

As Union partisans in the War (1861)  
with tragic losses, the Henry Fork Humphs  
are Republicans. When Mrs. Franklin D.  
Roosevelt passed through Pocahontas  
County, May 1934, by auto, visiting her  
former ~~community~~ <sup>community</sup> experiment, Ashfordale, the  
Cavalcade stopped at the Humph Filling  
Station for gas. In a friendly manner she  
talked to Luther, inquiring what he there of  
business prospects; his reply, in effect,  
(not recognizing his distinguished customer)  
was that in her opinion, things would be  
"no better while that man Roosevelt was  
in the White House."  
The President's wife did not identify  
herself, and only after leaving did Mr. Humph



know what <sup>\$85</sup> was he had talked to  
I had a fleeting view of Mrs. Roosevelt  
Roosevelt as she passed through, and when I  
instantly recognized from pictures, in this  
manner.

I had paused ~~in my car~~ by the road  
at a lookout point on Drummer Ridge,  
to observe the flowering wood, and was  
standing by my car. Three "open" or  
convertible cars approached, one in the  
middle driven by a woman, from the  
direction of West Marlton. Only when  
directly opposite did I know who was  
journeying, too late to come to "attention",  
which I would have done had I known.  
(Mrs. Roosevelt's itinerary had not been  
announced) she had travelled by the  
way of Hot Springs, Virginia. A few  
days later I heard of the conversations  
with Mr. Luther Hays at his fellow states.

Mrs. Roosevelt was then at the height  
of her fame, during President Roosevelt's  
first term. For many years after  
she drove her own car, usually  
an open "convertible," by choice. A  
very "Democratic" first lady indeed!

Luther D. Hays married the spirited and  
beautiful Laura Morgan (first wife) the  
only daughter of the Rev. Morgan-  
Morgan, at that time Methodist  
Circuit Rider and Minister at Gray Church.  
Mrs. Hays family of three young sons



and two daughters among my first patients in the State Hosp. Regis., ~~1905~~ years 1905-and after. As the happy mother of a family, Mrs. Laura Murphy, sharp, unimpaired in her robust energy, cheerfulness, capable management of the family and endurance under strain of serious illness. Paralytic in the family was treated; also a more serious epidemic of Diphtheria, two or more cases, treated by the new and cumbersome, even painful, "antitoxin" of the period - all this at a distance of fifteen miles, by horse, from my office, while the <sup>use</sup> of Ford's Model T about year 1912.

During my tour in the Army, 1917-1919, and after I saw the Murphy family infrequently, ~~they~~ <sup>the</sup> children having become grown. Yet almost by chance I was present at Mrs. Laura Murphy's death, about 1930 in early spring - from a heart affection. Not previously seen by me for several years. I was impressed by her worn, silent demeanor, although fully conscious; resigned, she seemed quite willing, even in haste, to depart and died without a word or a cry - ~~surrounded by~~ <sup>surrounded by</sup> memory of our family and her husband at her death-bed, and equally composed.

The youngest daughter, Goldie Murphy, a beautiful, spirited girl of about sixteen years, a student in Marlinton, had died at



her home, about <sup>38</sup> years before her  
mother's death (1920) of diph. they have been  
deft to cure throat. The time was ~~was~~  
early spring, the road impassable for any  
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been  
seen by a Marlinton physician before her  
return to her home when she became ill -  
~~this was the~~ This was known to me, and  
may have been a reason I did not make  
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp  
home, when this almost frantic appeal  
was made for medical help. Previously  
I had done equally strenuous trips, and  
now regret I did not make the effort.  
I believe another physician by some means  
reached the patient, but his efforts of no avail,  
~~and in her growth and beauty, Goldie died -~~  
youngest of the family, and first to die -  
Sage Ben Dies.

The Rev. Morgan - Morgan  
Father of ~~the~~ Mrs Laura Morgan-Sharp. This  
striking Methodist Pioneer Methodist  
Circuit Rider, well known in Rockbridge  
and Greene Counties, late 19th Century.  
Tall, clean shaven, earnest, Mr. Morgan  
appeared to be of the Ashury-Centwright  
School of Methodism. At times  
he preached in the Marlinton Community  
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian  
seemed to approve his doctrines and  
pulpit delivery, present ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~possible~~



her home, about <sup>38</sup> years before her  
mother's death (1920) of acute, ~~may have been~~  
septic sore throat. The time was ~~was~~  
early spring, the road impassable for any  
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been  
seen by a Marlinton physician before her  
return to her home when she became ill.  
~~This was the~~ This was known to me, and  
may have been a reason I did not make  
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp  
home, when this almost frantic appeal  
was made for medical help. Previously  
I had done equally strenuous trips, and  
now regret I did not make the effort.  
I believe another physician by some means  
reached the patient, but his efforts of no avail,  
and, in her youth and beauty, Goldie died -  
youngest of the family, and first to die -  
Maya Ben Dies -

The Rev. Morgan - Morgan  
Father of ~~the~~ Mrs Laura Morgan - Sharp. This  
striking Methodist Pioneer Methodist  
Circuit Rider, well known in Prentiss  
and Greenbrier Counties, late 19th Century.  
Tall, clean shaven, earnest, Mr. Morgan  
appeared to be of the Ashury - Centwright  
School of Methodism. At times  
he preached in the Marlinton Community  
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian,  
seemed to approve his doctrine and  
pulpit delivery, present ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> he was possible.



388  
My mother invited to our house  
a distinguished worthy of mention. ~~He~~ There  
was much that was militant about the  
Circuit Rider; he may well have been  
a Veteran of the Civil War.

Ma once repeated to me the story he  
had related to her of an accident that  
befell him as an aged man. He was then  
living on Hills Creek; and in his journey  
his horse fell on ice, injuring both  
horse and rider. The weather was  
~~just~~ zero. Though unable to walk,  
Mr. Morgan literally crawled for  
a half mile, in snow, until his piteous  
screams could be heard by neighbor  
Tom Bruffery, who came to his assistance.  
My mother seemed to admire his  
courage and resolution in his fortune.

There may have been other children  
in the Morgan family; Laura only remembered.

8 am. - Christmas Day - Pages 383-388  
The paper describing with "Electricity"!

The three sons of Laura and Luthy Harp  
- Paul, Silas and Ivan - successful men  
of business, far removed from the old  
home on Hasty Fork. The elder  
daughter, married and living in Richmond  
Virginia, has recently died.

Luthy D. Harp, age 88, fully competent  
and a leader of music - a valued friend.  
Married the second time, living in harmony  
for, so, these many years. (Childless).  
Vaya Con Dios.

(Morgan)



December 25, 1959 (Friday) The entry of yester-  
 morning described "Christmas" under the impression  
 that Christmas always fell on a Thursday -  
 the illusion held until arriving at my office,  
 12:30 am, & observed more than the usual stir  
 of people and autos - business as usual - a  
 relative informed me (Jane Sharp) that it was  
 December 25, 1959, - Christmas Day.

As to the sisters of Mr. Luther D. Sharp, Mrs. Ellis  
 Hannay (Malinda) and Mrs. George Gibson  
 (Mollie), remembered as friends and clients  
 over many years, remarkable for beauty,  
 good sense and cheerfulness, whether in  
 prosperity or adversity, good or evil report.  
 In their homes I have enjoyed their  
 hospitality many times, when journeying  
 'Down Elk'. Their spirit still lives, in a  
 degree, in their daughters, notably, Mrs. Charles  
 Beale whose mother was Malinda Sharp-  
 Hannay; and Mrs. Forest Gibson, daughter of  
 Mollie Sharp-Gibson; who yet live  
 notable for grace, beauty and a better spirit.  
 Their Ancestress, Mrs. Elias Sharp appears to  
 have died in middle age, whose name and  
 family I do not know at this morning, and  
 not remembered by me. She must have  
 been a notable woman to have reared  
 such daughters and grand-daughters to the  
 third and fourth generations. ~~sharp~~  
 It was at my house Mr. Ellis ~~sharp~~ died,  
 several days after an accident ~~sharp~~ over-  
 turned wagon, as told previously, in these  
 annals. Mrs. Malinda Hannay was present  
 & during this trying tragic scene, and I had



390 Stendin and strength of  
could absorb her adversity. Her death in the  
character under adversity at her home in the  
about two years



390  
Gould observed her steadiness and strength of  
character under adversity. Her death  
occurred when about eighty at her home on the  
old Field Fork of Elk. About two years  
before she had suffered a hip fracture, and  
later moved in a wheel chair. Competent  
and cheerful to the last; she rests in hope-  
"in the air".

Mrs. Mollie Thurf-Gibson also departed, at  
about eighty years, at her home on Elk-  
half way from Murland to the County Line.  
It was at her gate I paused in the Marlinton  
Run of September 24, 1898, when Mr. George  
Gibson brought me a life-saving drink of  
water (in a two-gallon bucket) in which I  
plunged my face, and swallowed a  
mouth-full. George Gibson has recently  
died (1940) aged eighty-six years.  
More than six feet in height, 200 pounds  
or more, a fast player of soccer foot-  
ball in a "forward" position when scarcely  
~~fifty years old~~ past forty years. Always  
noted for his merry jest and ringing  
laughter, continued to the last, though  
preceded by a few years of declining health.  
His death occurred in his home. On the  
day he died, being asked how he felt,  
he replied, "lie little, that he 'felt' with his  
fingers". Both George and Mollie Gibson  
were firm supporters of the "Mary Gibson  
Chapel" on Elk, named for Mrs. William  
Gibson - their mother; and both rest in hope-  
Vaya Con Dios.



Both George and James Gibson (King of Elk) enjoyed annual hunts for the deer and bear, ~~not~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~and~~ their camps, in Gauley Mountains. In this connection mention ~~that~~ <sup>is</sup> made of James Gibson, ~~brother~~ <sup>brother</sup> of George, sons of "Wild Bill" Gibson, and dominant members of the Gibson family in his generation. Mr. James Gibson also remembered as a tall athlete and player of soccer in middle life. An extensive owner of lands, on which a large family of sons and daughters were settled. In the days of his prosperity a very large frame house was built, which still stands on old feed fork of Elk, route 219. This is, undoubtedly, the largest dwelling ever built in the County, and occupied by the family of his son Forrest Gibson.

In James Gibson's dining room the longest table I have ever seen in a home, twenty feet, or more, in length. No stranger was ever turned from his door, or denied hospitality. I have reason to be grateful for Mr. Gibson's support in my early years in business and the profession.

His death occurred <sup>at his home</sup> a few years back aged Eighty-Three years. He was a honest man - "the noblest work of God". He had a pious mother, and a stately home the "Mrs. Chapel" on Elk. was built as her memorial ("Vaya Con Dios. Go with God").



382  
Mrs Mary Hannah Gibson, of the Joseph  
Hannah line, reared her large family  
and capably administered her large  
Baronial Household. She went her  
quiet way, not outwardly moved by  
triumph or disaster. Though a  
frequent professional visitor in her house,  
I do not remember ever hearing her  
complain of pain or illness. True, my  
service as physician in the family  
principally for her children and numerous  
grand-children.

Quite late in life she underwent operations  
(by Dr. R. J. Haurick, I being present at the  
operation) for a ruptured gall-bladder,  
that might well have been followed ~~by~~ <sup>fatally</sup>  
~~by death~~. Mrs. Gibson recovered and  
lived several years thereafter. Her  
daughter Mrs Mary Gibson - Miller now  
living on her portion of ancestral  
lands, most resembled her mother in  
early beauty and strength of character.  
Her husband Lieutenant Bill Miller  
died recently. He was an veteran  
over-seas veteran of war of 1917.

In the decade of 1920 - speculation in  
live stock and land ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> complicated by  
a disastrous suit at law, Mr. Ed James  
Gibson lost control, temporarily, of ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup>  
his whole landed estate of many thousands  
acres; yet continued to live on his own



293

house and on his own land until his death. This was due, in part, to the Magnanimity of Dr. James Ward Price, who took over a beautiful mortgage on all of Mr. Gibson's lands - in amount, \$12,000. This occurred in 1933, due to "frozen" Bank assets, the mortgage originally held by Bank of Marlinton. Several years before James Gibson purchased the Theurer Lands, about one thousand acres, on Laurel Creek, foothills of Red Lick Mountain. In this connection he entered into an easy-going partnership with his nephew Pat Gay (now living in Marlinton) to buy and sell livestock, necessitating temporary borrowing at Bank. Mr. Gay also purchased, for the most part credit, the Levi Gay property, near Marlinton. Bad markets, debt, land mortgages and taxes incurred for the most part by Nephew Pat Gay, had the usual result, and the Gay-Gibson "Partnership" soon in trouble at the Bank. An instance of Mr. Gibson's heroic effort to pay ~~debt~~, a hopeless debacle, his son, Clark Gibson, having, died on whose life was five thousand insurance, his father's beneficiary. The whole of this went to stem the tide, only to be lost. A notable suit was begun, that finally reached the Supreme Court, with attendant delay and expense.



394  
Gibson vs. Gay - My brother Andrew  
once being attorney for Pat Gay, and also  
representing Bank of Marlborough interests.  
The plaintiff attorneys alleging that Mr. Gay  
had grossly exceeded his authority, ~~the~~  
incurring debts. The whole cast system  
of "partnership law" seemed broached.

At Brother Andrew's death I found  
among his legal papers a copy of a "true"  
deposition, the latter relating to appeal in  
the case. I was especially interested  
to read the deposition of James Gibson,  
given forth-rightly, in honestly and truthful  
manner, but revealing that he had put  
too much trust in Nephew "Patty's" diligence  
and ability.

It is only truth to tell that in this whole  
trying time, Mr. Gibson, now far advanced  
in life, received little or no help from  
several sons, with two exceptions.  
Some of the boys, including the twins  
Leamners and Winters, addicted to  
drink, and drugs, some times in trouble  
with the law, being in jail. Of all  
the sons, seven in number, only two  
survive.

Forest Gibson, however, and his good  
wife, a daughter of George Gibson, have  
redeemed a portion of lands and now  
live in the ancestral mansion. Also  
daughter Mrs. Mary Miller, as previously  
noted.



394 My brother Andrew  
 has been attorney for Pat Gay, and also  
 representing Estate of Marjorie, interest.  
 The plaintiff attorney alleges that Mr. Gay  
 had possibly received no authority <sup>to</sup>  
 of "interfering" law "corrupt practice."  
 of St. Martin Anderson death & funeral.  
 among his legal papers a copy of a "true"  
 deposition, which relating to a dispute in  
 the case - I was especially interested  
 to read the deposition of James Graham,  
 given forth-oughtly, in letters and further  
 manner, and observing that he had first  
 for much time in Nelson "Party's" dispute  
 and ability. I feel that in this whole  
 trying time, Mr. Graham, now far advanced  
 in life, recovered little or no rest from  
 several years, with his exertions.  
 some of the boys, including the young  
 farmers and others, assisting to  
 break, and doing, some time in twenty  
 with the law, being in June. Of all  
 the sons, seven in number, only three  
 survive: John, Lawrence, and his great  
 nephew, a daughter of George Graham, have  
 since in the ancestral manor, also  
 dwelling in Mary Miller, as previously  
 noted



395-

Sunday - 12/27/59 - a winty fog - mild -  
 had dinner - 4:30 am - 2:54 - enjoyed  
 conversation particularly with Loane McNeil, age 55,  
 son of Dr. Wm. McNeil. For many years  
 employed by the "State" at Charleston, in various  
 "Public Relations" activities - Loane supervised  
 the historical "Markers" on State Highways,  
 with attendant research - School at Hampton  
 Sydney College. At the present time an aid  
 to Governor Underwood in Public Relations.  
 Resides in Charleston. His wife Florence Price.  
 mother of two sons, William P. and John McNeil.

The Meurer Lands

Mention has been made of the purchase of the  
 "Meurer" Lands and Levi Gay place by  
 the "partners" James Gibson and Pat Gay,  
 involving large bank borrowings, with the  
 resultant involvement in the Bank Debauch-  
 "Holiday" of 1929.

The history of this tract of land, and  
 its successive owners, is interesting; illustra-  
 tive of land possession on the lines and  
 fortunes of families.

Following the War (1861) there came from  
 the vicinity of Lynchburg, in <sup>Amelia</sup> County, Va.  
 William Henry Meurer with his ~~family~~  
 young family of ~~four~~ two sons and four  
 daughters. Together with some negro family  
 retainers or "hands". Mr. Meurer was  
 a widower and remained single the  
 remainder of his life. His "war" history  
 is not known - Probably a Veteran.  
 An aged man, he lived retired on his own  
 thousand acres of land, high on Red Lick Mt.



396

The young Shaver ladies, quite undeniably  
had "advantages" - well educated, very  
lady-like and devout. - Methodists. All  
spoke in marked ~~Eastern~~ Eastern Virginia  
accent, or drawl, in contrast to the clipped  
speech of Mountaineers.

Before removing from Eastern Virginia,  
Mr. Shaver had engaged in clearing, or breaking,  
many acres on Little Laurel Creek, with  
building, settling on his land about 1880.  
and continuing to "hack" dense forests of  
hemlock and hard woods; the potential  
value of this timber, even for local  
building, does not appear to have entered  
the mind of the Shaver pioneers. Result  
much grass land, little timber when early  
in 20th Century the latter became valuable.

A vivid recollection of the Shavers, September  
1885, just arrived in Pocahontas County,  
the hilarious marriage of young W. H. Shaver,  
junior to Miss Lillian McClure, aged sixteen,  
daughters of James and Elizabeth McClure, head  
of Stony Creek; assembly of the clans  
with feasting and "Charl' Vari", continued  
for as Marlinus Patton - where we had  
just arrived and begun "Pioneering", we  
knew also from Eastern Virginia.

Unfortunately, I have not the names  
of these cultivated, devout Shaver sisters,  
only one of whom ever married -  
another story. Each was by nature  
emotional of the "Mountain Methodist"  
type, but restrained by true piety.



There ~~has~~ must be a "downy" member of  
 the family, named ~~Wesley~~ <sup>Wesley</sup> I think, whom  
 I recall as the author of a clever Allegory  
 printed in the Times entitled "NOT MILK RAM"  
 (MARTINOT) which may be found in the files  
 of that spunky paper. Dated about 1894  
 (The article has a place in my "Oceap-book".)

The lives of the Murer Fishers, or their  
 elevated ranch, were full of deprivations  
 and remunerations, but they had mental  
 resources and strong family affections.

Later, the Sisters then conducted a  
 school for young ladies in Willbore,  
 and were so occupied when I was a  
 student at Prof. Brower's academy  
 in the summer of 1891. All are long  
 dead - their spirits "in the air".

One sister married, about the year 1885,  
 her husband a "Renegade Jew" named  
 "H. Nathan" whose fortune it waste drift  
 into the mountains and become a tiller  
 of no soil, also to wed a "gentile".

The late J. Luther McNeill related to me  
 that in his youth he was sent, horse-back,  
 to summon Mrs. Elizabeth McClure from  
 her home on Stony Creek to attend as  
 midwife Mrs. Nathan in child-birth.  
 Mrs. Liz McClure being one of that noble  
 band of pioneer women Physicians  
 (obstetric) Nurses and Midwives that  
 I have referred to with appreciation.  
 Traveling in haste, Mrs. McClure and



398

Young Luther McNeill, splashing through deep mud in dense Hemlock forests at night, reached the Shear house with its beacon light, the family in a high state of excitement, and the patient at the climax of a journey birth to the first born. Miss Margaret appearing in the lighted doorway with a fervent "Bless the Lord" - Bless his holy name; Hallelujah!" - as quoted by Luther.

(Belonging to Mr. Lee Gay)  
 (Griffin) Place

On a more serious note, I will relate that at a later date the Jew. Nathans was accused of "rustling" a black steer from his "Clutter" place head of Stony Creek, and skinning and cutting up the same. A search warrant turned up a black beef-~~steer~~ hide, positively identified by Mr. Gay as that of the missing steer. At a resulting indictment for cattle theft - a high crime and misdemeanor, Nathans was cleared - arts reservations! This family scandal - in part - resulted in removal from the family lands, after the death of the Patriarch H. H. Shear, Jr. A study in psychology, the history of the Shear land, on Laurel Creek, and the McClure land on Stony Creek is given. ~~interesting~~ Tenaciously held on to, and encumbered with mortgages, by W. H. Shear, Jr., husband of Lillie McClure, for many years. Later these lands immensely ~~valued~~



valuable, being rich in timber. After brief ownership by the Gubser-Gay "Partnership" and Supreme Court litigation these tracts together about eighteen hundred acres, held by Bank & Marlenders for many years for debt - unprofitable.

In 1940, Dr. Kenneth J. Hamrick bought the Laurel Creek tract, proceeding actively to fence, stock and improve the land with time. As a "gentleman rancher" and actively engaged as the Counties and Ladner Surgeon, it did not prove a profitable investment for Dr. Hamrick, and eventually sold, at a loss.

\* The heroic efforts of "H. Thearer, Jr." over many years to administer the lands ended in failure, and he died ~~bankrupt~~ bankrupt, but uncompromising, about 1918, to his very last year endeavoring to buy and sell live stock.

The home of Henry and Lillie Meares was on the Indian Draft, where their family of four sons and two daughters were reared. Mrs. Meares has recently died, a cordial friend to ~~the~~ through life (Vaya Con Dios.)

At this instant Miss Rose Perry Hamer a substantial citizen (the same who "torn off a limb" thirteen months (in 1918) and never fired a gun) lives on the very peak of Elk Mountain, a section of the Red Loch tract.

\* "The best of the farmer is the best for the farmer."



+ It was my sad duty, as coroners physician  
to view Henry's body

His brother, Henry Meares, third, also  
an our-seas soldier, but not a "Tourist",  
who later found Civilian life too com-  
pely to be borne, killed himself with  
a rifle head shot, about 1924. This  
occurred near where 219 crosses Elk  
Mountain through the "low place" elevations  
3350 feet. Henry had ~~evidently~~ con-  
templated death by hanging, a rope  
found suspended over a limb, but  
decided shooting was best for a soldier,  
and blew out his brains.

\* "When wounded and left on aftermaths  
Plains,  
And the women come out to cut up  
What remains,  
Then roll to your rifle and blow  
out your brains  
And go to your ~~death~~ like a soldier"

Thus it is seen that generations of the Kipling  
Meares family have lived, and died.  
On Little Laurel and Red Lick lands.  
All were honorable men and women, if at  
times unfortunate in land holding.  
At ~~the~~ Present ~~own~~ the Laurel Creek  
tract part of the extensive holdings of  
Mr. George Edgar and son, Captain Thomas  
A. Edgar, who lost both legs by shell  
fire on Normandy Beach, June 6, 1944.



Wednesday - 12/30/59 401  
4 am -

The weather cold -  
a light frost. 1959

(as measured by the Gregorian Calendar) drawing  
to its close; a year measured in affairs  
of mankind a new "high" achievements  
scientific, and a "Low" government  
and economics. As to the low estate  
the Public Service has become, locally, a  
"disabled" Coal miner, Prefector & a disreputable  
foot-legging drunk tavern, Gilbert Jack,  
the put announced Candidate for County  
Treasurer, or Sheriff - in the election 1960.

The approaches to Bridge and street  
fence ~~put in~~ built preparatory for use,  
though unfinished, the wooden Bridge  
removed as a menace in winter ice  
and ~~floods~~ high water.

### A March Ride (1913) on Elk.

1913 As member and chairman of the County Court  
these years past, I was attempting to give  
personal attention, to far as possible, to  
all details of County government ~~first~~  
lay in the field of the Board. Long  
before ~~time~~ State House for the aged,  
County Board of mental hygiene, or even a  
health officer, usually a physician.  
Commitments to Weston was a rare occurrence,  
totally denied to the merely aged and senile aged.  
The County almshouse, or "Poor farm," the  
sole house of refuge reserved for the  
most extreme cases of destitution, at that  
time rare.



In March, 1913, James Fitzsimmons called my attention to such a one. An aged recluse Mrs. Josephine Griffin existed for some time on the charity of neighbors, and ~~suppose~~ mentally ill. As District member and executive of the County Board it was my duty to investigate (without pay other than the \$2.00 per day when in session ~~at the County Chambers at the Court House~~ in the County Chambers at the Court House).

Such cases today are handled before the "County Board of Mental Hygiene" by the County Sheriff and deputies, with two physicians and two lawyers in attendance (paid) all constitutional rights of the "Defendant" scrupulously observed.

A "march" had rendered the road impassable in places for my Model T Ford, so mounted on a <sup>winter</sup> buck-skin pony from the West, commandeered for at Wilbur Clark's Livery stable I set out the March day ideal.

Accustomed to taller horses, I had doubt of the ability of the Buckskin to plow the ~~more~~ level sections, the hills parts comparatively dry, but was assured by Wilbur the pony was "tough."

As a matter of fact was able to "lope" tirelessly considerable distance on the more level portions, especially in the



403

Fields bordering the road, gates being left open for the convenience of an occasional horseman or team in winter and spring. My mount proved a genuine Plains Buckskin, roan in color, tireless and easy on the legs. It is sufficient to say, that I made the thirty mile ride, going and returning without pausing for provender, horse or rider.

I found Mrs. Griffin alone in her small house near the mouth of the Big Spring Branch, and not far from the present site of the large public school building at Flatty Fork. Aged and gaunt in appearance, she did not utter a word during the interview; emaciated, almost starving, but not helpless. At times she appeared to grope in the ashes of a fireless hearth for fragments of food; indeed I observed crumbs of corn-bread and ~~bones~~ meat bones <sup>in</sup> the hearth. Otherwise no food visible in the house.

~~Some time~~ Previously ~~she~~ her son and family had abandoned her, ~~and~~ or had been driven from the home, by the recluse, who also had refused to leave, though offered refuge by neighbor Luther Mark-



404  
At the time her son and <sup>his</sup> family were  
living on the Greenbrier at Harpers, a mill town.  
Aged and mentally ill, Josephine  
Griffin exhibited a residue of strength  
and instinctive ability of a wild  
animal to survive, long as shelter  
and food were to be had.

Considering her situation urgent,  
I assured the kind Mrs. Fuller Sharp  
she would be given shelter in the  
County House of Refuge - the "Poor Farm"  
in the Little Level, at the time being  
conducted in a more than ordinary  
cleanly manner by my friend David  
Gladwell.

I may here state that the excellent  
David Gladwell, originally from  
the Dry River section of Rockingham  
County, near my birth-place, met his  
death some years later by accidental  
gun-shot around while hunting  
sabbies on the farm, and crossing  
a fence. He was one of those  
- Easterners, including Sergeant John  
Payne, 62<sup>nd</sup> Va. Infantry (Wattsburg  
Veteran), who came to our County  
following the war (1861). Sergeant  
Payne was born in 1843. He was present  
with our squad at the Fifth Vermont  
July 1913, where I formed a friendship  
lasting until his death. Payne was a  
Dior.



405-  
His home was west of Hillsboro in  
the Caesar Mountain Section. A  
soldier of slight build and height  
remarkably youthful in appearance  
at past seventy years, able to do a  
day's work on the farm until any-  
how years before his death, just  
eighty, and his wife dead, he returned  
to his birth-place and resided until  
a son.

Talking to Sergeant Payne early in  
1917, the subject was in Europe which  
had become somewhat stale from this  
distance, and my possible "calling up"  
as a Reservist, in case America  
declared war, he did not appear  
at all enthusiastic about the war,  
remarking: "Once burnt, twice  
shy." I think this attitude was  
quite general, in 1917, among numerous  
residents of this Civil War <sup>territory</sup> living.  
Soon after my ~~was~~ Return to  
Marlinton from my "inspector's visit"  
March, 1913, at my request Sheriff  
Linglen Cochran (Republican) drove  
to Flaty Fork and persuaded Mrs.  
Josephine Griffin to accompany him  
to the "House of Refuge" in the Semls,  
where she resided until her death a  
year or so after -



I ~~never~~<sup>406</sup> saw this old Spartan woman  
thence, but was assured by Mr. Gladwell  
she "gave little trouble," did not  
become head-fast until near the end;  
rarely attempting to speak, making  
no complaint, ~~before~~ entering into  
death without a cry.

I have written in detail of the Buckskin  
horse, and one of my last long rides in  
the practice, year 1913. Mr. Clark  
continued in his livery business, but with  
less success, until about 1920, and I  
occasionally hired a horse when the roads  
were impassable for Ford cars, I having  
used nine "Model T" in succession  
1912-1926 inclusive.

For several years the "Buckskin"  
even appeared to be a favorite mount  
for amateurs and riders at the County  
Fair grounds; then faded from memory,  
sold or traded, with the decline  
of horsemanship locally.

In 1920 the Army Remount experiment  
with Arabian Horses, with the view of  
improving ~~Native~~<sup>pure</sup> stock by infusion of  
blood of this beautiful horse - with Natives  
"Chippisaw", "Palomar" and other breeds.  
Three "Arabians" were placed with  
Mr. Clark for a time, but the use of  
autos was so advanced together with



487

building of hard roads, the breeding of horses among the things that were before.

I believe the Army Remount Station at Front Royal, Virginia, had some success in cross breeding with Arabian horses. Mention has been made of the beautiful gaited Dark bay Mare, of medium size, ridden by me while in Active Reserve training at Fort Belvoir in August, 1925-

~~The~~ The year 1928 saw the introduction of the Ford Model A, - the most practical, enduring and economical car ever built in America. In many respects it is regrettable that the "evolution" of the motor car did not pause with the "Model A" for a time. It is said that Mr. Henry Ford was satisfied with the performance of this car, and objected to the more radical changes of later models of the Ford ~~car~~. Attaining the monstrousities of the present day, which, like the reptiles of the Pleistocene, appear to be declining because of over-weight, deadliness, - and expense! The last tax cent may well break the motor cars back!



408  
Mr. Marion Burr, who died in 1958,  
aged highly, kept a Model A Ford  
(1931) in use until his death, and  
it still being driven by Mrs. Bessie Burr

— Literary Note — 209

About the year 1950, daughter Jean wrote  
a ~~Myriad~~ Book size "Mystery" entitled  
"Dead as a Door Nail". While at home  
on vacation from Port Arthur, Texas, where  
she resided at the time; the month of  
August was industriously spent in this  
essay, patterned on a reading type  
which interested her. Moreover, it  
appeared possible to capture a market  
flooded with trash literature rampant  
in published books and magazines, "slicks",  
Masters in the art of Whim Conan-  
Doyle and Edgar Allan Poe, stand alone,  
even Ben Ames Williams - stand alone -  
appear rarely in a Century.

Stacks, ~~book~~ bred and born in the literary  
tables of some publishers, turn out such  
providence, endlessly; eagerly devoured  
by the non-cognocenti among their  
readers; served up with illustrations  
and ~~as~~ <sup>in</sup> modern art, degenerate art.

It is apparent, also, that some well  
known names are being lent to work  
done by ghost writers and hacks.



If this were not so, the recent series  
 published under the name of Clarence Buddington  
 Kelland are far below the standard in  
 imagination and style set by earlier  
 work, notably "Foot-lights" and  
 "Arizona." Such counterfitting appears  
 to be confined to the New York "Clicks".  
 Mr. Jean Stockwell authored a  
 sprightly story, frankly written "For the  
 Market," but found no publisher in  
 a "Rigged" Literary Market.  
 Run of mine "Who done It" ~~How~~  
 (and "Memoirs") should be postponed  
 to the Ninth decade in life of the  
 author - and not for immediate  
 publication. If fortunate, by that  
 time he can "Paint his picture for the  
 God of things as they are".

The typed "proofs" of Mr. Stockwell's  
 Book is among my prized ~~writings~~  
 manuscripts

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth  
 upward; or the spirit of a beast that  
 goeth downward to the earth?"

— Wisdom



Friday 1/11/1960 410 Light Frost; snow  
4 A.M. of yesterday nearly gone.

Retired at 7 p.m. Promptly  
at midnight books were exploded by restless  
souls about Martin Luther, as a salute to 1960  
This continued at intervals for two hours -  
Having slept well, I arose at 3:30 and  
started my usual fire in bathroom "Library".

This is our lot if we live so long

And labor until the end.

That we shall outlive the impatient

Yours, and the much too patient friend;

And because we know we have breath  
in our nostrils

And thus we have thoughts in our head,  
we shall assume that we are alive,  
Whereas we are really dead.

— The Old Meek.

The Sheldon Hammill Family  
(of Elk River).

Ed Howe, of Kansas, once wrote a short  
story intitled "The Good Husband", going  
on to describe the life of the only  
good husband ever known in his part  
of the State of Kansas Neighborhood.

As Ed parted with his own wife  
Whom both were old, he should know in  
a negative fashion what a "good  
husband" is, or was, in his vicinity.  
Several years past an elderly man



Called on me at my office, instantly  
 recognized although we had not met  
 for forty years. Frank Hamann of  
 a large Elk River family; well  
 appointed, even youthful, with a touch  
 of ~~the~~ "man of the world", as ~~he~~ might  
 well be, having in youth attached  
 himself to a travelling circus, or  
 Carnival, afterwards marrying the  
 widow of the Principal owner, thereafter  
 occupied as an assistant Manager.  
 Frank had returned from the sad  
 errand, & burying his wife at her old  
 home somewhere in Pennsylvania;  
 and calling on relatives and friends  
 in Locustas County.

Thoroughly undermistrative, I sensed  
 that Frank Hamann was deeply grieved  
 at the death of his past middle-aged  
 wife. He quietly recounted some  
 incident of their somewhat nomadic  
 life during many seasons in the  
 Carnival business, and their home  
 life in Pennsylvania. It appeared  
 Mrs. Hamann's death was sudden,  
 and occurred "on tour" in the Valley  
 of Virginia.

I was pleased that Frank Hamann  
 thought to renew acquaintance, being friends  
 in youth; interested in ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> adventurous  
 life through which he had passed  
 unscathed, and hoped to meet again.



However, Frank's death was reported  
 not long thereafter, his body buried ~~at~~  
~~his home~~ beside that of his wife, and  
 their spirits in the air - (Vaya Con Dios.)  
 I am positive that Frank Hamann was a  
 "good husband." ~~He was one of a~~

~~the large family of~~  
 The Patriarch Meldey Hamann was of  
 the Joseph Hamann line, well credited  
 of in Pikes County History, in the third  
 generation; Mrs Hamann a daughter  
 of Samuel Moore of Marlin, Maryland  
 near Marlinton. Their whole industrious  
 lives, rearing a large family, spent as  
 at the ancestral home old Freed  
 Fork of Elk. When quite old,  
 Mr Moore was thrown from a  
 run-away <sup>horse</sup> wagon, suffering a severe  
 scalp wound, but recovering, also  
 treated Meldey Hamann for an  
 infected wound that entirely penetrated  
 his foot, having "jumped bare-foot"  
 from the house porch and stepped on  
 a "Rusty" piece of wire. His patient,  
 uncomplaining while being treated for  
 a dangerous infection is remembered  
 past eighty years. Lived some years  
 following the ~~injury~~. While being  
 treated for his foot wound Mr. Hamann  
 stopped with his daughter Mrs. John  
 Pumphrey, thus living in West Marlinton,



413  
The eldest son, <sup>413</sup> Mulder and Martha  
more Hannah, ~~that's~~ Hannah has recently  
died (1958) just eighty years, carefully  
attended by his daughter, Mrs. Fitzwater, at  
his ancestral home. ~~Edith's~~ wife, a Miss  
Johnson, died many years ago, leaving  
three daughters, then infants, his life  
thereafter devoted to their care and rearing.  
~~Three~~ Chloe married Mr. <sup>Eden</sup> Gibson, fifteen-year  
veteran U.S. Army, at present coal miner,  
and Mary married Jacob Van Meter, of a  
prominent Berkeley County family, recently  
died in an auto accident, and was  
occupation coal miner. Mr. Fitzwater  
a retired Railroad worker.

All three sisters have passed through  
hardships peculiar to being left orphans  
at an early age, and bring up  
families under many difficulties  
through which each has come with  
colors flying in <sup>Gibson</sup> Blood will tell!

Mrs. Chlover for a time was had a  
mental illness treated at State Hospital,  
but for several years recovered, and  
with her family of grown children.  
Mrs. Fitzwater lives at the home place  
on Elk. It is thus seen several  
generations of the Joseph Hannah line  
have spent their lives in the beautiful  
and rich Elk River Valley at its  
source and many branches or "forks".  
All have been ~~for~~ my friends and patients  
for many years past. (Vaya con Dios)!



Sunday 1/3/60 4:14  
4 am. a storm in the North-East.  
Rivers high tides on New England Coast.  
Locally, Rain-snow-Fog! Left well  
before an open wind rose, rising 4 am.

Charles J. Finger

a middle west Journalist, Historian and  
Biographer, the past generations, not too  
well known in literature, but successful.  
His excellent short Biographies of Nations,  
Napoleon, Theodore Roosevelt, and Pepys  
Diary (Edited with notes) also "The  
Anatomy of Melancholy". The latter  
favorite reading of Thomas A. Edison in  
youth and age. Mr. Edison also  
wrote his own auto-Biography, not  
notable for style, but revealing.

Many thousands copies of Finger's  
essays printed as "Little Blue Books"  
at five cents the copy by the Late  
Haldeman-Julius, Grand, Kansas,  
thereby performing a valuable public  
service, early twentieth century.  
I have several hundred copies "Little  
Blue Books" in my fields of Biography,  
History, Literature, Essays, Translations.

A renegade Jew (Agnostic-infidel)  
with business ability, H. Julius built  
up a publishing business which he  
valued at one million dollars. For a



415-  
longtime published weekly a newspaper  
broadsheet entitled "Appeal to Reason"  
on a materialistic note, denying any  
"First Cause". This feature of his publishing  
~~business~~, though sent gratuitously to me  
for some years, I considered "in error"  
and of no interest, an ~~at~~ Ancient Race  
of ~~Men~~ ~~People~~, his mind darkened,  
Haldeman-Julius was found dead in  
his bath, a suicide. ~~Through a~~  
leading "Materialist", it seems that  
he was unable to live out his days  
on a planet whose earth, sea and air  
is filled with the glory of the Most High.

Mr. Finger worked as a journalist  
in several mid-western states, and  
Cleveland, ~~Ohio~~. In late middle age  
made the interesting experiment sub-  
sisting a large family in Rural  
Orchard, on an Oriskany Mountains  
farm, meanwhile continuing his  
Literary output - a regular "Dogs  
Life," which he described minutely,  
giving totals of animal ~~food~~, ~~consumed~~ <sup>and</sup> vegetable  
foods consumed by a family of eight,  
and other provender, much of it of  
his own husbandry.

Finger, in my opinion, showed  
great good sense in contributing to  
a term of education in the rough for



Madison, W. Va.  
December 18, 1954  
4:30 am.

Dear Jean:

I am sending a batch of the Memor-  
pages (2<sup>d</sup> Volume) 322-348-56 - one  
of my greatest pleasures to read the  
typed "~~proof~~" proofs - a most excellent  
notion of yours to continue the typing.

You may think a rather lengthy  
"Memorial" of Dick Currence unnecessary -  
but it pleases me. He will have no other.  
Even living in a fine mansion - the  
Hamrick House - built on soldiers graves &  
"lucky" as it undoubtedly was for  
Dr. Hamrick and family - haunted!

"There are ~~more~~ things in Heaven and  
Earth than thou hast dreamed  
of, Horatio!" - Hamlet.

(Dick died on his own door-step, trying  
to get home from the Kee Flat - golf course.  
Strangely, he did not stop at Hospital -  
Fate!)

I mailed you Medicines; including  
"Pincellin S-Precum". Be sure to try  
a dose or two - I find it beneficial  
for arthritis! It even prolongs life!  
Vaya Con Dios

N. B. Price (over)



P.S. - I read the manuscript hurriedly -  
you may make minor corrections if  
needed - particularly in punctuation -  
fewer "commas" and "semi-colons" would  
do no harm. A "dash" always  
in here and there might help!  
W.R.P.

Nan K. Roderick (now Kimmey) Frederick  
Maryland, sent me a card. Says she  
is a great-grandmother - Her son  
born (1912) in August.

I have just written her a three-page  
letter - She will be surprised!

W.R.P.

P.S. - Perhaps Janet Cecil find time  
to help with the typing during her  
vacations. Some practice won't  
hurt. I typed for 45 years - and  
never good.

W.R.P.



Tuesday 12/1/39 322  
3.30 P.M. - Cold weather continues;

No snow locally, except on "high ground".  
Second day of the Deep "Kill" - As to the  
Native Black Bear, Brother Cal Price,  
for many years in his "bear stores," urged  
the extermination of the bear, as a menace  
to sheep husbandry. This was error,  
fully recognizing, in his last years, the  
bear rarely disturbs domestic animals,  
because of his natural sense, and a wholesome  
fear of retaliation, with guns; and only  
threat when driven from his wilds.

Even so, the species has survived here  
because wide ranging bears, early and  
late spring and autumn, principally are  
males; the female more retiring in  
habits, before <sup>and</sup> after entering her  
"long sleep."

The Black Bear, one of the most  
interesting of wild animals, ~~is~~ lives  
~~around us~~; as is true of the great  
Horned Owl, aptly termed by Deane  
"The Tiger of the air." ~~The~~ A predator  
and "drinker of blood," the Horned owl  
~~has~~ has been relentlessly destroyed  
by "civilized" man in America from the  
earliest times, but ~~this species~~ <sup>the species</sup> managed to  
survive. A night hunter; a dweller  
by day in the darkest and most remote  
pine forests. Uttering, at times, in the  
night, savage howls and chattering, along  
with its usual "Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

Nesting in early March, indifferent  
to snow or ice on back and ~~its~~ eyes  
of ticks, after an abandoned Hawk  
~~nest~~ or crow's nest.



Mr. George Beatty  
(of Mingo) Flats, W. Va.

A native of Eastern Virginia, and a veteran  
from start to finish of the Confederate Army  
(1861-65), following the War, removed  
to Mingo Flats and for forty years  
carried on the trade of Smith in the  
Village of Mingo; He married, his  
family including four fine daughters,  
whose lives I wish to memorialize.

Of Mrs. Beatty's back ground, even  
her appearance, I have no remembrance,  
only meeting her once or twice when  
called to attend her husband when he  
suffered fracture of the femur (1905)  
that she was truly a "Mother in Israel"  
is exemplified in the lives of four  
beautiful and cultured daughters,  
bored on the Randolph-Pocahontas  
County frontier, following the war, 1861.

Mr. George Beatty exemplified  
Longfellow's ideal "Black Smith" none  
nearer than any I have met.

Under a spreading Chestnut Tree  
The Village Smithy stands;  
The Smith a mighty man is he,  
With strong and steely hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as Bran Ba's.

(Quoting a hymn of the Presbyterian Church;)  
"He went on Sunday to the Church,  
and heard his daughters voice  
Singing in the Village Choir,



324

And it made her heart rejoice.  
His probable Veteran Beatty had seen the  
Mingo Flats while in Lee's Army, 1861,  
encamped there, and admired the region,  
headwaters of Great Valley ~~to~~ Plains.  
The home of Captain Jacob Marshall,  
extensive land owner and leader  
of Confederate Partisan Rangers -  
May have influenced him; several  
cousins also settling at Mingo  
"after the War."

My meeting Mr. Beatty was brief  
and professional in nature. In May,  
1905, at age about seventy, while  
throwing a horse, he was pushed or  
kicked backward and suffered  
fracture neck left femur, the so-called  
hip fracture. He thought he had ~~not~~  
fallen hard on a stone, because of sharp  
pain; which may have been true.

The family physician, Dr. W. F.  
Cameron, not available, and being  
in the neighborhood, was called in  
one of the first - perhaps the first - cases  
of the kind I had seen; except that  
of Veteran Clark Wooddell, injured  
in the year 1896 by an over-turned  
wagon on Price Hill, and treated by  
my brother, Dr. James Price, the patent  
lying in at the old Price House  
the "guest" of St. L. Woods Price.



Of course, not even an "under-thing"  
 of brother James, the ~~Doc~~ Surgeon; but  
 I recall taking my turn, with others,  
 in passing the night with the aged,  
 suffering Veteran Wooddell, a  
 "good patient," who made "no bones"  
 of his injury, and grateful for aid.  
 I am pleased to record that Mr.  
 Wooddell recovered from his injury,  
 lived for some years thereafter.

During a period of fifty years  
 I have seen a dozen or more similar  
 cases, in aged persons, notably  
 Cousin Emma Warwick, in ~~1923~~ 1920  
 who then resided with her sister  
 Cousin Maggie Leftridge at the  
 Minnehaha Springs, who recovered,  
 dying in 1940. Another story.

In the year 1912, Cousin Agnes  
 Clark Beard-Clark also "broke her  
 hip," and again I chanced to be  
 in the Level, seeing her together  
 with Dr. Lemuel H. McNeel. Cousin  
 Agnes, being ~~of~~ of heavy weight  
 and advanced in years, succumbed  
 to complicating illness, dying at  
 her home. A most excellent woman  
 and the daughter of the notable  
 Josiah Beard, whose life and  
 achievements are recorded in Miss  
 Biographical History of the County.



326  
At a later date, Mrs. Moss Miller  
the recluse, living at her home on  
~~and~~ heights of Seward, died from effects  
of a neglected hip fracture, stubbornly  
refusing aid, and applying quantities  
of "liniment". Her sister, Rebecca  
Young, neighbors rallied in force and  
she was summoned. She was found  
in extremis, and died before she  
could be removed to a hospital.  
Mrs. Nora Young, - always a leader  
in the Buckeye Community, was foremost  
in rescuing Mrs. Moss Miller.

Moss and ~~Wesley~~ Miller, (the latter dying  
many years ago) single, reclusive,  
lived in the curious old house, then  
standing on the bald promontory over-  
looking ~~Swag~~ north of Swag Creek;  
previously noted as the site of Jay  
"Indian Mound" explored by me, 1895.  
Their home near Prof. G.D. McKee's  
present-day mansion, whose voluminous  
historical and other writings known to  
many.

Incidentally, "G.D." broke his hip  
on the streets of Elkins some years  
before retirement as Professor of  
Historical English at D. and E. College  
His injury was treated by a "specialist"  
~~in surgery~~ by the "open method,"  
a modern wonder of Surgery.

The Moss sisters were of  
distinguished ancestry, their father



327  
Colonel & Captain Miller, in his day  
landowner and before the war of 1861  
commanded the 12th Regiment of  
Militia. An aged veteran of the  
Confederacy, he died with only a  
remnant of land, and near the home  
of Captain James McNeil of the  
Nicholas Blues, C.S. Army.

The sisters had a sorry time in  
the simple life of living; their ineffectual  
efforts to garden and provide fuel  
witnessed by worn-out hoes and  
axes I have seen at this home.

Late in life, the "old house" at  
last uninhabitable, a new cottage was  
built from proceeds of a sale of timber,  
where Mrs. Mass died.

Pride of race, fiercely independent,  
Mrs. Miller scorned aid of any sort.

To the last, dying without a cry.  
Her passion was for flowers, wild  
ones especially. At times she

appeared in Marlinton, usually  
with bunches of flowers, usually  
stopping to see Mrs. Jean Price,  
who Mrs. Mass instinctively liked, and  
always a customer for a bunch of  
wild flowers. For the rest, Mrs.

Miller subsisted on fruits, berries and  
a rather poorly cultivated garden.  
She may have kept a few <sup>chickens</sup> ~~hens~~  
perhaps a pig. Certainly she never



Toll or begged - would have turned  
first in near chronic food starvation,  
being chronically unlat.

During her active life, in occasional  
brief talks with Miss Moss. I have sought  
to judge her intellectual life; also  
questioned my wife, Jean, as to her observations  
of the "Recluse". No result was  
negative. The sisters apparently not  
"Readers" - no evidence of a "Library".  
in the house ~~no breath~~. ~~Do~~ The breath of  
I can feel every attached to the lives  
of either ~~and~~ I have some time thought  
Louise McNeil, short poem applied  
to Moss Miller.

### Renunciation.

Renunciations, large and small,  
were as stones upon the wall;  
And she labored hard and long,  
To build it high and strong,  
Till at last she could see  
Nothing but Eternity!

When she stopped to catch her breath,  
There was nothing left but death.

~~Do~~ <sup>in</sup> the Covenant of grace, doubtless the  
spirit of Moss Miller is in the air together  
with her mother long dead; surrounded  
by the her loved wild flowers.

This scrap of biography is for the pleasure  
of myself and posterity; I care not for thought or  
care how far I wander from the subject  
in hand.



Tuesday, 12/2/58 829329

4 am. The morning mild and overcast. Snow is reported North and South of the river here at present. Work resumed on street and walk concrete. A London dispatch in the Tribune recently announces a woman physician from Roumania with the new "elixir of life." To wit: Procaine is selected cases. I have finished a three-page letter to Dr. T.R. Vansell, <sup>med</sup> Editor of Medicine, calling his attention to this unwise <sup>journalist</sup> "Lay" reader of the Tribune, and allied subjects for his information, not necessarily printed.

~~Now~~ to return to Mr. George Beatty's accident, while at work moving a refractory horse - a broken hip. At the time (1905) hospitals were not in general use; the patient lay abed for a month, carefully attended for by his family and friends. I visited him once during his convalescence; noting his patience, and courage <sup>and</sup> endurance with a minimum of pain relieving medicine. An accidental shot of a Procaine solution of Penicillin - if known, would have served. George Beatty convalesced sufficiently to go about on his feet; his death reported a year or two after, his health decline apparently due in part, to enforced inability to work.



~~330~~ 330

During the Autumn I received a letter from Mr. Beatty, thanking me for ~~services~~ treatment, and requesting a bill be sent for services. The bill, when sent, was in amount ~~20~~ twenty dollars, which could be considered nominal, and promptly paid. George Beatty was a good man; he and his family within the Covenant.

The four beautiful and cultured daughters, on marriage became Mrs. Edwin Hall, Mrs. Kenneth J. Hawridge Jr., Mrs. Sam Wood and Mrs. Pratt Marshall.

All the girls "taught school" at one time and another, thus adding an invaluable experience / ~~new~~ wisdom and experience of ~~each~~ "educations". The best way to learn how to do is by doing.

Biography of Captain Jacob Marshall and family will follow.

Mrs. Edwin Hall spent her useful life on the Hall Farm, Halley or Valley Mountain, Tygart's Valley. I remember her son Edwin, Jr. - an amiable youth, who died in middle age, while residing at Elkins. He was a player of Soccer on the Mingo team.

Mrs. Sam Wood (whose name I do not recall), who in middle age a vigorous leader in all Church and Community activities. It was Mrs. Wood who promoted this and



largely built the <sup>33</sup> Statue of a Confederate  
Soldier on the site of Lee Army Camp  
Wm. O. Flatts, and the notable "Reminiscences"  
of Confederate Veterans, about 1928.  
Also the "Indian girl" statue at her  
residence.

Mr. Leim Wood for many years  
successful ~~merchant~~ merchant at Wm. O.  
On one occasion conversing with ~~Mr.~~  
Leim Wood, it appeared to me that  
~~Mr.~~ Mr. Wood had spent many  
years in a state of surprise from  
being the husband of such a beautiful  
and ~~cultured~~ <sup>intelligent</sup> woman!  
always devoted "Daughter  
of the Confederacy" It was my  
pleasure to meet and converse with  
Mr. Wood at an assembly at  
Camp Andrew Price, Deep  
Mountain Battle Field Park, in the  
year 1933.

Efficient, beautiful and of a  
statuesque beauty in late middle  
age, it was my intention at the  
time to further cultivate Mr. Wood's  
acquaintance, but press of other  
business in "hard times" prevented.  
Within a year after the meeting  
"on Deep" I regretted to hear of the  
death of this lovely lady, which  
occurred from a sudden in church  
at Slaty Fork, while attending a  
Sunday Community Singing  
conducted by Prof. Luther D. Sharp.



Sunday 12/6/69

332

The anticipated snow of yesterday turned into a gentle rain at day-break. After late rising (9:30 am) and competitors of chess and breakfast, detained at the horse, last evening the Cal. Prices - Michel, Florence McNeil, John Murphy and young John McNeil, of Chardon, called with congratulations of my Birthday, I having completed ~~eighty~~ and one half decades - Eighty five years - I have long observed that continuous ~~or long~~ employment in literary writing, a "dog's life," time consuming, which might better be used - for example, gathering wood in the forest for the morning and evening fires!

The writing of books is sacrificial in nature, and bought at a price. The last end of many notable authors, as judged by their Biographers, is not Peace.

Wm. Rudyard Kipling, in old age, (73) remarked ~~that~~ he had heard and read of "contented old age," but for himself, he had not seen any. (Cobringtons)

"In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.  
From Marlborough's eye, the streams of  
Aptage flow!"

And Swift expires, a driveller and a Thow!

The life of Mary Beatty - Marshall <sup>Johnson</sup> is memorialized in the sketch of Captain Jacob Marshall and family.

Lastly, Mrs. Portia Beatty - Hamrick.  
(Known by her friends as "Potty") about my



333  
Age (85) and in the "news" as an active  
teacher in the public schools of Logan  
and Greenbrier Counties; until recently,  
at 82 years of age; refusing retirement  
pay, able and willing to teach. In a  
recent interview in the Raleigh County Register,  
because of the remarkable life of this lady  
of the classic name (Portia) she spoke of  
life being "Real and earnest; not merely  
devoted to the pursuit of leisure and pleasure,"  
upon her marriage to R. J. Haurick, to  
whose occupation was sanctified, together  
with many years employment as teacher  
in Randolph-Pocahontas Public Schools.  
Portia, also, taught school in early life.  
Their home was on the Point Mountain  
Valley Branch of Elk River section. Her  
family of eight sons and daughters, all  
attained their majorities; liberally educated.  
Notable Kenneth J. Haurick, M.D., (College  
Principal in early life), now State Surgeon  
of the Denver State Sanatorium, Colorado  
incurable, and a good Samaritan.  
Following the war of 1917-18, in which  
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Haurick  
located in Marlinton, soon becoming  
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas Memorial  
Hospital, and for many years with  
an enviable record as a successful  
surgeon and physician.  
His wife a Rutledge lady.



333  
Age (85) and in the "Yew" as an active  
teacher in the public schools of Logan  
and Greenbrier Counties; until recently,  
at 82 years of age; refusing retirement  
pay, able and willing to teach. In a  
recent interview in the Raleigh County Register,  
because of the remarkable life of this lady  
of the classic name (Portia) she spoke of  
"life being" "Real and earnest"; not merely  
devoted to the pursuit of leisure and pleasure,  
upon her marriage to R. J. Haurick, Esq.  
whose occupation was sanctifying, together  
with many years employment as teacher  
in Randolph-Pocahontas Public Schools.  
Portia, also, taught school in early life.  
Their home was on the Point Mountain  
Valley Branch of Elk River section. Her  
family of eight sons and daughters, all  
attained their majorities; liberally educated,  
Notable Kenneth J. Haurick, M.D. (school  
principal in early life), now Superintendent  
of the Denver State Sanatorium for the  
Incurable, and aged.

Following the war of 1917-18, in which  
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Haurick  
located in Marlinton, soon becoming  
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas Memorial  
Hospital, and for many years with  
an enviable record as a successful  
surgeon and physician.

His wife a Kentucky lady. he met  
while both were employed in a New York  
City Hospital. They have a son, now



334

A Junior Officer U.S. Army. The imposing  
Mansion with ample grounds, built by De-  
and Mrs. Hamrick of Hamiltons Field in  
My early History of that fashionable suburb  
of Marlinton. Within its grounds the  
Reserved Confederate Cemetery, previously  
noted.

His routine use of Roentgen Ray (X-Ray)  
~~of course~~, almost daily in ~~past~~ hospital  
practice. With characteristic speed and  
energy in his work, ~~Dr. Hamrick~~  
may have exposed himself unduly to  
the deadly X-Ray, with the result,  
gradual loss of several fingers of both  
hands, greatly limiting his surgical  
skill, along with the middle years of life.

The life of my friend H. K. J. Hamrick, Jr.  
(Son of Partin Hamrick) has been highly  
tragic in some of its phases, in recent  
years, involuntary loss of property as well,  
met with indomitable courage.  
Mrs. Hamrick has recently died. While  
residing in Pittsburg, Penn., and  
was buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.  
Vaya Con dios.

The early settlement of the Hamrick clan  
by the headwaters of the Elk River  
and its numerous branches in Webster,  
Randolph and Pocahontas Counties is not  
in antiquity - certainly in late times  
of "Indian Occupations". Necessarily  
frontiermen and hunters for several generations -  
illiteracy developed, but strong nature,  
good nature and better than average physical  
development in height, strength and speed.



335-  
So cut-off, by (highway) and cemeteries  
during the "Civil War" - was Webster County,  
~~that~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>was</sup> lost with either part of  
the divided state of Virginia, Webster  
County known for several years thereafter  
as "The Independent State of Webster".

(Pai) I recall a Mr. Hamrick from the Point  
Mountain, about 1889, in the autumn, stopping  
at our house for the night. Alone, he  
was driving a three-horse team, going to  
the mill at Mill Point for ~~ground~~ meal  
and flour. Of late middle age, average  
height, and athletic.

I recall vividly his appearance and story.  
He related to Uncle James and I that in  
his youth he was the "best runner" in his  
community; also his high jump equaled  
his height. Possibly seventy inches. He  
further also exhibited a peculiar deformity  
of the leg that was proof of an accident  
he suffered in early life; a polished  
spur of ivory-white bone protruded from  
the tibia, about two inches in length.  
The result of an old compound fracture;  
a marvel; recovery without loss of a limb.  
His story that in some way he was  
washed over a "Water Wheel" at a grist  
mill and mangled.

Mr. Hamrick and his team were shown  
hospitality by Uncle James and our family,  
the next day going on to Mill Point,  
and heard of no more.



The Hamrick clan have responded to  
 public education, many notable scholars  
 and successful in business. Most are  
 dark-skinned, with very dark eyes and hair.  
 Quite late in life Portia Beatty and  
 P. J. Hamrick agreed to live separately,  
 each going separately, though not divorced.  
 Mr. Hamrick now dead. Two of the Hamrick  
 clan, both at one time public officials,  
 have and living in Potlatch County,  
 have died ~~as~~ suicidal; one by shooting  
 and one by monoxide gas poisoning.  
 Doubtless as inheritances from this remote  
 frontierman, bear-hunting forebears.  
 Having long out-lived her father's  
 family, Portia Beatty-Hamrick retains  
 Serenity and Peace. Vaya Con dios.

Tuesday 12/8/59 - December 7, 1959 - the first  
 4 AM. now (two miles) at Mendenhall.  
 and more fleecies throughout the day; most.  
 Clouds indicated more snow at night, but cold  
 fronts from the North resulted in a clear, cool  
 dawn. Wearing cloth "Arctics" and my army  
 "Truck Coat" - Convertible, walked to the office and  
 returned. Stopped at Diller's Clinic and was  
 given a "shot in the arm" by Dr. Pitman and  
 his nurse, Mary Vance - free. The medicine  
 for Neuritis in the neck - Traumatic and Tardus  
 of Arthritis, left free, also Traumatic - (Remedies  
 of 300,000 units, one Celtic Centimeter)  
 which I have Antepore found beneficial.  
 There is a peculiar exhilaration in the  
 "put now" of winter; sends a new charm  
 to the landscape; if oft-repeated with  
 accompanying cold winds, may become a bit  
 monotonous, in the struggle to survive.



Chapter "Reading": A Dog's Life

The winters <sup>336</sup> <sup>337</sup> and obtain sufficient exercise in the open.  
It snows! cries the schoolboy, Hurrah!  
and his shout  
Is echoed through mansions and halls;  
And quick as the wing of a swallow he's  
Out the others  
To join his fellows at ball!  
"It snows!" cries the widow, <sup>old</sup> <sup>swag</sup> "Reader."  
"God!" and  
her sigh; "to be poor when it snows!"  
It's a bitter sad lot to be poor when it snows.  
Saturday, the 5th <sup>(making)</sup> conversing with my  
Niece Jane Puel-Sharp, who has taken over  
as owner-editor the local Times, I  
inquired if she was aware that in doing  
so she was beginning a "Dog's Life" in  
literature? ~~For~~ Jane said she was not  
so aware!

My father and Mother, Teachers and Writers  
from early youth, but with little acclaim,  
and no financial reward, from Published  
work whatsoever, escaped much of the  
daily grind. The rearing and education  
of a large family in the period following  
the war (1861) required the most strenuous  
efforts, professionally, & Pa; and ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup>  
~~but~~ the limit of his strength bearing and  
rearing the family. Under Providence  
of the most high, the end of both, in  
extreme old age, was Peace.  
Brothers Andrew and Calvin, each employed  
for many years in the daily grind of



"Copy" writing, resulting in much popular  
writing; but it neither entered the highly  
competitive field of culture and "writers".  
Financial reward was meagre, in an age when  
"writers" many authors ~~enjoy~~ make money -  
and by "industrial" Tapes.

Moreover, both Brothers were popular  
"readers" and speakers; for the most part  
"guests" all leading to much honor, but  
little "peer and spittle".

(Note: R.W. Emerson demanded a "gate"  
when termed as a "Reader of Essays"; as  
did Charles Dickens on his index "course"  
in Europe and America.)

In the year 1929, on invitation Brother  
Andrew attended as guest speaker and  
Reader, all at his own charges, seventeen  
successive "Teachers Institutes" in as  
many West Virginia Counties, ~~in~~  
~~seventeen successive weeks~~, all to the  
time of "immense" "Contact" and  
conversations with his peers and fellow  
with, male and female, together with  
hotel and lodgings, ~~with~~ a wide acquaintance  
in the state, leading a regular  
"Dog's life"!

As could have been foreseen, and at  
age 58, this was followed by ~~an~~ a  
near "nervous break-down" and acute  
illness (Facial Herpes, or "chingles")  
involving his left eye, for which he  
was treated in two hospitals, Richmond,  
Va, and Montgomery, W. Va. Autumn  
of 1928, and from which illness he



~~338~~ 339

at ~~Brother's~~ death, age 46, after  
a short illness, June 15, 1954, after a short  
a short illness, which was

As a nature writer, his name is commemorated in the Carl Price State  
Mill, in the thousands acres,

Foster Susan ~~from~~ from an early age,  
 contributed wrote special articles for



~~338~~ 340 Rockefeller

A considerable sum of money, then  
in her possession.

Brother James, with ample means  
and leisure, if so desired, late in life  
displayed a centricity in his reading  
and writing. I have frequently seen  
him poring over will worn volumes  
of a mythical character; the "Pyramid  
Book" among others, professing to  
explain pre-historic disasters on the earth  
and including the "Lost Continents of  
Atlantis" and its High Civilization, before  
the flood. The "Seven Pillars of  
Wisdom", probably, would have met with  
his approval ~~at this time~~. At this  
time there reposed on his shelves a  
Nifty-volume set of "Worlds Greatest  
Literature", which following his death  
showed little evidence of use; and  
which today is a valued set of books  
in my library. The ~~set~~ <sup>volume</sup> containing  
essays by the best English, French  
and American authors, ancient and  
modern, and many others.

Of course Dr. James Price "searched  
the Scriptures and kept informed of  
modern events; yet I somewhat  
horrified at his interpretations thereof



that <sup>340 341</sup> ~~which~~ to me, appeared plain statement  
of wisdom and truth. Perhaps as a belated literary expression,  
which he had not ~~permitted himself~~ <sup>permitted himself</sup> in  
~~in~~ early youth. He also permitted singles  
and abstractions to run through his head,  
often of a trivial nature; some of these  
~~being~~ <sup>being</sup> in the times and certain  
publications of the period designed to  
attract and interest ~~amateur~~ <sup>amateur</sup> writers.  
This was not wise; unnecessary;  
even though little harm done.  
Off-hand shooting does not serve in  
writing genuine verses. Even a  
triplicate in "resting verses in writing"  
searched for days for the fitting  
word or phrase.

Quoting, again, Taine, in the History  
of literature in Europe:  
"We cannot endure the intense  
emotion, nor repeat the marvellous  
accent of the Psalm."

In my mature opinion my own  
childhood was prolonged far  
beyond the period of adolescence,  
in part due to deprivations of the  
frontier first encountered at age 10.  
At least the important feature of  
education gained by helping ~~from~~ <sup>at</sup> an



early age in ~~341~~ 342 gaining a living for  
myself and family was not lacking.  
At ten years reading with some pleasure,  
but little understanding the works of  
Charles Dickens; himself a product of poverty,  
son of a father in debtors prison.

Remember the faults in the life and works  
books of Dickens, he tells a story well!

In boyhood I acutely felt the lack  
of suitable clothing; which, well fitting  
and of good quality ~~this made by~~  
nature retiring, this alone helped make  
me shun the herd; perhaps better  
dressed and less sensitive than I.

I loved solitude, and spent much  
time in the forest and along the lovely  
Mekong River. Not without ambition,  
I early realized if success was ever  
to be achieved in my life much  
time was necessary. The society  
of horses, range cattle and the wild deer

was educational.  
Apprenticed early to the Printing trade -  
also highly educational. I worked  
diligently on the mechanical part of the  
business, leaving writing to my gifted  
elder brother and sister and parents.  
Becoming interested in athletics,  
competitive sports, and physical culture.

I also learned to labor and to wait.  
All this has been outlined in previous  
sections of thisopus, but recounted as part  
of the Paul Family Literary History.



Monday, 12/10/39 343  
4:30 A.M.

The 9<sup>th</sup> clear - merely  
now melted - a frosty night  
"Of the making of Books there is no end,  
and much study is wearisome to the flesh,  
unless I continually observe, and with pains,  
form a clear, round hand, I relapse  
into "hand writing," therefore illegible &  
faze - our movement not yet habitual.!

I have in my library a complete file of  
The American Mercury while under the  
editorship of Henry L. Menckin, 1920-1935,  
inclusive; highly valued and frequently  
consulted. Recently, opening a "Mercury",  
it proved to be the issue of January, 1930,  
bearing Menckin's "The Library". I was  
amazed to find a mass review of  
fifteen Biographies and auto-biographies,  
all of the last Calvin Coolidge and  
Alfred E. Smith, abominably written,  
(Menckin) full of "transparent fraudulence  
and evasions." yet "Menckin's to  
make it interesting!"

"Who ever heard, indeed, of an auto-  
biography that was not? I can recall  
none in the history of the world."

And so on -

Others among the fifteen, John Brown,  
Jefferson Davis, Wm. Bradford Huie,  
Leah Houston, George Harvey, Emma Willard,  
Com. Duff Porter, Mark Hanna, Washington,  
- a rare lot. Four magazines, Bazar  
in Mr. Menckin's style. The "discovery"  
of this review I regard as timely in



my work, and encouraging

H. L. Menckens: "Happy Days," before noted covers a period, only, of childhood and youth, but interestingly.

In a personal letter (1846) he refers to his career, to write for publication about 1843; living together with his brother, August Menckens, in the house where both were born, 1400 Hallius Street, Baltimore. "Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations." (Wisdom).

Twenty years before, Menckens was briefly married to a ~~beautif~~ lady, from Alabama, whose writings at times appeared in Mercury. - a literary "discovery" of Editor Menckens, always searching for talent in the young.

Mrs Menckens soon died, and doubtless her spirit sits at wine with the muses now.

And the gods of the elder days.

Aware of the value - necessity of regular exercise, though a life-long dweller in cities, he made garden and saved wood for his open fire, referring to the shovel the hoe and saw his favorite sports - and writing of "Diabetic golf," a game of many.

In a rare interview given "Life" the writer speaks of Menckens for heating a table leg on the fire, meanwhile concluding on a pile, with accessory food and drink and smoking a cigar.

At times, Dray-men were invited to throw discarded furniture in the Menckens yard, which reduced to kindling by Henry and August Menckens, served



as fuel for this open fire. The Menckey home a modest, ancient building, similar to others in the Black West Baltimore. His father, German immigrant, also named August, made cigars and had a retail business in tobacco. As a matter of course, all the Menckey Men used tobacco and drank Beer; if Henry's writings on both are to be believed. He ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> a classic essay on German brews, with a discriminating taste!

The Menckey fortune, which is considerable, quietly administered by brother August, and at the death of Henry descended, doubtless, to him, with no needless publicity. August Menckey still lives, probably, but unknown to fame except as the brother of Henry Lewis Menckey.

H. L. Menckey despised fraudulencies and evasions in the so-called great, and with unequalled force drove his spear home. Of his existence and writings were known to the "Captains and the Kings" they ignored him as beneath their power to crush. No decorations or ~~decorations~~ honors bestowed by their governments and colleges, either foreign or domestic; or if tendered would have been instantly rejected; not even a ~~single~~ S.P.D.!

In the midst, or dark, ages Henry L. Menckey would have been be-headed for treason, or as a Heretic suffered martyrdom at the stake. It was his misfortune to die in bed, rich and famous!



346  
In the year 1948, and about 62 years old,  
ironically Mr. Menckey suffered a slight  
stroke, (which so affected at times his  
memory he was often at a loss for  
a word in conversations; but retaining  
his interest in current affairs; disappointingly,  
for the most part.

At the last, ~~the~~ 1956, he was found  
dead in bed by Brother August;  
his body to be later borne on his shield,  
to its home in the grave.

Vaya con dios!

A "Dog's Life", but compensated by  
thirteen years retirement in age, a rich man,  
coming quietly in his house.

I would quote, at length, from the  
"Review of the Fifties". Mescery, Jan. 1930,  
but refrain.

Any one interested may  
consult my files, if in existence during  
future years, or the Public depositories  
and libraries, archives, at the University of Va.

Briefly, referring to "Dr. Coolidge's

"The style of his autobiography is that of a  
somewhat backward schoolboy, yet

manages to make it interesting," and so on

"no matter how clumsily he does his

job, something of his own glow ~~of~~ gets  
into it. --- It is vilely written ---

full of transparent fraudulence and  
evasions. But these deficiencies

cannot conceal the man; on the contrary,  
they only serve to make him the more vivid."

"It is a shameless and amazing  
demonstration of what the public service  
has come to among us. Here is a man



347  
Who sat in the Chair of Washington and  
Jefferson, of Lincoln and Cleveland "etc."  
"and yet the contents of his oration,  
revealed innocently by himself, turns out to  
be hardly distinguishable from what  
fills the brain-pan of an average  
garage attendant!"

In the Review. Munkay deals harshly  
with the other aspirants and incumbents  
in succession. Jimmy Cox (1920)  
John W. Davis (1924) Dr. Hoover (1928).  
Al Smith (1928) — and Dr. Hoover —  
— all self-deceived as to their chances  
of being elected, although apparent to  
nearly every one that each was a "gone  
coon", except the least the incredible  
fraud — Dr. Hoover — in a sloppy  
as to Al Smith's "written sloppiness"  
and unimpressive manner, "excessive",  
"but the extraordinary claim of the man  
radiates from every page" — "Al has  
something far less common than wisdom —  
— He can make people like him." —  
"Al managed to carry the affections of  
thousands through five terms as governor  
of New York, and would have carried  
it — if Providence had been kinder, to  
Washington" — and so on —  
What Munkay writes of Al Smith  
being able to make people like him,  
is singularly true of our own "He"



348  
for seven years past chief executive,  
and with more power than five  
hundred Zars or even a modern  
Russian Dictator. Many millions  
"like Ike". In spite of the lack of wisdom,  
nay, the incredible follies of his long  
reign; at this blessed minute on a  
"Nineteen Day" good will" journey  
round the world, a faulx vorant!

Personally, I confess a liking for  
"Ike" "Ike", and voted for him both  
times, ~~though~~ (a Democrat), though  
deprecating his abilities both as an  
allied commander in war and as President.  
An "integrationist" and "internationalist",  
it is true; but so was our old May,  
Adlai E. Stevenson; his later ~~betters~~  
personally despicable? ~~besides~~ -

I am pleased that Menefee, in 1930,  
accented the "likability" of Al Smith,  
which I vaguely felt when an alternate  
Delegate to the Forestry Convention, and  
pledged as a faithful supporter  
Franklin D. Roosevelt President Eisenhower  
in the same category as a faithful

F.D. Roosevelt  
Brilliant for many years  
The really great President, but his  
unsuccessful life and his  
last said opponent.



348  
for seven years past (the executive  
and with more power than the  
Executive Board, many millions  
"like the" of the black world  
now, the moderate followers of the long  
policy, at the head make on a  
making any "good will" from  
around the world, a false picture!  
Commonly, I consider a rising for  
the "life" and power for him both  
time, ~~through~~ (the Democrat) through  
defeating his abolition fall as an  
allied committee in. Was ~~as~~ as President,  
an "international" and "international"  
it is true! but as we see the  
after a few years, the later better  
~~the~~ -  
I am headed "life" of as Smith,  
which is really left with an estimate  
Deputy to the British Government, ~~and~~  
Deeds and a family inheritance  
Hearings, Germany's existence is in  
My own category as a lifeable man,  
F. D. Roosevelt a ~~to~~ for the  
Gullaway, from him President, but the  
are really expect him. as to his  
unmercifully opponents for office,  
they said they better.



Saturday 12/12/59 349  
4 A.M.

a steady rain and thaw  
throughout the night. Perhaps paving  
on road and bridge will get be finished  
in morning when I begin to write  
for a time I am careful to form the  
letters round and clear, with sufficient  
pressure to obtain a good carbon copy of  
"forearm" and wrist action. Then as I  
warm up to composition I fall into  
hand and finger "illegibility".

Last evening, at 5 pm. I stumbled  
on a loose brick, 'bail' and fell heavily  
(on back porch) with 9 cans wares in each  
hand; eat up with parts of a glass jar  
and a bottle in my hands, and severe  
cuts on fingers, bruises as well.

Bleeding stopped by application  
of sediment from the healing  
spring; "white ointment" and business  
as usual; left well from seven  
o'clock until 4 am.

September 1954. The death of the  
Chairman of the Board, United States Steel  
was reported from an accidental stab  
wound, of a kitchen knife which he was  
"assist" with the supper dishes at  
his country estate.

I consider my most recent escape  
from serious injury a cause for thankfulness.  
"They shall beat thee up in their hands,  
lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Yesterday I visited the Circuit Clerk's  
office on business, and for nearly two  
hours had interesting conversation with  
Clerk Mady More and attorney, Curran



and Cooper on <sup>330</sup> Literary and ~~the~~ Local History. I was able to inform them why the Court House is located in its present inconvenient place three-fourths mile from business center of Marlinton. In 1894 a block, or square, was donated for the building, ~~to~~ its location at the pleasure of the County Commissioners. Mr. Amos Barber was the donating member of the Court, and insisted that it be on higher ground; hence its location above high water mark of Creek and River.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud;  
a fast flying meteor, a swift passing cloud;  
a touch of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his home in the grave."

General Robert Edward Lee

Something ~~with~~ <sup>with (1861)</sup> a local historical background must be written on the military campaign intended to hold Western Virginia in Union. This mountainous section of the old Dominion being largely pro-Union and recruiting Regiments - 1. State troops and Unionists. Grafton in Taylor County was selected as the objective to be taken and held and a march begun, in two columns, one under General Garnett, ~~later over~~ my mountains and Parkersburg turn-pike. (Grafton & turn-pike - 1858 style in western Virginia); the other under General Lee on the



Warm Springs - Martins Bottoms and  
 Huttonville Turnpikes. In this memoir, my  
 father accompanied as Chaplain (armed  
 with a shot-gun, ~~and aged 31 years~~) General  
 Garnett's forces, starting from Monterey,  
 in Highland County. His brochure of  
 about fifty pages, first printed in the  
~~Times~~ <sup>serially</sup>, in 1901, was set by myself  
 on the linotype and staple bound.  
 It is listed as a rarity and Command,  
 a premium today. It is entitled "On  
 to Grafton."

The building of the magnificent  
 new bridge, 1959, on interstate  
 highway 39, and third ~~at~~ <sup>of</sup> this  
 fording of the Greenbrier River, is  
 epochal.

It has recently come to my attention  
 that grandfather James Atlee ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> saved  
 the timber for the first wooden arch  
 bridge (1853); also had a quarrying  
 contract for stone used in the pier  
 and abutments. The saw-mill  
 site at the "Saw-Mill Meadow"  
 now Riverside, adjoining Martins  
 on the north.

The second Concrete Arch Bridge  
 (1915); its large metal plate bearing the  
 names of ~~local~~ <sup>local</sup> ~~county~~ <sup>county</sup> officials;  
 myself as President of the County  
 Communion, now reposes on  
 my front porch - a relic!



352  
An Engineer, General Lee, brought  
his heavy field artillery into the  
mountains, with its heavy munitions  
cassons and trams, as many as four  
teams of artillery horses to a gun and  
limbers. This required much "corduroying"  
of roads with timbers, remnants of which  
were still visible on the road near  
the Kimmel, top of Allegheny, late as 1930.  
A useless encumbrance, except for the  
terror the "Big guns" might inspire in  
Yankee "invaders"; the artillery worse  
than useless, only serving to render  
the roads nearly impassable for necessary  
supply wagons, either advancing or  
retreating.

It is not known, or remembered  
whether the bridge served for the artillery,  
or if it ~~was~~ crossed the Greenbrier at  
the Island Ford, (Tanner).

In my youth, late as 1912, artillery  
placements were clearly visible on  
"Fortification Hill," one fourth mile  
from the "Toll House." The "Hill"  
slipped into the newly located Road  
year 1912.

It is my considered opinion the War  
(1861) was largely lost to the Confederate  
States because of dependence  
on the artillery and too many large  
all-out pitched, and supposedly  
"desperate" battles. If at Sharpsburg,  
Manassas, ~~the~~ Chancellorsville and Gettysburg,



~~also~~

353

Also Cedar Creek, Franklin and  
Atlanta, were decisive for any-body,  
it was for the invaders.

Large bodies of mounted men, freely  
Mobile, especially at the in the first  
two years, could have made it very  
unhealthy for the patriots from the  
North; their hordes of Europeans  
"frontier jumpers" as well, particularly  
if as an invaded country, our armies  
got a bit careless of taking prisoners.

The Battle of Kings Mountain, (1781),  
was won by mounted frontiersmen, fighting  
on foot; no artillery, wiping out  
Colonel Fergusons band of Tories, ~~the~~  
~~the worst part~~, bent on raiding the  
Carolina-Virginia border. The  
frontier men, under Colonel Cleveland,  
Melby and Campbell, had the cloud  
of stopping the Tory army, or being  
plundered and killed separately.  
Kings Mountain, like San Jacinto,  
remarkable for the large "mortality"  
among the defeated "forces". Most  
historians treat this aspect of the battle  
tenderly; but the truth is little,  
for ~~there~~ no quarter, was given Tories  
and "Mexicans" who may have  
offered to "surrender" in little  
band of Tories" in the North after  
Kings Mountain, or Mexicans in  
Texas following San Jacinto.



W. W. Woodward in his excellent  
"Washington" takes the view the Revolution  
(1776) was needlessly prolonged because  
of General Washington's predilection for  
the use of "artillery"; and formal  
"Military Courtesy" and pitched battles,  
none of which is classed as "decisive";  
save "Pequot", alone, (1777), largely  
forgot by frontiersmen from New England  
rendered desperate, in part, because  
the British army was accompanied  
by overgrown H. Indian Indians from  
Canada, who had harassed their  
frontiers for generations. (Read Ken Roberts "Rogers Rangers"  
and "North-West Passage.")  
Fifty "Civil War" reading recommended  
as to "why" we lost the War, to Mrs.  
Chestnut's Diary (edited by Ben  
Ames Williams); and the latter  
"House Divided" (Mr. Williams  
was born in the South and "raised"  
in Connecticut - therefore competent to  
judge). - Lastly, "Gone with the  
Wind" is a vivid account of General  
Sherman's carrying on while "Marching  
through Georgia". A few good  
ambuscades, in force, and mobile troops  
could have been most unpleasant  
while Lee was keeping General Grant  
amused at Petersburg,



356  
It is a fact, documented, that R. E. Lee  
in person had headquarters in the "Tall  
House" (still in use as restaurant and  
felling station) as previously referred to.  
Summer and Autumn of 1861, while he made  
futile "advances" far as Mingo Flats in  
Randolph County.

McClellan's staff, was young Colonel John  
Washington, nephew of the first President,  
who later was ambushed and killed  
by a sharp-shooter (named Sharp) while  
reconnoitering at Bear Elk-water,  
of which more anon, in a chapter of  
the Sharpshooters of Flaty Fork of Elk-

any-way, while the considerable forces  
in West Virginia almost forgotten,  
by Richmond; President Jeff Davis  
and Secretary of War Benjamin - with  
their generals Beauregard, Bee and  
others leisurely prepared for a  
"Decisive" Battle (Bull Run, July 1861)  
and the equally "slow" McClellan  
prepared to "crush" the "rebels" -  
so much so that President Abraham  
Lincoln requested the "loan" of the  
Army if General McClellan had no  
immediate use for it!

Dr. George Douglas McNeill has well  
written of Lee's 1861 Campaign in the  
Mountains that it added less than  
nothing to his fame as Commander.



376

As a Commander of Armies, General Lee had the rare quality of "likeability" by his soldiers. Reasonably courageous, a fighting general, he mingled with the troops, exposed himself in battle, and shared the hardships of the camp.

In 1861, a professional soldier, inured to the Command of a "Citizens' Infantry" and no mountaineer, (like "Stewarts" Jackson) patience and hardship accompanied his Campaign.

"Mounted Infantry", Mobile, instead of foot soldiers and artillery, could have, with effective ambuscade, made it discouraging for "invaders", especially. Such troops were

later organized (1863) by West Virginia notably the 10th W. Va. Infantry, that played a part at Droop Mountain (1863).

The war game, played without intricate ~~and~~ laws, would have suited our resolute volunteers from Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee, making

of Lees Command. Trees could have served as "breast works," and Mountains for Artillery "emplacements."

It is said that when a group of men from the 12th Georgia reported to their Commander "they" had not come that far from home to run from.



35  
Houkees; the Regiment was threatened  
with Mass "arrest" for insubordination!

The incident of 1st Lt. Woods Price  
~~formal~~ Call (the Captain McNeel's Company  
of Rangers - 19th Cavalry) formal Call on  
General Lee. at the Bull House Headquarters  
has been referred to. To the General  
document about inquiry why he was  
not "with his Regiment". Uncle Woods  
could only reply that some of the  
Companies were engaged in "outing",  
as familiar with the mountains; also  
awaiting Call to assemble and keep  
in check. Captain Walt Allen's equally  
aggressive band of Northern Rangers,  
for the most part bent on horse stealing.  
It will be recalled the three Price  
brothers were quartered at their home  
when surprised in 1863, Uncle Calvin  
wounded in the thigh and Uncle James  
taken to Camp Chase, Ohio.

"Uncle" Harry McDowell, ex-slave,  
once told me that he, personally, could  
see "no sense" in making war by  
"scouts" running horses to death" to  
inform General Lee that his "rear"  
was threatened ~~by an~~ advance in Bath  
or 9 miles further, or that  
McClellan was advancing up the  
Lyguts and Elk valleys, whereupon  
the General would order a new



358

stand for the artillery, and cutting  
more high trees, in the road far side  
of Elk Mountain, to be laboriously  
removed when an advance or retreat  
was ordered.

It is a fact Lee got his Artillery  
out of the mountains, while foraging  
and abandoning wagons loaded  
with munitions and small arms.

With the military (1776-1861) it was  
fashionable to estimate the out-come of  
a military force by the number of  
"guns," East or West! Even "Old  
Hewell," himself an artillery man,  
insisted on "Securing the guns," also  
"a well-burrow," if necessary, <sup>even</sup>

Furthermore, it is clear that Lee's  
Army in Western Virginia was neglected  
in the matter of supply, in part unavoidably  
but more by criminal sloth and cupidity  
of "Contractors," and other vermin.  
Many years ago an interesting  
~~fact~~ book was published anonymously by  
a volunteer soldier in the ranks of the  
8th Tennessee Infantry. Some years  
ago this book ran serially in the  
Pocahontas Times, most interesting,  
following the Campaign through in detail  
to its debacle. Rich Mountain and  
Chant. There was no need for  
withholding his name - he told nothing



35-9  
put the truth; but published soon following  
the war, ~~some~~ night and many soldiers  
yet living, ~~some~~ might have considered  
the author too "revealing", and made  
subject to reprisals.

The book, clipped from the Times, is  
a valued feature of a voluminous  
Scrap-book which I have.

That Lees Army used Martins Butte  
as principal "base" until late fall  
is attested by stone pile remains of  
"Chimneys", ~~emplacements~~ and trenches  
emplacing above the Bridge far as the  
Island Ford; also two well populated  
"Cemeteries" before described. Forts  
were made far as Mingo Flats and  
Elkwater meanwhile; until Gamits  
retreat, and death at Appriss Ford,  
while suspecting the "rear" made  
retreat in haste from the Mountains  
inevitable.

General McClellans success in  
clearing Western Virginia of "Rebel"  
forces a feature of his promotions  
and elevation to Supreme Command  
by President Lincoln. McClellan  
was able, and lucky. He "stopped"  
the Confederacy at Sharpsburg, and  
extricated his Army from the Peninsula  
(1862) when the "Rebellers" was in flower.



Also giving numbers to spare and informers.

360  
Poorly supplied, with shelter and food  
bedding, medicine and clothing. The  
Army lay in leafy tents and huts  
in the mud of Marquis Battons, and  
many perished of enteric disease, typhoid  
and dysentery. Something could have  
been done by returning the useless  
"artillery" to the low-lands, making  
an occasional sanitary "change of  
base". Also giving our "resolute"  
young volunteers from Georgia a chance  
"to run from Yankees" or over-running  
their encampments, giving no quarter,  
as Lousy invaders of the South-land!  
Kipling's "Mesopotamia", 1917, gives  
an exact picture <sup>of the</sup> Western Vagabond  
Campaign, 1861 -

They shall not return to us, the  
Desolate, the Young;  
The eager and whole-hearted whom  
we gave;  
But the men who left them there  
to die in their own land,  
Shall they come in years and hours  
to the grave?

(Twelve pages this morning, - 430 - 9 am -  
despite my "accident" last evening  
this morning - a genuine "draw".



361

Monday - 12/14/59 - 4.30 AM -  
Clear - Cool - The nearly full moon sitting  
over Price Hill. 5 AM: The sun rising over  
the Eastern Mountains. 7.35 AM - "No Heavens  
declare the glory of God; the earth sheweth  
his handiwork; day unto day uttereth  
speech; night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"Imperfect sympathies:-

Particularly of late, I have been impressed  
by the fertility that shines in the faces of  
women and men, of ~~all~~ middle age -  
even old. You seldom see a silly  
expression among the Jews. Gains and  
the pursuit of gain sharpen a man's visage.  
I never heard of an idiot born among  
them. Some admire the Jewish <sup>female</sup> physiognomy.  
I admire it but with trembling. I all had  
those full dark inscrutable eyes.  
In the Negro countenance you will  
often meet with strong traces of benignity.  
I have felt drawn to these countenances  
towards some of these faces - or rather  
masks - that have looked out kindly  
upon me in casual encounters on the  
street and highway. - These "images of  
God out in ebony." But I would not  
like to associate with them, to share my  
meals and my good nights with them -  
because they are black.

I borrow from Charles Lamb's excellent Essay  
of "Mad This Chapter: Casto Quakers."  
"I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship  
- But I cannot like the Quakers (as  
Desdemona would say) "to live with them."



I should <sup>362</sup>stare at their primitive beauty.  
My appetites are too high for the salads  
which (according to Evelyn) "I've prepared  
dressed for the angel."

Though I love to behold beauty,  
benignity and intelligence in the faces  
of many aged women and men, of all  
races, I ~~would~~ should not choose to  
associate daily with them, or even  
~~live~~ in the same house with any - "To  
live with them!"  
So much for "Imperfect Sympathies".

Major General Daniel Sickles, U.S. Army  
(Volunteers - 1861)  
(1823 - 1914)

Congressman, from New York City; Ambassador  
to Spain (where he married a Spanish  
Lady); Commander of the 6th Corps, U.S. Army  
at the sorry battle of Chancellorsville, March,  
1863; hero of Gettysburg, where he  
lost his right leg at the hip, July 2, 1863,  
in the "Peach Orchard" repulsing  
General James Longstreet's Corps in  
this drive on the Union left, at  
Little Round Top, which if left  
by Longstreet men would have been  
decisive.

Dan Sickles neglected to write his  
autobiography, and if a good biography  
exists I am not aware of it. G. J. J.  
Met General Sickles, July 2, 1913, at his  
"headquarters" on the Emmitsburg Road  
(a farm house); shook him by the hand,



363

And as a "Son of a Confederate soldier,"  
gave him the time of day! Then in his  
90th year, he sat in a porch alone,  
his empty right trouser leg trailing on  
the floor - next year (1914) war  
"broke out" in Europe. Another story.

The high ranking hero of the Yankee  
Army at the battle, his leg mangled by  
a base shot and amputated "on the  
field" without any other assistance than  
stiff shots of Brandy, ~~for the General~~  
not even named as an honored guest  
at the 50th anniversary of the battle, by  
a motley "Regular Army" in charge  
of the celebration, they met the first  
Don't "Re-unions" of the Civil War (1861)  
old and infirm, in "Disgrace";  
whereupon Dan Fickles rented the farm  
house, near the "Peach orchard" as head-  
quarters, ~~which were~~ shared by Mrs. James  
Long Street - also a voluntary "guest"  
of the "Committee" in arrangements.

For Congressman Fickles' "fall from grace"  
began, before the war, when he shot and  
killed his socially prominent son of friend  
Deat Kay, man about town in Washington  
who had held rendezvous with Fickles  
Spanish-born wife in a <sup>little</sup> sordid house on  
K Street. Not specially planned  
or prosecuted for killing the ~~blackguard~~ <sup>no account</sup>  
Kay, Gen. Fickles' "disgrace" ~~was in public~~  
estimation, was <sup>in</sup> forgiving his wife  
and restoring his home life. Mrs.  
Daniel Fickles died a few years thereafter.



I may add, that <sup>364</sup> as a one-legged general,  
Lyle saw no active service after  
decisive Gettysburg. A current super-  
stition in the war was that maimed  
generals were unlucky. One-legged  
Maj. Gen. Dick Cune ~~was~~ recommended a  
Army Corps at Gettysburg, making a crucial  
turn on the July 3, 1861.

The destruction of the 5th Army Corps  
at Chancellerville, by Gen. St. Guenue -  
Hewell Jackson's tragic historic;  
Jackson losing his left arm in the melee,  
(and his life) in the melee. Perhaps  
if Jackson had survived amputation, <sup>and</sup>  
and resumed command, his "luck"  
might have failed ~~else~~ thereafter -  
who knows.

St. Gen. John Hood lost his leg at  
Chancellerville; he commanded at the  
Battle of Atlanta - and <sup>was</sup> defeated  
by a resolute citizenry (and the Army)  
had burned the city of Atlanta, instead  
of leaving it to the Parsonist General  
Sherman, <sup>to burn</sup> had risen en-masse, cutting  
the ~~enemy~~ <sup>Army</sup> ~~communications~~ supplies and  
ambushing the Army and its "bummers"  
on ~~at~~ every hand, a different story  
might have been told of "Marching  
through Georgia!" A second  
"Jamestown," also attending to  
"Native Tories" - (Unionists) by drum-  
head court-martial, or shot or right.

Gen. St. Guenue - one arm  
recommended



365  
As to 'Tories' elsewhere in the South,  
and in Western Virginia (1861) they  
also should have been exterminated  
early in the war - or driven North.

(Set the fields of indecision,  
Bleach the bones of many thousands")

My Mother's first cousin, the ~~federal~~  
Congressman, Botts, of Culpeper County,  
is yet a favorite with Northern Historians  
of the Civil War as a leading 'Tory' of  
the South. Too old for military  
duty, yet an agent of disruption  
and should have been shot for error.  
Yet his full page picture, and his  
Mansion in Culpeper - spared by the  
Yankees appears in the Photographic  
History of the Civil War. In the same  
volume (no. x) a full page picture  
of Colonel John Morley and his officers  
including my second cousin  
J. H. Norman V. Randolph appears.  
"House Divided", and Mrs. Mary  
Christman's "Civil War Diary" - in def.  
not forgetting "Gone with the Wind".

As to General Pickens further "disgrace"  
black-balled by the Army "administration"  
vide 1913. For past the normal span,  
old and poor, denied "retirement" as  
a general not of the Regular Army,



366

New York State gave in his case certain funds to be disbursed for the State Monument Commission. In the course of time, Dem. Peoples accounts were found short, in some degree, irretrievably lost, ~~these~~ <sup>thereby</sup> to be provided by the Regular Army and New York Finances (who only steal legally) as one to be shunned - for being found out.

~~that~~ Ambassador Benjamin Franklin, whose principal business for ten years in Europe, was to manufacture, by treaty and diplomacy France into the War for the ~~idea~~ our side, and supplied with public funds. The outcome was excessive with France as ally on the sea and over here.

After his return home, and old, his attention was called to a shortage in book-keeping, perhaps ~~the~~ <sup>on</sup> ground.

Franklin's Coal retort is classic:  
"Nuzzle not the ox that treadeth  
out the corn."

His name Franklin revered and respected lives. His incomplete auto-biography is admirable, but did not reach the period of his life spent in Europe during the American Revolution. If written, he probably would have dismissed



366

New York State gave in his case certain funds to be disbursed for the State Monument Commission. In the course of time, Dem. People's accounts were found 'short' in some degree, irretrievably lost, ~~therefore~~ <sup>therefore</sup> to be provided by the Regular Army and New York finances (who only steal legally) as one to be shunned - for being found out.

~~When~~ Ambassador Benjamin Franklin, whose principal business for ten years in Europe, was to manoeuvre, by treaty and diplomacy France into the war ~~for the~~ <sup>on the</sup> our side, and supplied with public funds. The outcome was excessive with France as ally on the sea and over here.

After his return home, and old, his attention was called to a shortage in book-keeping, perhaps ~~ten~~ <sup>ten</sup> ground.

Franklin's cool retort is classic:

"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth  
out the corn."

The name Franklin revered and respected lives. His incomplete auto-biography is admirable, but did not reach the period of his life spent in Europe, during the American Revolution. If written, he probably would have dismissed certain incidents then, as previously in his life, as "errors".



Monday 12/17/59 - 367  
3.30 AM.

I sent my soul through the invincible  
Long letter of the after life to spell;  
And by and by my soul returned to me  
And whispered "They thyself art Heavely  
And Well." — Ruben at.

In my entry of Saturday, Dec. 12, I noted  
the day before conversing with Attorney  
R. F. Currence, in the Clerk's Office at the  
Courthouse, he appeared in unusually  
good health and cheer. For some years  
past I had noted — with disapproval — in  
his demeanor a certain impatience, even  
rudeness, at times, which I chose to think  
because of "incompetence" in me. This I  
resented, to the extent of writing him  
to employ any attorney he chose, though  
in "instructions" filed with Currence I had  
named him as preferred attorney. As a  
long-time paying client I did not under-  
stand such rudeness.

December 15, 2 pm he ~~was~~ seized (became  
ill on the golf course, and returning to his  
home, died on his own door-step at 49.

An expert "land lawyer," and Bank  
Attorney, noted for well prepared briefs  
in Chancery, and other legal papers; he  
unquestionably led a "Dignified" for many  
years in research and legal "Literature."  
Matters will be made later of the celebrated  
and important case of Fisher Brothers of New  
York, dealers in metals, ~~ag~~ Versus Jander and  
Nunnally Price, et al., (recovery of twenty-  
three thousand Dollars (Vocalities from Company)  
# Another story.



Last evening at 368 PM. I cremated Dick  
Currence's body at the Mortuary and signed  
the Registrar's Ceremonially. The burial  
today at 2 pm. in the McNeill Plot  
adjacent to the Price lot on Century Ridge.  
He resided in the Hamrick Mausoleum  
Hamilton Field. Industrious, he cultivated  
a large and excellent garden, as one of  
his exercise hobbies; also for beauty  
and utility. That his garden, even his  
house, encroached on the Confederate  
Cemetery ~~original~~ reservation - was unfortunate.  
This error committed by the builders  
of the Hamrick ~~mausoleum~~ and attached houses  
many years ago, but in my recollection,  
there were stones marking goldens graves  
on both sides of the old ~~burial~~  
wall ~~spring~~ and Merlins Bottoms ~~tombs~~.  
About one acre of second growth white  
fak - now well grown - had been  
allowed to spring up in the "Cemetery".

In 1943, at age 35, Dick Currence  
"joined the War" (Navy) as a Lt. Junior grade.  
His action was voluntary, being at the  
time ~~an~~ an elected County official (attorney)  
and following "school" in Navigation and  
Seamanship put in command of a small  
freighter, or "beach boat" operating among  
the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.  
The usual "disillusionments" of modern  
war in far places resulted. His  
service was honorable, in the highest



369

degree, but ~~ordained~~ <sup>in a</sup> degree, as I  
can well understand from personal  
experience in the army of 1918. Military  
life is ~~boresome~~, at times dull, and may  
be tragic - even comic. - ~~St~~ Currence told  
me that at one time his ~~Be~~ beach boat  
was engaged in carrying bananas!  
- through in stormy and Japanese  
infested seas!

The navy, as well as the army, moves  
on its belly, so it is necessary to get  
there first with the most - bananas -  
or other foods.

Richard Forrest Currence, age 49 years,  
Gentleman, Soldier and Scholar, his  
early death lamented -

We shall rest, and, faith, we  
~~shall~~ <sup>will</sup> need it; -

Lie down for an hour or two,  
Til the Master of All Good Workmen  
shall put us to work anew!

- Kipling

Captain Jacob Marshall, -  
1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry, U. S. Army

Jacob Marshall and his brother Ezekiel  
at an early day came from Eastern  
Virginia and spent the remainder of  
their days at Mingo and Mingo Falls  
Randolph County.



Later, both were soldiers in the Southern Army, Jacob commanding a Company of Rangers, their efforts directed to holding Western Virginia against Federal domination. Known as Captain Marshall's Company of the 19th Cavalry. Captain Marshall was present with his command at Droop Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863; later in the Valley at Cedar Creek, receiving a chest wound from which he suffered all the remainder of his life, dying in 1896.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of Attorney Adam See, who in turn was son-in-law of Jacob Warwick. Prior Biography of Giles that Adam See was the largest land-owner that ever resided in Randolph County, much of it derived from Jacob Warwick land.

Hezekiah Marshall also owned a land on the Middle Mountain, Dry Branch road, where his son Clyde Marshall lately resided.

~~The sons of Mrs Elizabeth Marshall~~ died in early middle age, the Captain remaining a single until his death.

Their sons were Peyatt, Cecil, Ligon and Adam Marshall; daughters Mary and Elizabeth Nina, who married the brothers Ed Lam and Ed Holt.

Merchants late 19th Century at Marlinton and Hillsboro. Older citizens remember the beautiful and cultured Mary and Nina Marshall - Holt.



371

All six children of Captain Marshall were schooled in Lewisburg, Hillsboro and Marlinton.

Lamuel and Edward Halt, brothers born in Putnam County, Kanawha Valley, well educated and merchants, having married the Marshall sisters, built department stores in Marlinton and Hillsboro about 1892. Both are remembered as gentlemen-merchants, prominent in Presbyterian Church work. Due to reverses in business in the fall of 1893, they and their families removed elsewhere. The store built in Marlinton only this year (1894) removed removed to make room for the new "Golden" Building, owned by Mrs Fannie Golden-Oberholt.

Cecil Marshall, epileptic from birth, nonetheless a student in Prof. Mack Byrds Academy, Marlinton, in 1894, with his brothers Ligon and Adam.

Cecil Marshall later married Miss Gay; lived and died on his ~~large~~ portion of land ~~in~~ Valley Marlinton. Despite his affliction always a gentleman. Country landed gentleman, as befitting his ancestry. His death occurred about 1910.



342  
At this time (1905) Dr. Wm. T. Cameron  
who lived on his ranch nearby on the  
Valley Mountain, had removed for  
the winter to Breckinridge to school  
his two daughters.

Adam Marshall, youngest of the  
brothers, died of malignant typhoid  
fever, at his home, about 1899.  
He was a promising lad, well  
educated, who would have acquitted  
himself well as a Country gentleman,  
in business and politics.

Ligon Marshall graduated in  
Medicine in Baltimore, Maryland, in  
1896, and for a year or two set up  
practice in Marlinton. Not very successful  
in gaining practice, ~~as~~ being young and  
inexperienced and among "home folks,"  
and relatives, he removed to the Valley  
at Dayton and Broadway, where he  
married and practiced rural medicine  
until his death in an automobile  
about 1930. A daughter survives.

Dr. Ligon Marshall is remembered  
as a handsome young man, and  
always a gentleman. Perhaps the life  
traditional life as a Country ~~Gentleman~~<sup>farmer</sup>  
and rancher would have better suited  
him as a life vacation, rather than  
the Practice of Rural Medicine.



372 373

I knew Cecil Marshall well, and as a relative of the Jacob ~~at~~ Warwick line sympathized with him. His Malady, at times, took the form of a "fixation" with numerous seizures continuing for days, threatening death - from exhaustion. I recall a visit, horse-back, in the winter of 1905 to his home to attend him. Night approaching when I arrived at the Dry Branch of Elk, Harvey Doyle, (1872-1959) agreed to pilot me a "Near way" or Short-Cut over the Mountains by the James Hedden ranch. In the forest and at night, even Harvey Doyle found difficulty on the trail, but we finally arrived late at night at the Marshall Home. The prolonged seizure of ~~4<sup>th</sup>~~ ~~the~~ Grand Mal had about worn away, and I returned to Martinsburg the next day. Cecil recovered, ~~at the time~~, living for several years thereafter.

I mention this as an incident of early ~~Medical~~ Practice of medicine, a ~~single~~ ~~rescue~~ <sup>rescue</sup>, more than fifty miles on horse, ~~3<sup>rd</sup>~~ ~~hours~~ <sup>hours</sup> at a price - fee fifteen Dollars.



Peyatt Marshall, the dominant brother, after the millinery school and the death of Captain Marshall, married Mary Beatty, one of four beautiful and cultured sisters, and lived at the Marshall home. He became Sheriff of Randolph County, early 20th Century, and the leading citizen of the Negro flats, in the heart of the English Colony, whose member of the best English life he had observed since his boyhood.

Sheriff Marshall developed fine executive ability, and added to the extensive Marshall lands. He was of fine appearance and personality, a leader in the community. I have been his guest, on one occasion called in professionally in some minor ailment of the children. When I, of course had occasion to observe and admire Mrs. Mary Marshall, for beauty and fine house-keeping and table service, as the happy mother of several children.

I will add that Peyatt and Mrs. Marshall are tenaciously loyal to their family physician, Painsman as well, Dr. W. T. Camery. Long as he was available and able to treat them.



374 375

Place, Sheriff Marshall assisted me  
when called to attend an injured  
Man, Charles Beale, Moritt of Dry Branch,  
requiring amputation of the left thumb  
from an axe wound.

Sheriff Peyatt Marshalls ~~son~~  
death occurred, aged not ~~past~~ more  
than fifty years, recollecting the death of  
yester night R. F. Currance. Peyatt  
had sons who have become prominent  
in Professional teaching careers, and  
his ~~will~~ Arthur Lawsons estate  
"Duffys" added to the <sup>razzically</sup> family lands.

~~Mrs~~ Mrs Mary Marshall lived  
tenaciously at the Marshall Place  
for more than thirty years following  
Peyatt's death, dying in 1958.

The ancient homestead a ruin,  
a new house was built near by  
where she lived with relatives, until  
the end; all her children removed  
elsewhere, but supplying her with  
every need; besides her own  
right of tenure in extensive lands.  
Only her sister, the remarkable Portia  
Howard, survives of the George Beale  
family.

In ~~the~~ the autumn of 1945, while  
returning from a call to the Moritt of



378 276  
Dry Branch (old Road) I chanced  
to meet Mrs Marshall, who was on  
foot returning from a visit to neighbors  
or tenants, perhaps. I ~~paused~~ I  
stopped my auto for a brief salutation,  
and regret I did not accept her  
polite invitation to enter her home,  
Near by - in my fancied hurry to  
"return to base" from a "long call"  
which formerly and on a horse would  
have required ~~forty~~ two days -

Mrs Marshall was correctly dressed,  
in some dark material, and of good  
appearance, but in my brief pause, I  
~~felt~~ thought the old vivacity gone -

Thinking this over, as I journeyed  
home I wondered if ~~an~~ an almost  
monastic life for thirty years, where  
"only" picture and book remained, }  
together with age, could have caused }  
deterioration. (I then had not learned  
to observe beauty in the faces of  
the middle-aged and old.)

Later, I did intend to call on Mrs. Marshall  
at some time, and talk about my Beauty  
Sisters and her parents, but never did.

This I regret. Long after, within the  
past three years, I learned from Liza, Landa,  
tenant on Marshall land, that "Mrs Marshall's  
mind was unbalanced" ~~but she died~~  
eventually, at home, attended by her sons.



Friday - 12/1859 377

3.30 A.M. - A gentle rain (winter)  
yesterday and this morning. Bridge and  
8th Street (2d and 3d Avenues) open for traffic  
if necessary -

It is but a Tent where takes his morning Rest  
A Sultan to the Realm of Death addressess  
The Sultan rises and the Dark Ferrash  
strikes, and prepares it for another guest.  
Visited the open grave in Forenoon; no one  
in the Cemetery; T. Sumner McNeil, lat.  
The Tent of the Dark Ferrash over the grave -  
an excellent modern custom

"When walking among the graves of your  
fellows step carefully - Your own grave  
lies open at your feet" -

— Ambrose Bierce

I noted, with concern, no Vault had been  
provided - an oversight - as in Brother  
Calvin's grave - prevents unseemly sinking of earth.

Returned to the office, the day spent  
pleasantly - ~~at~~ The new pavement opened  
for the funeral cortege - the first dead  
man to pass over -

Promptly at 2 p.m. I put on my "Trench  
Coat" - with insignia the 14th Divisions (1918)  
and repaired on foot to the Church. The  
house was filled but got my preferred  
seat, rear row.

A fine display of funeral exotic flowers,  
which I approve at funerals - and hang the  
expense - although the family had requested  
that "Flowers be omitted".  
When I entered the preacher ~~was~~  
(either Pierce or Pines) was intoning through his



378

None and without expression from the  
Word, followed by lengthy prayers —  
also without much grace. Educated,  
though young, Rev. Pierce (or Pinch) may  
learn if granted length of days, the  
music (no voices) low on the new <sup>pipe</sup> Kram-  
Jackson Organ, excellent.

I admired the exterior, interior and  
location of the Presbyterian Church, on the  
site of the old building, near the bridge  
and on Main Street of Marlinton. I was  
a member of the Building Committee in  
1915 — and contributed Five Hundred  
Dollars — well spent. Elder Edward  
David King, (a veteran and a good man)  
the Contractor-builder — at a record low price  
Ten Thousand Dollars — Complete. (1915).

The Benediction pronounced — lifelessly —  
~~and~~ the large assembly arose as if by one  
impulse and hurried from ~~the~~ the room, as  
though pursued by the very Demons of unrest.  
The Portage and Morimers also left with  
needless haste, entered Autos and took  
off at speed.

I also arose from my rear seat, in the  
left of entrance, but stood my ground, —  
waiting the last to leave.

"Come one, Come all, this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."

— Rodentik Dhu.

"Kaya Con Dios."



Wed - 11/18/99 256

Call - 3 PM - Below freezing, and result of a  
"Montana" Blizzard. As usual,  
left in a fireless room, windows open to  
the north a bit, cold for age. Road  
and bridge building being hampered  
by the freeze; delay in finishing due to  
unwise, ~~delay~~ faulty engineering.  
Mrs. Mary Vance McClutic -  
(1830-1910)

Named for her great-grandmother Mary  
Vance Warwick; Mary Vance McClutic,  
devout, a Presbyterian from a girl. Those  
hard to by example and discipline  
to train and educate a turbulent  
husband and five sons, all born  
in the period of the Great War (1861)  
all ~~are among~~ <sup>have joined</sup> the "innumerable host,"  
and within the Covenant of grace.  
In a quiet way, she was dominant in  
the family; a landed proprietor in her  
own right. One of the family enterprises  
the McClutic "grist" mill, processing  
wheat, corn and buck-wheat, powered  
by a "race" and "flume" turbine from  
Leavada Creek. The mill a successor  
of the Mrs. Phoebe McKie Mill, written  
of by my father, and where he as a  
young boy carried "grists" horseback,  
also, as a boy toted horseback, ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup>  
or a mule, many grists to the McClutic  
mill, and awaited my turn for service.



257  
Mr. Bell Hunt McClutic, so husband of  
Crisin Mary, of the Betty County family,  
and veteran of the "Ball Spreaders", the  
Virginia Cavalry - a man of violent  
temper, on occasion he was subject  
to rages, approaching insanity in this  
violence; possibly a ~~re-acting~~ <sup>re-acting</sup> from  
~~the war~~ active service in war; a  
divergence from that of many Confederate  
Veterans, also all this remaining  
life were noted for piety.

It had been told that at times, Mr.  
Bell Hunt ~~had~~ had an aura of a  
temperamental "fit" or explosion,  
when he would warn his beloved  
wife to "go in the house" so that she  
would not be grieved by his violent  
language and actions. At such  
times he has been known to shoot  
down refractory horses, or cattle,  
and abandon their carcasses to the  
fox and the raven.

I believe such violence was rare,  
and repented of and apologized for.  
As the manager of a large landed  
estate, respected, even feared, by the  
neighbors, as a man not to be  
tampered with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutic is  
from occasional visits to the  
farm to gather cherries, at Crisin  
Mary's invitation, and mindful



267  
Mr. Bell Hunt McClutchie, Jr. husband of  
Crisin Mary, of the Bath County family  
and veteran of the "Ball Spreaders", with  
Virginia Cavalry. A man of violent  
temper, on occasion he was subject  
to rages, approaching insanity in this  
violence; possibly a ~~propagator~~ <sup>reproach</sup> from  
~~the war~~ active service in war; a  
divergence from that of many Confederate  
Veterans, also all their remaining  
life were noted for piety.

I have been told that, at times, Mr.  
Bell Hunt ~~had~~ had an aura of a  
temperamental "fit" or explosions,  
when he would warn his beloved  
wife to "go in the house" so that she  
would not be grieved by his violent  
language and actions. At such  
times he has been known to shoot  
down refractory horses, or cattle,  
and abandon his carcasses to the  
fox and the crows.

I believe such violence was rare,  
and repented of and apologized for.  
As the Manager of a large landed  
estate, respected, even feared, by the  
neighbors, as a man not to be  
tampered with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutchie is  
when on occasional visits to the  
farm to gather cherries, at Crisin  
Mary's invitation, and mindful



of our families needs. I stood in awe of my cousin's husband, because of his reputed violence; and on one occasion meeting him, horseback, on my farm, I thought he rather disapproved of an agile youth over-running his cherry trees. Derisively, his square expression was habitual, misinterpreted. At that time, the region abounded with in ~~sweet~~ cherry and black cherry trees, usually growing from seedlings in fence rows. This fine fruit tree, like the chestnut, almost extinct because of parasitic infections.

"We shall not admit that old stars and brighter planets arise;  
That the rare bush buds, and the desert blooms  
And the ancient well-head dries;  
Or ~~and~~ with newer compass, newer men adventure 'north' new skies."

The Mattheas family cemetery is on the parcel at Mill Pond, where cousin Mary Vane McClintic and her husband William Henry McClintic are buried.

Lackhart Mattheas McClintic was educated as a Lawyer; spent his entire life in Pocahontas County; served as County attorney and member of the State



289  
Legislature, and successful as a  
practicing Attorney. By circumstances  
he was denied his Principal Political  
ambition to become Judge of the  
Circuit, mainly because the office was  
usually won by residents of the  
more populous Counties, Greenbrier  
and Monroe. My friend Frank  
D. Hill was defeated for Circuit Judge  
at a time when his election appeared  
to be assured, as has been related in  
his memoir. Only once has this  
well paid and honorable office been  
filled by a Pocahontas County native  
Judge Sumner H. May, who yet lives  
a citizen of Marlinton, No. Meade City.  
Mrs "Jack" McClintic, Alice (or  
Ellie) one of seven beautiful slaves  
sisters, notable in their day, had  
of Greenbrier at Bartons. She has  
recently died at the great age 94  
years, competent to the last.  
Mr. McClintic died in 1928, and is  
buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.  
Surviving children; John Hunter  
McClintic is a lawyer of Charleston and  
partner in the Savage & Beaver Dam  
family estate together with Mrs Bettie  
McClintic.  
Captain John S. McClintic, a comrade  
at the first officers training camp, Fort  
Harris, May, 1914

It is recalled the beautiful Hallie Catterall - / married  
a niece of Mrs. Alice McClintic. She yet lives, married  
the second time, in North Carolina.



260  
Mrs. J. H. McClutic the daughter of the late  
C. A. Demison, who came from Hagerstown  
Maryland, as is remembered as Meyer  
of the Demison Lumber Mills, the  
name a combination of Demison and  
Maryland. Mrs. McClutic, ~~blindness~~, was  
crippled in ~~her~~ early middle life from  
the effects of anti-rabies vaccine  
administered. A horse dog was  
pronounced rabid. For a time  
her fate was despaired of, and she  
also became nearly blind. The  
danger of the vaccine is admitted,  
even in its present form, especially  
if given in the absence of wound  
or dog-bite. Rabies, usually  
in human life, occurs from the bite  
of animals, is a terrible and  
incalculably fatal infection; so the  
~~an~~ occasional risk of anaphylaxis  
must be endured.

Personally, I do not like horse  
dogs; in this I agree with Bernard  
Shaw, who recommended a tiger,  
or especially a cheetah, to his friend  
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as a companion  
in age. Bernard said he had  
tried the last - a cheetah.

The tragic death of young George  
McClutic, aged 8 years, commented -  
was occurred from falling from a horse  
and trampled while returning with



with companions from falling in Knappa  
Creek, year <sup>261</sup> ~~1898~~ 1896-  
Mrs. Mary McClintic - Hendy, twice  
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton  
for a good many years she was  
deputy-clerk of the County Court,  
and widely known to County people  
and in Clarksburg. Over a period of years, she has  
been collecting stamps, and has an  
extensive and valuable collection.

A strange mortality has prevailed  
in the Mattheos-McClintic family;  
now in the sixth generations of the  
Jacob Warwick line.

Miss Lockhart McClintic, only  
daughter and child of Mr. John Ware,  
and Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore  
who live on a portion of the Levay's  
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second  
year student at Wellsley <sup>College</sup> and  
is the only survivor in her  
generation of the McClintic  
family in Pocahontas County -  
~~elsewhere~~, ~~as is known to me~~.  
Laura Lock McClintic, my relative  
and much older than I, sometimes



261  
with companions from Battling in Knappa  
Creek, year ~~1898~~ 1896-

Mrs. Mary McClintic - Hendricks; twice  
married, and childless, lives in Maryland.  
For a good many years she was  
deputy-clerk of the County Court,  
and widely known to County people  
and in Charleston. Over a period of years, she has  
been collecting stamps, and has an  
extensive and valuable collection.

A strange mortality has ~~prevailed~~  
in the Mattheos-McClintic family,  
now in the sixth generations of the  
Jacob Warwick line.

Miss Lockhart McClintic, only  
daughter and child of Mr. John Moore,  
and Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore  
who live on a portion of the Levay's  
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second  
year student at Wellesley College, and  
is the only survivor in her  
generation of the McClintic  
family in Pocahontas County - or  
elsewhere, ~~as far as is known to me~~.  
Langer Lock McClintic, my relative  
and much older than I, sometimes  
differs violently on matters of public  
policy, after I gained a seat on the  
County Court, but always courteous.



In his last years he was sympathetic  
relatives and friends.

Both Cousins "Loek" and "Wiz"  
were social drinkers, in their youth  
and manhood on occasion. Once  
I attended, by invitation, a banquet  
~~put forth~~ and drinking party  
given by the contractor Mr. Griffin  
for the stone work on the new Court  
house then in course of building,  
the year 1894.

Griffin and his nephew, the King  
brothers and Larry May, married  
for the winter in Marlinton because  
of Pocahontas County was in financial  
trouble, due to Sheriff Mayor  
Crawford's mortgage on the  
cash - and the depression of 1893 -

Brother Sam and Andrew were  
among the guests; also the Poor  
Association of the County; Perhaps  
other of the "Court House Ring."

The meeting place Mr. C. A. Yeager  
Hotel, Mrs. Alice (Allie) Yeager  
Hostess. I was strangely out  
of place, a youth of twenty years, who  
totally abstained from drinking  
and the mild gambling following.  
I enjoyed the banquet, marvelled  
at the antics of some of the  
exhilarated guests, and left early!  
But that is another story.



I have referred <sup>263</sup> to differences of Public Policy with Cousin "W.B.". In the year 1916 I was a candidate for re-election to the County Court. The previous year had witnessed the gigantic effort to complete the concrete-steel bridge, replacing the wooden arch structure, one of the State of Virginia "internal improvements" bonded at the strategic fording junction of three Turnpike Roads - also bonded internal improvements.

I may her state, forcibly, that a healthy remembrance of "The Internal Improvement Bonds", antedating the Civil war of 1860, largely kept the Mother State of Virginia on a "pay-as-you-go" Policy to this day, an example that could well have been followed in the year 1920, and for the forty years just past, in the matter of building roads, Bridges and public co-educational schools and colleges, - especially "Turnpike".

W 1916, ~~Woodrow~~ Wilson



Thursday 11/19/59 264

3:30 am - a record record-breaking freeze (Nov. 13, 1911-16+) Last night reported in Charleston, 10+. The year 1911 remembered as a "Dry year." Pouring Cement stopped, for a time, the S. & W. clear, no snow, as yet.

In 1916 a beginning had been made hard surface, the ~~road~~ south of town, far as the Kee Flats; where the road to Swago leaves the Pike, to again join at Buckeye, the distance being about equal. It was known that I favored the old route, Mr. Withrow McClutic strongly in favor of the new. He argued for the new location; also discussed the matter, with some heat, with me personally. (In Parenthesis, I will add, in 1926 the Swago road prevailed, at present part of 219. I still think its status should be that of a secondary road.)

Because of this, and other matters, "W" opposed me actively, both for re-nominations and in the primary, and general election, heretofore mentioned; going so far as to have a pamphlet printed (signed); among other crimes, stating I had written against President Wilson's famous "preparedness" address of the previous year, therefore high treason. A vulnerable point in my record on the commission, and its claimant, was



265-  
we had, illegally, run the Bridge  
Lvy ~~into~~ in advance one year, 1915,  
in order to raise the gigantic sum  
of \$17,500 to complete the Greubiers  
River Bridge, at Martinsburg, a project  
especially promoted by me. Had the  
question been raised at that time, the  
entire Board could, probably, have  
removed from office, as exceeding its  
authority in its ambitious attempts  
to build Bridges.

Mr. Jacob Carey, of Huntersville, was  
my opponent in the Primary election.  
Jacob Carey had come to Pocahontas  
from Hagerstown, therefore an outlander.  
His upbringing as a Catholic not  
favored by some, at that time day  
and time, as the saying goes. But  
his nomination in the May primary, 1916.  
Jacob Carey was an able woods  
foreman, who about the year 1924  
met death by violence, while foreman  
for the Wilson Lumber Company, in Letcher  
County, Kentucky; it is supposed  
in some labor trouble, his death  
being made to appear an "accident"  
on a logging railway. He was  
a good man.

In the general election (Presidential  
and Hotly Contested) the County cast  
a total of 3255 votes; my total  
1655- Mr. ~~Lockwood~~ 1600, my luck holding  
as I still commanded a good part of



266  
the "Northern" vote. The mill men  
bucking to some extent my ambitious  
Road and Bridge Building.  
Like Cresser, I was said to be "ambitious",  
dominating the Commission, in one  
particular retaining the Chairmanship,  
or "President of the Court" the entire  
term of six years, 1910-1916 inclusive.  
As stated, at length, heretofore I  
had discovered the rare faculty of  
concentrating on a subject for hours  
without fatigue; also, in developing  
well laid plans - knowing your own  
mind -; refusing to wander "on the  
plains of indecision," and thus prevail.  
Such political Philosophy, when put  
in effect, necessarily is not popular  
in public life.  
President Woodrow Wilson nearly  
beaten for re-election; so close, in fact,  
Charles Evans Hughes was declared the  
winner on early returns; to be  
upset by the California vote, when  
officially counted; that state supposed  
to be Republican in sentiment.  
The leading Republican at the time  
in California a "son of the wild  
beast" named Hiram Johnson,  
live unto today's Judge Earl Warren.  
Senator Hiram Johnson was aggrieved by  
your fancied slight but on him



267

by my admirable Hughes in the  
Campaign, and retaliated; and  
Wilson was re-elected by the skin  
of his teeth!

By 1916, the World War in Europe had  
settled down to High explosives, trenches,  
Poison gas, ~~at Ciliax~~ America was  
prospering, lending money and selling  
"Munitions of War" to the "Allies".  
With Wilson's secret approval.  
Nevertheless, his Slogan, "He Kept  
us out of war," and "Preparedness"  
was popular with the ignorant, ~~the~~  
and ~~the~~ thoughtless, to some extent.  
A somnolent War Department  
awoke and began recruiting, especially  
the Medical Reserve Corps; and  
many others being invited to join up  
by a form letter from the Surgeon  
General. Never a "Pacifist," and  
open to reason on President Wilson's  
"Preparedness" platform, I journeyed  
to Washington, ~~was~~ examined by Lt. Col.  
McIntosh, M.C., in the Medical  
Library, and duly recommended for  
a Commission as 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Med. R.C.  
~~Being duly~~ signed by the Commander  
in Chief of the Army: <sup>following date</sup> Aug. 22, 1916.  
This Commission carried me, along



268

with Woodrow W. Wilson, into action  
July, when war was declared  
by the Congress, April 6, 1914 - being  
called "to the colors" the following  
~~May~~ by telegram, the May 25, 1914.

Woodrow William Wilson

To his intimates, "Bill" Wilson, a life-  
long Ivy League man, a civilian,  
called from his Ivory tower to be  
Governor of New Jersey, going on to  
be President of the United States.  
A student of history, unable to  
learn from the past, through the  
author of books, entranced by  
ideals of "a League of Nations",  
and confronted with a disagreeable  
"war to end wars"! By virtue of  
his high office, Commander in  
Chief of the "forces"!

His equally naive Secretary of War  
Gree Newton David Baker, "went" to  
his intimates and the Army and Navy;  
in no degree measuring up to his  
~~the~~ responsibilities, fulfilling in  
his high office the description of  
in "The Book of Job" as  
"a servant whom he begetteth, con-  
fusion to the end."



269  
"Good Man" educated, Literate,  
Bill Wilson did not measure up to,  
or near the level, of being a "great"  
President. His long-ruling death,  
caused by "paralysis", in late middle  
age, that of a man "Cursed ~~by~~ of  
his Maker," obstinately holding on  
from a sick bed to his high office.  
He did much that was evil in  
his reign, - lacked understanding.

A Wilsonian cult of Politicians,  
and others, at one time attempted  
to build him up as a mythological  
strong man, describing his manner  
of death as being a "War Casualty".  
If true, it was because of inability  
to meet, and enjoy, responsibility,  
and "rejoice as a strong man to run  
a race," and under the Blessing of  
the Almighty granted long life.  
Wilson had no luck.

In the Book of Kings, Israel had far  
more rulers that "Did evil" than the  
few recorded as "wise and did  
good" during this period. ~~Did~~ That  
which was right in the sight of the  
Almighty. We all are taught to seek  
after wisdom, and meditate upon it,  
both day and night.



240  
The excellent Mrs. W. W. Wilson, dying  
in the White House; she was sincerely  
mourned by her husband. She left  
in his care three marriageable daughters,  
highly "educated" and uncertain age.  
All three soon married, usually as  
"plural wives," ~~as to eligible~~ "contracts"  
while residing in the "White House".

Mr. Wilson, still President and in  
his second term, highly "eligible"  
a frequenter of State Society and the  
Presbyterian Church, had time to cast  
an appraising eye on the ladies.

If time permits, at age 85, I shall  
write a book - at the least a chapter  
on the implications of spiritually of  
true "Marriage"; the true union  
of souls - as well as bodies.

Pure and faithful, enduring "in  
the air", not "until death does us  
part," - as falsely incorporated in  
the usual "religious ceremony" is  
favored by Hollywood ~~characters~~  
and ~~also~~ the pampered "Rich".

The subject is intriguing, and of  
endless imaginings and intuitions.

There is no record that King  
David or even his son King Solomon  
had more than one true, Virginal wife.



27  
Although the strange customs of the  
East permitted these wise Rulers to  
have many morganatic wives and  
concubines; and many sons and  
daughters born in their palaces; all  
"Vandy and vexations of spirit," as  
the poet truly wrote.

As Trader Horn remarked to his  
ghost writer, or apothecary, a bit of humor  
must be added to any memoir:

I quote:  
Solomon and David led merry,  
Merry lives;  
Had many concubines and many  
many wives; (Morganatic!)  
But when old age came creeping on  
with its many, many grinders,  
Solomon wrote the Proverbs,  
and David wrote the Psalms."

On the other hand President Wilson  
had no "wisdom, or knowledge," of  
the demands on a legally "married"  
husband by a Modern American  
wife. In addition to being chinically  
over-fed at home and in hotels,  
he is carried to "dinners," church  
or state; forced to wear "store  
teeth," a long, uncomfortable clothes,  
and endless, increasing "nagging"  
as the helpless "subject" grows older.



272

Denied the refuse of a "Nursing  
home" or "Poor House" because of  
his "Position in Society," and freedom  
from nagging. There is nothing  
left but death!

Enough. The subject will be  
expanded in a forth-coming book,  
unique in its field.

Briefly, President Bill Wilson  
was caught almost at the first cast  
of the hook, by the attractive, ~~childless~~  
widow Edith Ballenger, thus securing  
for a time, her name in history, of  
the distinguished Princess Pocahontas  
descent, a talisman of oaks! Besides,  
she had wealth, her deceased  
former husband a predatory Washington  
Jeweler! She never bore children,  
therefore unfortunate; though "armed  
and equipped for the same".

She "went along" to the Versailles  
Peace Conference. There is documented  
evidence she had ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> at no  
end of club dinners, as well as  
state functions, while Wilson's  
associates Clemenceau and Lloyd  
George "Marked the Cards" and formed  
an unholy alliance to double cross  
and have ~~the~~ Bill Wilson lose our  
Collection National Trust at the  
sessions that followed.



Friday 11/20/59 273

<sup>4 A.M.</sup>  
a frosty night, rising temperatures. Concrete  
work resumed on street, bedded with straw-  
coats. The late "frost" favorable for the  
Persimmon - a fine fruit - if eaten ripe,  
and judiciously. I esteem it a special  
"Providence" to have grown a fine tree  
in Preakness County, where it is rare.  
Eaten as food, slightly laxative and  
diuretic.

~~Drunk with light~~  
"If ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> of Power we loose  
vain ~~things~~ <sup>things</sup> that have not been in awe;  
such boasts as the Gentile use,  
or ~~and~~ lesser Breeds, without the Law -  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet  
Lest we forget. Lest we forget.

In Europe, President Wilson, flattered  
~~Crowned~~ <sup>Crowned</sup> with "World Leadership";  
His nation, and utterances hailed as  
little more of inspiration; befuddled  
with an impractical "League of  
Nations"; forerunner of "United Nations";  
Also unworkable as yet - in an  
Earth planet whose peoples and  
races are, for the most part, "Ruled  
by Servants."

Returning, with Mrs. Edith Bolling -  
Wilson, the President disconcerted by  
finding the Nation largely not  
interested in his Messianic Motions;  
and the Senate refusing to ratify  
his top-heavy Peace Treaty, along  
with the League of Nations; a  
leading opponent Senator Boar of Mississippi.



274  
Followed Dr. Woodrow William Wilson  
"Sales talk" for a League of Nations,  
a dismal failure; his stroke, Paralysis,  
ruled as a "war casualty" by the Wilson cult,  
and early death; but plainly due to bad  
diet, and ~~lack~~ proper exercise with the ax, the  
shovel and the hoe, "in the sweat of his  
brow"; his only known "exercise" and  
occasional round of "Diabetic" Golf, as  
stated ~~diagnosed~~ by Henry L. Manken  
in Mercury Magazine.

Unless the Lord keep the house, they  
Labor in vain that build it. Unless  
My Lord keep the City, the Watchman  
watcheth in vain - (Isaiah)

It is not my purpose to write of Recent  
American History, notably the reigns  
of the False Prophets Harding,  
Coolidge and Lord Robert Hoover,  
in the Roaring Twenties and  
early Thirties of the Century.  
Farewell! and Farewell!

Dr Frank I. McClintic -  
Year 1884, a recent graduate in Medicine  
Dr McClintic came, from Bath County,  
Virginia, locating at Edray. Of  
excellent training and habits; Personable.  
The young doctor ambitious and  
eager that the young Doctor was  
successful. A fine horseman,



And always well mounted, he used riding horses exclusively in his for-pleasing practice. ~~The Doctor~~

Doctor McClinton, and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Warwick Figon were married, ~~and soon thereup~~ second daughters of Cousin Lallie Figon, at Clover Licks were married; soon thereafter moving to Hillsboro, where a fine ~~residence~~ house was built about 1891; this house a frame structure, <sup>still</sup> in excellent repair, owned and occupied (1959) by Mr. Fenton Chapman, retired R.R. Engineer aged 84 years. ~~for~~ The three Chapman brothers, <sup>Frank, Fenton and George</sup> ~~came from~~ Ireland, when about 9 years old, locating in Marlinton year 1888; and for ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> winter of that year the three young bachelors occupied the "Tall House" as quarters.

Here I will write something of the brothers, Frank, Fenton and George. I have a vivid remembrance when they wintered "at the Tall House"; I, at least of ~~former~~ <sup>former</sup> thirty years, at times visited them and sat before the fireplace, indifferently "stoked" with green wood; recalling the efforts of the Irish boys, and their



My recent conversations with Mr. Fentons, he did not appear to have remembered of the "hard winter" but had these 1888-89. Leaves of his youth in Ireland prepared.

unaccustomed to <sup>246</sup> Frontier life, even in the matter of open wood fires. of the higher class "Irish immigrants" educated; it was evident they were not well supplied with money; had come a considerable better their ~~fortune~~ as a youth with about three years experience on the "Frontier"; I could appreciate the Irishman's predicament, and a sympathetic of service of their early struggle to "Survive". They were "Norths of Ireland" folk, therefore Protestants. Their presence on our frontier rather than in ~~the~~ large centres, they have been due to the English-Irish settlement of "Penitence Men," but not of the colony, being "landless." Following their "hard winter" in the Tall Horse, the Chapmans got employment in the Levels as farm workers, at the prevailing wage fifteen Dollars a month (or less) and board. For a time Fentons worked for Mr. W. J. McNeel. All three survive, at a great age, Frank and George in Missouri; have kept in touch, and successful. (Voyage across Divs. Friends of my youth)

Joyce Ann Davis.



Sat- 11/21/59

277

3.30 AM - 4 AM -  
A mild night, though frosty. ~~Left~~  
Rested well - 7 pm - 3 AM - before an  
open window. An item in the "Journal"  
(local paper) says "Dr. Norman Price  
because of ~~legitimacy~~, and connections of  
the ~~Rich~~ ~~family~~ in the history of three  
bridges, invited to drive his car, the first  
over the bridge, when opened for use -  
"one more River to Cross; "Roll, Jordan, Roll;"

Of late, I have been impressed with  
the possibility of sentient life of the  
spirit and reunion of souls, "in the  
air". Not a nebulous and far-off  
"Heaven or Hell" a reading of  
Hans Anderson story, "The Little  
Mermaid," inspirational. It may  
be "Guardian Angels, yet that exceed  
in strength; that do His Commandments"  
Explanatory of John Burroughs  
Verses: "What

Lerene, I fold my hands and wait;  
What is my own will come to me."

And again -

What if the soul <sup>could</sup> ~~should~~ cast her dust aside,  
and naked on the air of Heaven ride;  
were it not a shame <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~  
In this clay carcass <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ abide!

My first meeting Dr. Frank T. McMillan,  
whom he was called to attend Brother  
James, Autumn 1885; shortly after we  
reached this frontier, he having been



278  
been kicked in the face by Uncle  
Andrew McFarlane's favorite Riding  
Mule, ~~Don~~ Mule, named "John";  
knocked out, his nose broken.

This occurred a Sunday evening,  
visiting, and driving in the stock ~~from~~  
~~the range~~. Fortunately, he was  
struck at extreme <sup>kicking</sup> range, while erect;  
otherwise the "John's" accurate ~~blow~~ kick  
may well have been fatal.

Dr. McClintock was James was brought  
home, and Dr. McClintock summoned,  
from Edray, by messenger, who rode  
the mule ~~to~~ John at top speed.

I have a vivid remembrance of ~~of~~ all  
it squarely between the eyes, his nose  
broken, the victim carried a noticeable  
depression and slight deformity of the  
nose through life.

Dr. McClintock had a wide practice  
in the Little Belts District, until he  
abruptly quit medical and surgical  
work to go into real estate and  
lumber, in which he was highly successful  
removing to Marlinton and building a fine  
brick mansion, about the year 1907.  
The largest stockholder and President  
the First National Bank until his death  
which occurred in 1930, due to a  
"coronary occlusion," at age seventy.  
Early interested in the new autos,



The Doctor operated on the first car  
in Marlinton, and also invested in a  
large ~~gas~~ Public garage business. -  
Twice his car mixed up in accidents  
with resulting injuries: first to a "Jay-  
Walker" named ~~Buck~~ Jesse Buckhaman, the  
which I witnessed on the street in Marlinton  
that I witnessed from my office windows.  
The car moving slowly, the aged Mr. B.  
heedlessly crossing the street, the victim  
touched the left front fender with his right  
hand, then gently fell down, or was  
pushed down, the front wheel ~~etc~~ of the  
light car rolled slowly over his prostrate  
body, and came to rest.

Buckhaman ~~ruined~~ "complained",  
was taken to the hospital; an inguinal  
hernia found, (which probably existed  
before the accident) and the wealthy  
Buck presented deed for damages -  
auto insurance not yet evolved.

The ageing Attorney Charles Curry,  
former "strong man" of Rockinghams  
County, was employed by the Buckhamans,  
and came from Stanzas to prosecute  
with his famed oratory, somewhat  
checked by age. Lawyer Curry  
proclaimed in his address to the jury  
Dr. McClintock had heedlessly and  
recklessly charged down the street  
thus a ~~lost~~ Madam Highway, at speed  
of twenty-five miles or more, which was



280  
refuted by eye-witnesses — myself and  
others — Mr. Buckham, after all  
the fuss and hurry of a circuit court trial  
was settled with a payment of a  
few hundred; and had more than offered  
up trial to cover expenses.

On another ~~the~~ other ~~the~~ week, the  
collision with a car driven by Miss  
Anna Wallace at the Lehigh Road  
junction with no. 219, and in which  
Miss Cora Cloonan suffered a compound  
fracture of ~~the~~ leg. This appeared to  
be a case of negligence, and unavowedly  
by all involved. Miss Cloonan  
a passenger in Miss Wallace's Ford car.  
a "Convertible" model 7.

Cousin Lizzie McClutchie's four  
beautiful daughters, Genevieve,  
Lucille, Merle and Elise, all  
born while the family lived in  
Hillsboro. All four were sent to  
finishing schools for young ladies.  
In later life, only Miss Merle chose  
not to marry; and the four sisters —  
Genevieve and Lucille widowed —  
live in Savannah, Georgia.

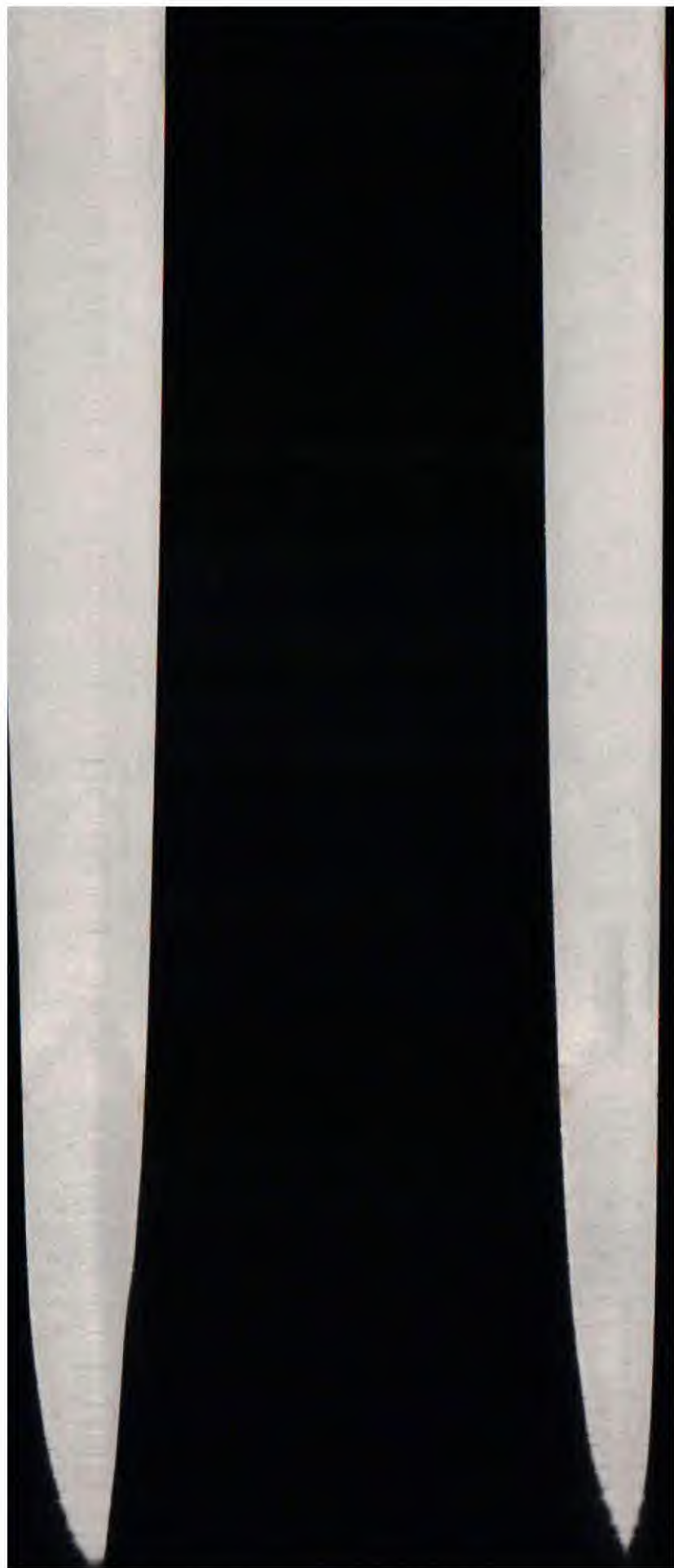
As stated heretofore, the notable  
Mrs. Janice Baldwin - Skyles ~~is~~  
resided in Savannah at her death,  
and was a friend of Mrs. Lucille  
McClutchie-White.



281  
Dr. McIntire once told me that the  
only "Real money" he had ever  
made as a Rural Physician in our  
County, about the year 1896, when  
an epidemic of small pox occurred  
in the Logging Camp of Captain  
Daniel O. Cornell, then cutting  
the virgin white pine timber in the  
Burr Valley and adjacent Beaver  
Lick Mountain, and "splashed"  
down Laurel Route & Greenbrier River.  
At that time small pox was greatly  
feared, and when cases appeared  
a general quarantine was proclaimed  
by the County Court, as late as  
~~1914~~ 1914, all three Commissioners  
drove a livery rig to Slate Fork  
on Elk River to "quarantine" small-  
pox cases in a Logging Camp.  
The disease in a modified form,  
then referred to as "Varioloid" and  
not "Confluent Variola".

In the year 1896, universal vaccination  
was in order, and, although I personally  
vaccinated ~~in~~ at one year I  
suffered a thorough inoculation.  
An athletic youth, I was surprised  
by the febrile symptoms, "night  
sweats" and malaise I suffered  
as a result of a simple sore on my biceps!







282  
The results ~~was~~ was thorough,  
because when routinely vaccinated  
on entering the Army, in 1917, it did  
not "take".

In 1896 the County Court proclaimed  
an embargo, stationed & guarded on Drop  
Mountain prohibiting travel, cases  
of smallpox <sup>having been</sup> discovered in Greenbrier  
County. But cases broke out in  
Den. O'Connell's Camp on Laurel Run.

About fifty in number; the ~~men~~  
were forbidden to leave Camp, and  
work largely suspended. The  
job was prosperous, and the  
Doctor riding perhaps ten miles  
or even spending days in camp,  
together in camp.

Every general practitioner of  
medicine is familiar with general  
alarm in the presence of epidemic  
disease and the "cold Plague" of  
the pioneers, as builders of practice.

Smallpox at the Camp was not  
universal, and no deaths occurred  
as far as is known.

Thirty years after the White pine  
was logged, the hard woods were  
cut by Mr. Dennis's Mill at  
Dennis.  
This interesting region of Laurel



283  
Pain and Bummer Jack Mountain,  
~~is, in part,~~ abounding in Deer, ~~hated~~  
wild turkey, and lesser fauna,  
including the Poisonous ~~adder~~ Tumor  
Butter snake; ~~to, in part~~ comprises  
the "Carl Price State Park," of about  
ten thousand acres; a reflected  
honor to the Price Family, of the Jacob  
Warwick Line.

Mrs. Elizabeth Legon - McClutic  
death occurred in 1912, after following  
a lingering heart failure; ~~quietly~~  
~~at her home in Marlinton~~  
patiently and quietly borne. She  
was buried in the Warwick family  
Cemetery on the elevated plateau  
or terr-plain, at Clover Lick,  
where her grandmother, twice  
removed, Mary Vance Warwick  
lies in ~~her grave~~, yet unmarked.

The McClutic family are  
Episcopalians; the Chapel in Marlinton  
of that denomination the work  
of their hands.

Dr. Frank J. McClutic, real estate  
Dealer, Bank President, Capitalist,  
suffered severe financial loss in the  
"Rebacle of 1929, and after, when  
the first National Bank in Marlinton  
along with the other County bank,  
First in Number also were "Re-organized."



Lindsey - 11/22/59 284  
Lacy and Forty. Lacy a-bed Ten hours,  
rising at 5-am. The previous day,  
"Alert" 16 hours of 24. November 21, 1959  
Brother James' day of birth (1868) - His  
age 91 years; died May 7, 1946 - Kaya  
Can Dies. Brother Calvin born Nov. 28,  
1880; died June 15, 1957. Jean Kinsey Price  
November 23, 1880; died March 10, 1928. all  
"Purged of Pride", ~~have~~ their spirits  
have joined other elect spirits, "in  
the air" - ~~Kaya Can Dies~~.

As a result of the Bank "shake-down",  
the Banks of Durbur and Hillsboro,  
were with their remaining assets, were  
absorbed by Brother James' Prices Bank  
of Marlinton; and the Farmers and  
Merchants, Judge S. H. Sharp, President  
removed to Frederick, Pendleton County,  
where a local Bank had also "folded".  
The words "Bank Holiday", then  
coined - of Bitter Memory - financially  
speaking.

Dr. McClutic continued as President  
of the First National Bank in Marlinton  
until his death, which followed a  
short illness (Coronary occlusion)  
in the year 1933 aged seventy.  
Frank McClutic won his "Bachelor's  
Night Cup" ~~thirty~~ years following the  
death of his beloved wife Lizzy  
W. Lyon. His body buried in the Warrier  
Cemetery at Clover Lick. Kaya Can Dies.



Monday - 11/23/59 285

4 AM

Sam Kinseps Birth-day, Nov. 23, 1880 - 89  
(79). Rectory, Faglar County, Virginia.  
Yesterday, climbed Persimmon tree, and  
gathered a large quantity, frozen fruit, -  
Nature's own "Deep Freeze". In the  
afternoon walked in the forest and  
meadow. Found all in excellent  
shape for winter; the meadow sod  
heavy; the forest, "as an oak tree, whose  
substance is within them when they  
have shed their leaves." - Locally, in  
Sunday morning frosty; the day  
mild, sunny.

There is virtue in retaining ancestral  
Land - and luck - "Grow trees  
and live long," a true adage.

Happy the man whose thought and  
a few <sup>care</sup> ancestral acres bound;  
Content to breathe his native air  
On his own ground.

His trees in summer give him shade;  
In winter, fire - Alexander Pope.

The Burgess Family in Pocahontas.  
Dr. W. T. Price's County History has an account  
of the Burgess clan in New York,  
Virginia, and our County, Pocahontas.  
John Burgess, Sr., veteran of the  
Revolution, and an artilleryman at  
the decisive battle, Saratogo, 1777,  
removing from York State after the



was 286  
Devolution, settled near Harrisonburg.  
His son John Burgess Jr. came  
to the Levels and founded the local  
branch of the family. ~~Supplementary~~  
Additional members of this interesting  
group were set down.  
John Burgess, Jr. was a skillful  
builder and worker in wood and iron.  
Some specimens of his work remain;  
notably the Sherman Clark House and  
the Jordan barn, near Hillsboro.  
In later life he removed to the Grace  
flat, head of Devago, where he lived  
and lies buried, atop a high  
knoll, viewed from the head of  
Bever Dam Creek vicinity. A  
love of ancestral land is marked  
in his descendants, though never  
large land holders, or wealthy.  
Their habitations on the high ranges  
of the Williams River and on Laurel  
Creek.

The name Burgess is Irish.  
~~of Irish descent.~~ Far removed from  
educational advantages, their families  
usually large, the descendants of John  
Burgess sometimes lived in huts and  
hives with near "earthly" floors,  
such as are described in Carlyle's  
"Latter Descartes" as typical of bog-  
dwelling Irish families, or Thomas  
Irish Immigrant near Concord, Mass.  
once, when visiting the family of Mrs.



Hauman ~~Daley~~ Burgess - Daley, near  
 in the Maroon Chapel vicinity, I approached  
 the house walking on planks laid on  
 muddy ground, and continued in the  
 house on planks on the bare ground  
 as a "fleeing". The time of the year  
 was ~~late spring~~ <sup>late spring</sup>, the family however  
 spent the winter under such conditions.  
 Nevertheless, the average intelligence  
 of the Burgess's was high; some of its  
 members thinkers and searchers after  
 truth.

In recent years with  
 economic and educational opportunity  
 remarkable progress has been made  
 by some, particularly in the Kines  
 branch of the family.

Of an ancient heritage, if not  
 "born on Irish soil," most have been  
 dependable citizens; hard workers,  
 honest; ~~warriors~~ <sup>warriors</sup>; The women  
 pure, the men faithful.

James Burgess, who has recently  
 died aged 84 at his home on Laurel  
 Creek, head of Stony Creek, all his long  
 life a reader and thinker, but not  
 content with his lot. His wife ~~the~~  
 Mattie Barlow, only child of John Wesley  
 Barlow, ~~the~~ Veteran Civil War, 1861, and  
 Mattie Barlow - Burgess a strong minded  
 woman in her own right and a hard  
 worker, who reared a family of twelve



"on her own ground." and still lives past eighty years. Her life has, at times, been stormy, but marked by a spirit of independence and courage, truly admirable. ~~Not very~~ Quite recently on a casual meeting on the street, Mrs. Burgess remarked, ~~that~~ in effect, she had no patience with Dollars, and enjoined me not to become "Dotty" -! In Church "Class", James Burgess has been known to arise and with eloquence and at length declaim, gathering from memory the Psalms, and Isaiah.

A year or two before his death, James Burgess called at my office for treatment of a face wound. The day before he was struck on the cheek by a rock, accurately thrown, and with malice, by a daughter-in-law. Mr. Burgess told me he had come, also, to "swear out a Warrant" for the woman.

After dressing his wound, which I did complimentary as a service to an old friend, we discussed the emergency, and kindred topics. I reminded Brother Burgess, that as an aged believer and in charity when "struck on one cheek, turn the other also," to which he assented.

~~After~~ In conversation I quoted the opening line of Cowper's Hymn;



"God moves in a mysterious way his  
wonders to perform."  
To my surprise, James Burgess took  
up the verse and repeated the whole  
poem.

I also reminded friend James that  
"the female of the species ~~was~~ more  
deadly than the male," and should  
be down with to the death, if necessary.

No "warrant" was applied for, and  
James Burgess returned to his home.  
He made excellent recovery from his  
facial wound.

Following his death, which occurred in  
1948, his step-son Clarence Barlow,  
remarked to me he "Reckoned James  
Burgess was at East Content" "  
He had a good heart, and is of the  
Covenant of Grace. ~~Vaya Best Dios~~

Clarence Barlow, "natural" son of Mrs.  
Matthe Burgess, born before her marriage  
to friend James Burgess, is a skilled  
and useful blacksmith, his shop near  
my residence Junction 219 and the  
Jachio Road. A Veteran of 1914  
Veterinary Corps, whose principal ~~Army~~  
duty during his Army "stitch" was  
shoeing Army mules - sufficiently  
hazardous. Now in his 64th  
year he enjoys a pension awarded  
by a grateful Country's Government.



Mention must be made of the remarkable  
 Hannah Burgess-Dolan-Coleyne,  
 younger sister of James, and who has also  
 recently died aged 77 years.  
 In her blooming youth well remembered  
 by me as a vigorous, hustling,  
 talkative Irish-American lass, resident  
 of the Beaver Dam, head of Williams  
 River.

Growing up <sup>under</sup> true pioneering  
 conditions in the then "Wilderness"  
 of the Williams River, Hannah Burgess  
 had many adventures, and I have  
 heard, in my youth, stories repeated  
 of her boldness and courage  
 in repelling successfully, unscrupulous  
 males whose intentions may have  
 been something less than honorable  
 as regards the female.

However <sup>she</sup> fell in love, Fate being  
 unkind, she bore a "natural" son,  
 christened with his father's name,  
 and who ~~was~~ was when a young man enlisted  
 in the Army, and slain in the war.  
 His G.I. Insurance named Hannah his  
 mother Beneficiary; Hannah at ~~that~~ the  
 time the wife of George Dolan and  
 the mother of a family of ~~eight~~ nine.  
 Does <sup>not</sup> need to say the monthly  
 payments over a period of twenty years  
 appreciated.



291

George Dolan, Irish, woodsman and  
logger on River Drives, a powerful  
man, who worked, when work was  
available in the Camps; a dutiful family  
man, turning over his earnings to Mrs  
Burgess regularly; usually in a good  
humor, faithful and no drinkard.  
George came to Pocatello in the early & late  
19th Century from Pennsylvania older  
than his wife; passing his days for the  
most part in the lumber Camps. His life  
was obscure, dying in 1920, he has  
passed from history.

Mr. Burgess once exhibited to  
me "two lovely black eyes," which she  
explained had been given her by  
George Dolan as discipline during  
an argument or difference of opinion.  
She did not appear resentful;  
only slightly grieved about the  
occurrence; reared in a Spartan  
School.

I was quite frequently called to her home  
to attend the children in minor sickness,  
but rarely, if ever, to prescribe for their  
mother, apparently never ill. All her  
children born without attendance, other  
than the "old women."

Always valuable, Hannah loved to  
talk, but never vulgar or profane,  
and usually with a solemn face.  
Particularly when advanced in years.



a skilled horse-woman from youth. She  
~~kept~~ always riding astride. She knew  
horse flesh and appeared well in the saddle,  
erect and apt at speed. Mrs. Dolan  
once confessed to me she "had no patience"  
with complaining women; for herself  
never a pain in the head, back, or even  
headache; a truly remarkable record.  
Horse-riding, child bearing and hard  
work had done her no injury, she claimed.  
Her new wealth, formerly money, from  
her first-born son, slain in the war, made  
no difference in Mrs. Dolan's manner of life,  
except that she bought a small farm  
and log cabin on a side road in the  
woods near Marion Chapel, and ceased  
to live a nomadic life as a tenant on  
leased ground. A "high standard" of  
living, in tenement and dress, did not  
appeal to Mrs. Dolan. Who spent her  
money for that which is breed. True,  
she opened a bank account, and though  
not literate, invariably tendered a  
check for goods and services. Not  
skilled in book-keeping, her account  
was usually over-drawn at the Bank,  
the book-keeper good-naturedly  
keeping a special file and paying Mr. Clark,  
in order, for as her monthly deposit would  
go, in order of issuing. No recipient was  
ever known to protest Mrs. Hannah Dolan,  
Clark, a gold-star Mother! Unlike  
"Ben Burden's Note," not "Good as Gold."



The Reference is to <sup>293</sup> the ancient Land Grant  
of Benjamin Burden, and comes down from  
an early day in the Valley of Virginia.  
On my occasional Professional Visits  
Hannah's Check was invariably accepted with  
thanks. Mrs. Dolan's account was never  
unreasonably over-drawn, and I think all  
checks eventually paid, without protest.  
I was satisfied with a check, heartless  
business, storekeepers, had the privilege  
of demanding Cash and Carry.

Mrs. Dolan once remarked to me that  
Frank Hunter (my brother-in-law) always  
treated her courteously, as he could  
well do, as she "gave all her business"  
to the Bank of Marlinton!

Following the death of George Dolan  
and in late Middle Age, Mrs. Dolan  
married ~~the~~ Adeline Celogue, an  
outlander unknown to me personally,  
advanced in years, and in her last days,  
her children far away, Hannah had  
some one to talk to. Both are now  
numbered with the spirits in the air.  
From youth to age, a "charismatic" in local  
affairs, remembered with affection  
by her family and friends. She  
had a good heart.

Her body rests near the scene of  
her youth on the lofty height ~~and~~  
of the Spruce Flat. in the Burgess  
Cemetery.



Tuesday 11 (24) 59 294

Constant rain (fog) for 24 hours - If there should follow a "November" Rise in the River, such as the historical flood Nov. 1885, following our families' arrival on this frontier, the new Bridge is available. If washed down, the "Temporary" structure could hit with a heavy impact, as a starter. Second Avenue (Camden) now open as a detour.

Mr. Arthur Lawson  
(of "Duppy n.")

I fear me, Mother Earth, behold it Heaven;  
Hast I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
Have I not had my soul-toss, my heart

Rivers,  
and only not to desperation driven,

Because not ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> such clay

As suits the souls of those whom Hurvey.

The quotation is from Lord Byron's  
writing, who like our own Native genius  
John Randolph of Roanoke, sought  
escape from realities in alcohol  
and ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~dope~~ <sup>dope</sup> drugs.

Arthur Lawson a prototype either, though  
in his unhappy life in America he sought  
no "escape" in drink or drugs.



295

a younger son of Sir Wilfrid Lawson,  
Member of Parliament for many years;  
Wealthy, and ~~widely~~ notorious as an  
enemy of the British ruling class,  
a Professional "Dry" - a prohibitionist  
of ~~the~~ England.

A younger son, considered eccentric,  
a divergent and a misfit, Young Lawson  
was given his portion of inheritance and  
joined the English Colony in Poughkeepsie  
and Randolph Counties, about the year  
1891, its sole representative of Nobility.  
It is true the Brucks, Archie and Reginald,  
were of an ancient Scottish house, and  
successful in America. Mr. Archie Bruce  
on his return to England, many years  
ago, sent his friend Uncle Andrew  
McLaughlin a thousand pounds (in  
Dollars) as a contribution to the  
Maxwellton Presbyterian Church, one  
male was promoting, and in the shadow  
of which he lies buried in Greenbrier County.  
Viscerous Lawson, of uncertain age -  
not old - but quite bald; the crown  
of his head of a ~~fine~~ noticeable  
conical shape, probably from a birth  
injury. A bachelor, he wore his  
"Night-Cap" through life, as did his  
prototypes, Bayson and Randolph,  
~~as did they~~ probably realizing  
his temperament not adaptable to



the "Terrible Thurn-bit of marriage".  
 Unlike the "Prodigal son" of the  
 Parable, Lord Lawson was fortunate  
 in buying land in the "Far Country".  
 Purchasing a noble estate of about  
 one thousand acres, belonging to the  
 Lee family, and anciently Jacob  
Warwick Land. There was much  
 grazing land on Mill Run and  
 the slopes of Valley mountains, extending  
 into Pocahontas County, and the  
 timbered slopes of the Wheat Mountains  
 crowned with Black Spruce forests.  
 A substantial tenant house, with  
 outbuildings, even an ancient grist  
 Mill, with grind-stones, on Mill  
 Run; the purchase price twenty-  
 five thousand dollars, cash.

Lawson promptly moved in  
 naming his Castle "Duffryn".

A noble spring, supplying a  
 large horse trough near from a  
 Poplar log was at the door, in  
 which trough I have taken my  
 morning dip in cold spring water  
 "When visiting Lord Lawson's  
 Castle Duffryn".



297

Mr. Lawson, also, probably had his  
 money bath, although at the time the  
 "Cattle" not supplied with water,  
 either hot or cold. It is not known  
 that he ever used the "Horse trough"  
 for his bath. Of slight build and  
 height, not particularly athletic,  
 although always playing the  
 position of goal-keeper in soccer.  
 He led his "international" team  
 to Marlinton, late as November, 1905,  
 where was played the last game  
 with the English Colony in which  
 I participated.

Living alone, but not a "solitary"  
 and accustomed from youth to English  
 "servants," he was at times unsuccessful  
 in keeping "tenants" in the house;  
 his unconscious mannerisms and  
 eccentricities distasteful to the "free-  
 born" natives of the tenant class.  
~~Of which, more will be written.~~  
 Hospitable, even generous; at  
 other times "sparing."

When the spirit moved, he would  
 make long journeys, horse-back,



298  
it might be cleaning the stack, and  
dogs, even wild animals, in this  
"Zoo" to fend for themselves, which  
they could well do in the Natural  
Paradise that was "Duffryn"-estate.  
A large flock of half-wild turkeys  
usually ran at large; shot down  
as "wild" when needed for food  
or the "market" or as gifts to the  
neighbors.

Mr. ~~Lord~~ Lawson, loved to write;  
kept voluminous "Diaries" and "scrap-  
books"; all of which, unfortunately,  
were ~~destroyed~~ <sup>burned</sup> in the fire that  
destroyed the castle in 1903. He  
also contributed articles to the  
Times; numerous letters of local  
events, accounts of athletic meetings,  
even poems. He dubbed the  
late James Gibson "King of Elk",  
as acknowledged strong man  
and ~~club~~ leader of his clan.  
I have a postal card written me in  
perse, inviting me to his castle on  
an autumn, - but I anticipate.  
(year 1899)

The English Colony had a strong  
impact on the social life of the  
Community the end of the 19th Century.



299  
I know that it was an important  
factor in my "education" ~~over~~  
at a formative time of life, for  
which I am grateful. When  
"accepted" the Englishman's hospitality  
is admirable.

If the ~~Doctor~~ Englishman is a  
"brute", he is a "Just Brute".

There lived at White Sulphur Spring,  
the Montague family. Miss Margaret  
~~Mont~~ and brother Percival. Miss  
Montague was literary, and has  
published books. Young Percy  
scholarly and extremely near-  
sighted; destined for the Church.  
At times he made journeys to the  
~~Engl~~ Colony, as a kindred spirit,  
although American by birth. On at  
least one occasion he stopped at  
our house for the night. At one  
family morning devotions and  
recognizing his youthful piety,  
Pa requested him to lead, which he  
did reading a chapter of the  
word and kneeling in impromptu  
prayer, - rather haltingly -  
~~being~~ and in deference to the



"Low Church" (Presbyterian) of the family, <sup>and</sup> being accustomed to the magnificent accent of the Book of Common Prayer. — In due time, the Right Reverend Bishop Percival Montague Presided over the Diocese of Richmond, Virginia.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been cited as a "Professional Prohibitionist" in the English Parliament, but none has ever doubted his sincerity as an enemy of the traffic in alcohol as a Beverage. In his day, the United States of America was building up the sentiment which culminated, in 1920, by the enactment of the 18th Constitutional amendment; the incredible Volstead enforcement bill; and the collapse of the movement in a matter of corruption, graft and legal tyranny in 1932; heretofore rated by students in my life period the 4th and decade 20th Century.

The son of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Arthur, was subject to "moods" varying from high vivacity to "lows", during which his actions



201  
might appear a bit "Mad", and  
so regarded by friends and neighbors.  
He had his difficulty in keeping  
tenants, or "servants," on the estate  
"Duffryn." Once when I was  
his guest as a member of the Loocher  
visiting team, ~~Mr.~~ <sup>Mr.</sup> Ford Lawson proceeded  
to shoot and hastily dress a turkey  
boiling the half-pickled carcass in a  
wash-boiler, in the yard, skimming  
off the feathers and other debris;  
the result a broth and "water turkey"  
served up as food, in plain fashion,  
which revolted most of his guests.

His ample fire-place he at times  
filled with sections of logs, tended  
and watched as ~~the wood~~ <sup>the wood</sup> was  
consumed, ~~an ancient~~ <sup>an ancient</sup> Pioneer  
Custom to save chopping and  
splitting bulky sections of ~~firewood~~ <sup>firewood</sup>.  
It is reported that a long  
"stuck pole" was introduced by  
Lawson through a window and  
fed in the fire place. Later, the  
fire supposed to be out, ~~the~~ Mr.  
Lawson thoughtlessly left the house,  
the stuck pole, with the "Perversity"  
of the inert, flamed and the house



Burned to the <sup>302</sup>ground; his library,  
Diaries, scrap-books, all lost.

Mr. Lawson never rebuilt Duffryn,  
took up his residence with Mr.  
Seymour Mace, an old friend,  
and several years later returned  
to England. The house burned  
in the ~~fall~~ <sup>Spring</sup> of ~~1906~~ 1903

Lawson made a heroic effort  
to replace his scrap-books, even  
culling me from my collections  
and Pocatello's files for  
his articles and accounts of  
sporting events.

I have in my "scrapbook" an  
ornate post-card in colored inks  
and in verse, dated ~~Sept 11~~ <sup>Oct 11</sup> 1898,  
an invitation to visit him at his  
Castle, beginning:

"Dear Norman Boed,  
So far from "Cold"  
And ending <sup>your note I got.</sup> "Gosh! Aint it Hot!"  
"Be sure to Come  
And Rest up some!"

Naturally arising "Marney" quotes  
of English & divous, and Chelmsford  
Marney &

The last line referring to the receipt  
Marathon Race, Sept. 24, 1898.



3.30 AM.  
Wednesday 11/26/59 303  
a restorer of "ground water" under  
the mercy of God. "The whole earth is  
full of his glory" work suspended on  
the Street for two days - "Farm Census"  
for 1960, begun.

Responding to Sir Arthur Lawson's  
pressing invitation to visit him, in  
~~September~~ 1898, I journey, riding  
the grey gelding, to Duffryn.  
Previously, in May, 1896, a mass  
group, men and women, from Marlinton  
were the guests of Sir Arthur, going  
in chaises, carts, buggies and horse-  
back for the May Day festivities.  
Comprising Soccer, Polo and track.  
Duffryn was filled to overflowing;  
the east house by friends and relatives,  
and at Wex. Marshall's Wingo Inn.  
Among the girls remembered Misses  
Fannie and Edith McLaughlin, Emma  
and Anna King, Gertrude and Elva  
Byrd, a lady guest of Mrs. Bratters,  
from Virginia, escorted by Sam Leatt,  
and a few others - Our Soccer and  
Polo team and track runners. I rode  
the grey gelding.  
Sam B. Leatt and Walter Yeager  
had thoughtfully provided a few  
flasks of Bootleg liquor, stored in



livery "Rego" in <sup>30</sup> which they each  
carried their lady friends, Sam escorting  
the Virginia Visiter. Within a mile  
from the start, at the Meadows, the  
ladies discovered the liquor, which  
they confiscated, hurling the bottles  
in the "Slough" after which said  
the journey resumed in the enjoyment  
and innocence of youth.

Later Sam Scott told me he had  
returned and searched diligently  
for the treasure, found nothing. But as  
a prospector had preceded him,  
or the ~~leg~~ whiskey bottles had  
 sunk in the mire of the "Slough" didn't  
— truly a "Slough of Despond."

On May 1, 1896, our Palo Verde  
J. G. Wilson, Sam B. Scott, Walter  
Yeager and I played our first  
and only game of polo, on the  
Mingo Football field, Mingo Flats.  
Opposing Sir Arthur Lawson's team,  
on which besides Lawson, were  
Harry Hedder, Jack Forster and  
Lester Lusk.

I rode the grey gelding, aged;  
who responded remarkably well in  
the rushes, I thought. Personally,  
I have thought that I took instinctively  
to the game, and might have become  
a better than average player. Of Polo.  
Kicking the ball accurately with the long



305

Mullet and made a goal or two.  
The rules of the game are simple,  
relating to off-side play and interference.  
Our mounts, livery stable stock,  
responded nobly, as horses, even  
"Cocks," do when charging by squadrons  
and "mell[ing] the Battle from afar."  
I do not recall the score, but Mingo  
probably won, as the more experienced  
I many years after, August, 1925, team  
I observed a polo game in Fairfax  
London County, Virginia, played by  
gentlemen farmers. A game for rich  
men dwelling quietly in their houses -  
"endowed with wisdom."

Following polo, a soccer game  
(international) was played; strangely  
I do not recall which team was  
in the strength and joy of our youths  
we played games for fun - not  
side bets, or even glory.  
On the third <sup>day</sup>, all our party  
returned to Marlinton. So far as I  
observed, the utmost decorum marked  
the three-day outing; the early May  
weather ideal. Of all that youthful  
~~party~~ <sup>party</sup>, our hosts and appointees as  
well, I can recall only one beside  
myself now living - Mrs Emma  
Kemp - Anderson, of Marlinton. Her  
spirit is in the air - Vaya Con Dios



In September, 1899, arriving at Duffryn, I found my host, Sir Arthur, in one of his "depressive" moods; his tenant family, the Harps, keeping their distance. The weather hot and "dusty," following drought.

Perhaps stimulated by the arrival of a guest, Sir Arthur bravely shook off his lethargy and loneliness of spirit. Was most hospitable & with ability for self-entertainment, Sir Arthur's library, and voluminous "scraps-books" filled with mementoes of the best English Society afforded pleasure. On separate days we rode to the homes of Mrs. James Webber and Mrs. Lathams, where ~~had~~ he played tennis and had "tea". Returning to Duffryn by the light of a full moon.

Rifle practice on Sir Arthur's private range was a feature, worth mention. Some years before a saw-mill boiler had exploded, on the Point Mermaid, killing three men; a large section of boiler was flattened out, resembling armor plate. With great labor, Lauson had erected this metal as a target, and during firing, a man or boy crouched behind armor plate, of doubtful safety at best! One of the Harps sons acted as scorer, signifying the result of



384  
such sound of firing, but did not seem  
to enjoy his point of danger, well  
knowing our hosts' experience and  
reckless shooting.

On walks about the castle-estate,  
I observed the ruins of the old grist  
mill, on Mill Run, extreme source  
of the Tygart River Valley; also a  
Yorng deer which Sir Lawson's  
thoughtlessly kept penned in a small  
corral near the barn, a part of his  
animal zoo. Not well fed or cared  
for the deer had a "mad" look  
in the eye, its hide mangy - well  
versed in the lives of the deer family  
of mammals, I was sorry for the  
poor animal, which should have been  
released, or mercifully destroyed.

The whole time of the visit the  
weather continuing hot, as described  
by Lawson in his "hot and muggy".  
When I took departure, my host  
had ~~recovered~~ <sup>recovered</sup> in some measure,  
his buoyancy, giving me "hail  
and farewell." He also shot  
a turkey running wild, and must  
carry with me - I started with the  
carcass in a sack slung at my  
saddle; but after a few miles the  
turkey already "high," I discarded  
it ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> the food for the Ravens!  
In the wood.



308  
Reference has been made to the fire  
in which Sir Lawson's Churchward diaries  
and scrap-books, together with his library,  
were lost.

I have before me the original sheet  
of paper, dated Dec. 3, 1903; "~~An Ode~~"  
"An Ode"

THANKS!  
(in return for file of "Pacemaker Times"  
back numbers duly received!)

Respectfully dedicated to Dr Norman  
Price! THANKS!

(With a Lawson's Compliments!

(The "letter head" which I had printed for  
Mr. Lawson some years before, in three  
colors, Black, red, and blue, is  
characteristic. emblazoned;

"Mountains are always free"

"THE SHACK"

4 LAWSON'S

("Boss o' My Shack")

A left an  
antiquarian of  
Bees and fine  
forest (picture).

Symbolic of industry  
and legal authority) (and so forth)

It was evident Mr. Lawson's "Ode"  
was submitted for publication in the Times,  
but I believe was ruled out by our  
senior editor, Andrew Price as being  
too eulogistic and flowery!



Copied Verbatim, 309

"An ~~ODE~~ ode  
THANKS!"

(In return for file of the Pacemaker's Times  
back number duly received!)

"Ho! hand me down my "Pakey!"  
'Tis always good to read,

Crisp, up-to-date, and jolly

(Say! that is what we need!)

So, what the Blues steal over us,

We quickly don our "Specs"! -

Without a pret or fuss,

We wear "The Times" gay "Breeks!" -

"Aunt dull Care!" ~~dull care~~ out-witted

Forever you shall be, -

When "gaunt" "The Poky" fitted!

(That paper full of glee!) -

Now! "Here's to Pies and Brothers

Who've stemmed the storm and stress

(Which optimes smothers others?)

May Joys of Life you bless!"

Put up the shot-gun, hang the hatch

The fishing-pole's a-swinging!

We care not how the critics carp!

As together we "Keep Singing!!" -

(Squid) "Mountaineer"

(Respectfully dedicated to Dr. Norman Price!)  
THANKS  
(with a Lawrie's Compliments)



at the get-together and banquet of the  
teams following our international  
soccer games, when each was called  
on for a speech, recitation or song,  
though no singer, Lawson would respond  
with his favorite: "A Beeyah Beeyah  
for Two;" or perhaps "Two Lovely  
Black Eyes", accompanied by  
exaggerated contortions and caperings -  
but quite amusing.

On urgent request by English  
friends James  
Hibben and others at least on one  
occasion I attempted a faltering  
"National Anthem". The English, of  
course, singing lustily: "Britons  
Never shall be Slaves!"

The Irishman with the golden Beard,  
(Vandyke) is remembered (Tim O'Heard)

"Remember, boy, you're Irish,  
You're born on Irish soil;  
Your father was a Kinnear,  
Your mother was a Doyle!  
Be an honest Yore's Country -

'Tis the land of the free and the brave -  
'Tis the land where the Shamrock grows!"  
at parting, all joined hands and sang  
in chorus, Bonus "For the sake of  
Auld Lang Syne!"



3/4  
Mr. Lawson felt the loss of by fire,  
of his beloved collections of books and  
papers, which he attempted to restore  
during at the time in "The Shark"  
and other temporary matters; his lands  
neglected. The Colony began to  
disintegrate prior to the war in Europe,  
and during that conflict disappeared.  
The Soccer game (international) of  
May, 1905, has been mentioned, when  
Lawson led his cohort to Marlinton.  
At some time prior to the War, Sir  
Arthur Lawson returned to England  
aged, and ~~eccentric~~ of frail physique  
though "Wry", unfitted for the "Forces",  
he lived in retirement, his death  
reported about 1936 aged 75 years.  
a gentleman of England, stately  
bred and most machinely crammed;  
~~at times~~ almost mis-shapen in his  
physical appearance; a "mis-fit" in his  
family, and in exile; Personal  
eccentricities did not adapt him  
to lasting friendships with any-  
male or female. Native energy  
and genius, though obscure, contributed  
to the "gait of Nations," and remembered.  
Peace to his ashes.  
His lands, later immensely valuable in  
gum and timber, now returned to the  
extensive Lee-Marshall ownership.



3/2

7/27/15

MS. 26, 1955

DeMott's & Co. Boston

1870 - 1871

entry with the

10/10/10 10/10/10 10/10/10

There is a very old

~~Leeward~~

29 83m 10m - 2

Mr. Smith

my white

25. *Staphylococcus aureus*

1891

Three Dreams, 1911

27 Dec. 1911. Three of new

Shirley Ann

Philosophy, with its

Neely and

Arthur

My sweet

Wax down and in - Revue

Can in the dirt

The Chief of the

10/10/12 11/11/12 12/12/12



My Mother once remarked to me,  
 with a smile, whimsically, that she  
 "Might some day, be a 'guardian'  
 'Angel'; doubtless, she is - 'in the air'!  
 Throughout her long 'life' she regarded  
~~her~~ "Her" "roughing it" Philosophically;  
 including the vagaries and sins of  
 her Husband and seven children; to  
~~but~~ yet using while it was yet  
 night to provide food and raiment for  
 all, and continuing 'instant in prayer'.

My father, too; - wise, devout, learned -  
 Patriarchal, more anxiously regarded  
 the "erratum" of his sons and daughters,  
 & the "Blessings" that I claim he  
 bestowed on me I have always  
 regarded as a especially valuable  
 "gift," though in no sense seeking  
 "to reach over my brethren"!

("The young men shall see visions,  
 And the old men dream dreams.")

The Biblical literature of the Jewish  
 Civilization, miraculously preserved in  
 Jewish writings; the Maccabean region  
 of the Middle East and Mediterranean, an  
 "inland sea;" Surely they were a  
 "chosen people," and Salvation is of  
 the Jews.



Saturday, 11/28/59 314

Rain in the night. "a cold November rain that wakes not out the sleepy earth the lovely ones again." Nevertheless, I have observed the Humble yellow Taraxacum blooming late as Nov. 27th. As to the "blessing" bestowed on Jacob by his aged father, Isaac. Though obtained through the artifice of his mother, Rachel, operated as a gift binding on the giver, and once uttered could not be taken back.

Esau, the eldest, twin brother of Jacob, a weakling, though a mighty Hunter, previously had sold his birth-right, Wren-a-munged, to Jacob for a mess of Pottage. or stew.

Threatened with reprisals by Esau, at his mother's orders, Jacob fled to the frontier, where he had his "dream" and met his future wife Rebecca, at the well. The pleasant story of his adventures and romance of Jacob also sets forth the future Patriarchs; his ~~native~~ wisely, had early learned to "Labor and to Wait."

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have the words of eternal life."



315-

## BEARS.

I have long intended ~~and~~ writing something of the life history and habits of this most interesting of Mammals in lives around us. In this I have been aided and interested by the stories of Fred Galford, of the Williams River Country, a mighty Hunter of the bear, who at last account had killed ninety bear.

Fred has brought up a family of ten sons and daughters, at the foot of Black Mountain in the "Wilderness". His wife a Miss Cogar, of the well known, and numerous Welsh County family of that name.

Because of his knowledge of the Williams River, Gauley River, and the Cranberry regions, Fred has for many years acted as professional guide for coal prospectors, the forestry service and hunters.

Approaching seventy years, Fred Galford yet a mighty Hunter before the Lord. He recently remarked to me that "us Galfords do not show their age," which is literally true. But that is another story.

I once saw the carcass of a skinned 200-pound <sup>male</sup> bear, brought to Martins



316  
fard's pose. and was struck by the  
similarity ~~to~~ of the carcass to that of  
a Naked Man; the thigh and legs  
notably so. As the animal frequently  
rises on its ~~hind~~ legs, its muscular  
structure is alike to man. Those of us  
who have observed the "Hupplings" of  
trained European Brown Bears, back  
a familiar sight, will appreciate this.  
"The bear that walks like a Man"

—Kipling—  
Mr. Galford has even observed the  
bear in other than the hunting season;  
a mother bear with playful young  
cubs; or in the rutting time, in  
August, when the animal is specially  
dangerous if ~~the~~ suddenly encountered.  
Once he saw a large bear on  
approaching a high rail fence, rise  
and with his paws on the top rail  
appeared to "roll over" the fence in  
an instant.

If "tired" in a high tree, and  
descending in a hurry, the bear may  
let all holds go and fall considerable  
distances - twenty feet or more - to  
lose no time, ~~and~~ his furry hide,  
underlying fat and springy muscles  
a protection - requiring no bones.  
Common, with mighty animal  
teeth, upper and lower, the bear



317  
The bear, like Man, is fond of nuts,  
fruits, berries, - even "Browse" or  
succulent roots and plants, all eating  
raw, of course, without benefit of "cooking".  
The strong teeth and jaws equal to  
any "Chewing" necessary.

The bear ~~masticates~~ ~~chews~~ usually  
~~eats~~ slowly, enjoying his food,  
not swallowing in lumps as do many  
other beasts and birds of prey, notably  
the Horned Owl; the Tiger of the Air.

A chapter could be written about  
the interesting hibernating practices  
of the bears, new to me from the  
literature; observed and told by Fred  
Galford. As is well known, the  
bear may "lay up" in a Rock Cavern,  
a large hollow tree; or even under  
a fallen tree stump and log.  
Once ~~the~~ <sup>Fred</sup> followed the tracks in snow  
of a large bear belated in going  
to bed for the winter. This bear,  
apparently not gifted with foresight,  
had not scouted out a suitable  
spot to winter, attempted to "hole  
up" in a Laurel thicket; breaking  
down and piling a considerable heap of  
brush. This "denning" Fred  
approached and reconnoitred  
cautiously, as the bear was  
permanently under the snow-  
covered hill, possibly asleep.



Perhaps fully awake, as there was "sign" beside recent tracks in the snow. I have never before heard, or read, of a bear hibernating in such shelter.

It is well known that the before entering ~~sleep~~ his winter sleep the bear "purges" himself thoroughly, either by "nature," or a purgative, <sup>medicine</sup> snow, through "instinct," as it is called. The bear of the Laurel Midget had bedded in the snow for a time and thoroughly purged, until nothing was voided except a mucoid bile - the intestines emptied.

Individual bears, entering the winter "lean" from whatever cause, are restless in their sleep, usually emerging earlier than is judicious. These are the dreaded ~~the~~ killers, dreaded by the shepherds, in early spring. And nearly always ~~for~~ males; the females normally occupied in spring with their young, even during hibernation.

Still cautious, Fred cut a long pole or sapling, and with his gun handy, attempted to upset the Laurel Osash pile, down hill, or probe for the bear. Getting no response from the bear, or even "feeling" it, he ventured to remove some of the brush, at last



3/9  
Finding the empty "bed" with some  
black bear hairs - its occupant having  
abandoned his "house" as unusable  
and uncomfortable. This instance  
is notable as unusual in bear life.  
Fred once explored a rock den,  
head of Cranberry, where a bear had  
bedded, possibly for more than one  
winter. Dry and lined with leaves,  
it appeared its inmate had at times  
lain on its back and restlessly  
rubbed and scratched the rock wall  
at a height ~~of two~~ feet with its hind  
feet and claws.  
Once, in the hunting season, a party  
of hunters killed two yearling cubs  
in beech trees on the once celebrated  
"Beech ~~Baths~~ <sup>beds</sup>", that in the absence  
of their mother, possibly also  
killed, or fled, seemed to accept  
their fate, made no attempt to  
escape, and "took the bullet in  
the ~~head~~ <sup>brain</sup>" as true infant <sup>bear</sup> warrior  
of the wild.

As an appreciative observer of  
Nature Fred Galford has my thanks  
for his interesting story of the habits  
of the Native Black bear. I may  
~~not~~ set down more about the Galford  
family, whose ~~members~~, men and women,  
"do not" appear to grow old." (over)

\* The Beech Trees of the "Hedge" Lodge  
made into Christmas trees in a Richmond factory.



Beaver, also, make "Blazes" with tooth  
and claw, high as it can reach, on the  
green bark of chestnut or beech, making  
trout, or as "signs" understood by their  
kind

Once, while residing through woodland  
on Beaver Dam Creek, year 1905  
Mr. John Will Thut pointed out to me  
"Measuring Marks" on a ~~green~~ chestnut  
tree, about seven feet from the ground  
made by a bears claws. This was  
in August, or late summer.

Fred Galford relates a bear at bay  
and fighting <sup>and</sup> ~~under~~ <sup>groaned</sup>, when shot, ~~groaned~~  
and exclaimed "Oh Lord", ! - or  
"founded like it" - and died.

He also observed, in summer, a  
large bear lying on its back in a  
bower of ferns, fore feet in the  
air, circling and waving <sup>as</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>though</sup> ~~as~~  
signaling, or "playing". <sup>Or</sup>  
Seeing a man, the bear quickly  
disappeared in the ~~forest~~ wood.







321  
to turn a fast buck. Leagraves a  
grandson of Walter Yeager, and  
son of Mildred Yeager-Leagraves,  
who, encumbered with an alcoholic  
husband, teaches music in the  
Marionette School.

Two other recent "graduates" of the  
"forces" ~~the~~ young Wilder and  
Simmons, detected "breaching  
and entering," now in jail. The  
recent "blowing" of the Post Office  
safe not yet solved. County,  
State and Federal agents now at  
work on this "crime."

Will mail today about twenty-five  
pages to Jean, for typing

An English "Brain," (Huxley)  
interview us, ~~at~~ Chicago Meeting of  
"Science," 100th anniversary of Mr. Prof.  
Dr. Darwin; abuses hospitality  
(and publicity) proclaiming his  
"doubts and fears," lacking faith  
and intuition of "things unseen."  
I speak the things I do know; and  
have "sought the secret way, the  
unfrequented path of life that steals  
away unknown."

"He that doth not receive the Kingdom  
of Heaven as a little child, shall by  
no means enter therein."

New Testament



Thursday 10/29/59 181  
3<sup>rd</sup> All. - Clear and Frosty -  
not cold. The heavy leaves of the  
Walnut and Gumac still cling to the  
boughs. Good progress made on the  
road and bridge, yesterday. If the  
"temporary" crossing should go out on  
an early "rise" in late autumn, the  
new bridge could be put in use.  
Almost immediately, though incomplete.

Early Practice of Medicine.  
Some ~~early~~ incidents of the Practice, year  
1904, and after should be recorded.

The winter of 1904 is recalled as a  
"Hard winter" with much snow and ice.  
With one and a half years active practice,  
under the tutelage of Dr. James Price,  
begin to get the "hang" of it, together with  
familiarity the roads, trails and residency  
of my new clientele.

Though native to the county and district,  
I at first found it surprisingly difficult,  
as an example, to find the residence of  
William Gay, head of the Indian Agency;  
the trail with many gates, almost  
obliterated with deep snow, when called  
late at a winter night to a case of "Labor".  
Neighbor John Waugh, who lived at "The  
Forks", called from bed the second time,  
for directions, having lost myself in  
the woods and retracing my steps.



182  
On another trip, in summer time and at  
night, summoned to the Adkinson home  
head of swags, took the wrong turn  
at the forks, and was guided, on  
foot, by the late ~~old~~ Veterans, C.S.A.  
~~Cliff~~ Hepler across the intervening ridge &  
young Clifford Adkinson having  
fallen ~~more than~~ twenty-five feet from  
a cherry tree, late of a Sunday, with  
resulting fractures of both arms and  
deep head wound of the scalp, he  
being about twelve years old.

Late at night, and with Comrade  
Hepler's assistance, the patient was  
anesthetized (chloroform), and extensive  
Surgical Repairs made.

By good chance, and the luck that  
attends young physicians and surgeons,  
the patient made surprising good recovery.  
(He had fallen, as he stated, among rocks  
a distance of twenty-five feet, measured) &  
and in a few days came to my office, on  
foot, to ~~have~~ a distance of ~~four~~ miles) to  
have his wounds attended.

As a climax, a few months later,  
Clifford appeared, in person, and paid me  
the sum of fifteen dollars, about the  
largest single fee I had earned at  
the time; his family having raised  
the money; being poor, and honest.

Clifford Adkinson is living today,  
an over seas Veteran of the War 1914,  
and a pensioner. He never married.



Quite recently, <sup>1883</sup> ~~Mr.~~ Sergeant Dickinson  
visited me. (He lives at Riverside near  
Mapleton, with his sister Mrs. Alice Dickinson,  
entire teacher of schools) of the cherry  
tree accident, exhibiting two arms  
without deformity from fracture when  
a boy, and extensive scars on his  
forehead, as a result of injury ~~1901~~ 1903.

Veteran Alex Hefner, CSA, a notable  
man in his day; he reared a large  
family, head of Swago; industrious  
and honest, ~~as it~~ was true of nearly  
all Northern Veterans of 1861. His son  
George and grand-son Henry, built the  
large stone chimney of my residence,  
in 1928. It was on a trip by auto,  
to his home to visit Mrs. Alex Hefner,  
aged widow, the providential (miraculous)  
escape from disaster occurred, related  
in a previous chapter.

Alex Hefner was Irish, descended,  
with much native humor. While not a  
drunkard, he would, occasionally, get  
a bit tipsy. I recall a Fourth  
of July, 1892, on the "Island" above  
the bridge, Mr. Hefner being present,  
his business selling ripe cherries by  
the half pint, and at intervals doing  
a mac-doon, or a clog, on the  
dance platform, or taking a ride



[illegible]



184

to and Tuesday Steel

Once, Mr. Refner and his son William, or "Bill," a mild alcoholic, ~~the~~ were arrested by the town cop for noisiness on the street and placed in the jail-house. a brick Bastille, recently built. "Bill" Refner announced that he was going to tear the house down - reduce it to rubble, etc. His father restrained him, arguing the building was new, had cost the tax-payers a great deal of money, and should not be destroyed. ~~the~~

The next day, sober and Penitent, Father and son appeared before the first Mayor of Marlinton, Andrew Price, who gave a kindly reprimand and dismissed the case.

The veteran once gave me a humorous account of the retreat from the Battle of Proof Mountain; later from the fight at Lewisburg, himself jumping Greenbrier River at the "Coldwell" fording - in proof of which assertions he found himself, with the rest of the retreating troops, on the east side of the River, and his feet were dry.

Devout, though tipsy, at a "Revival" Church meeting on Swago, along with the singing and the shouting, the usual request by the Chairman for those who wished Salvation, etc, to arise.



20085-  
Hand of hearing, the Veteran was caught  
"off base" and, alone, arose to his feet  
as one who wished to be "lost". On the  
preachers shocked inquiry: "Brother  
Hefner, do you wish to go to ~~Heaven~~?"  
The Veteran replied, stoutly, that he  
"wanted to go some-where" when he died!

It was Alex Hefner who came home-  
back, to summon me to the advisors  
room, a neighbor, when Clifford was  
badly injured, leaving me to follow  
the ~~latter~~ guided me to the house and  
assisted in the anesthesia, etc. ~~He was~~  
~~an aged man, but active.~~

at the Lewisburg fight, Nov. 1863,  
his kinsman Captain William Hefner  
and his son both killed, father and  
son buried in the same grave as told  
in Price's Biographical History of  
Pocahontas County.

"On flames eternal camping ground  
thin tented tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn sound  
the Bivouac of the dead."

Early in the twentieth century getting to  
the homes of the sick and injured was  
by foot, horse-back, carriage, train,  
even freight train ~~car~~ and hand  
lever car by ruffance of the train  
and track crews; on occasion I have







— 48/187

He left a pathumous daughter,  
20 light in weight as to fit snugly in  
a quart Cup. She was christened  
"Tina" or Tiny, as befit her size.  
That "Tiny" survived was considered a  
marvel of nursing skill by Aunt Jane,  
and medical knowledge on my part,  
which helped getting more propitiated  
practitioners the Waugh clan and among  
my neighbors.

7th lived to grow up - always small in stature, but married and had children - her mother was of the Wilfong family.

The "Hard" winter of 1904 has been referred to, with much snow and frequent out-zero cold waves.

The River and Creeks remained  
solidly frozen for months; even  
used as highways and skidding  
logs on sleds and otherwise. In  
February following a thick block of  
ice twenty inches in thickness were  
measured on Knapps Creek.  
Early roads remained a solid sheet



of ice. Horses needs be ~~rough~~ <sup>rough</sup> ~~mod~~  
with ice Cakes, and Nails, Kept Mush,  
Following a "January" thaw and a freeze  
with ~~most of the month~~ <sup>most of the month</sup> ground bare  
of snow, in part, roads remained  
coated with mid. ice. Once I rode  
to the Burr Valley, twenty miles, my  
horse not once alighting on bare ground -  
solid ice.

at least once, I skated on the River ice  
to Hartis, eight miles, answering an  
urgent call - between "trains". I was  
especially skilled in ice skating,  
and with some "rough" snow ice,  
a bit arduous, but I reached my  
goal, returning on the "evening"  
train.

Another time I rode the Breton  
mare down river four miles on ice  
and up Cooks Draft, to the home of  
Robert Rose, where Aunt Margaret  
Thomas had been in attendance  
twenty-four hours, a difficult  
case of "labor". The first born in the  
Rose family; unusual physician  
not available. The birth was  
accomplished, ~~by~~ <sup>the</sup> patient nearly  
exhausted, by an "easy" or "low"  
forceps, and quick recovery, all  
to Aunt Margants relief and  
approval; she also remained my  
friend and supporter ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> for many



(An old medical humorist says that the physician  
is fortunate who 189 sees the patient last)  
years.

The same ~~canoe~~ light canvas  
~~can~~ folding canoe - over steel ribs"  
I had cruised the Green River  
Jul. 1898. was serviceable, and  
sometimes, in flood, I took the canoe  
up stream far as Story Bottoms,  
twenty miles, floating down stream  
with stops at Clover Lick, or points  
below. These cruises I enjoyed  
as a touch of pioneering along with  
the prosaic labor of the day.

Calls by rail sometimes involved  
~~the~~ long delays, missing trains, or a  
walk back, either "up river" or  
"Down River".

Once on a canoe trip from Clover  
Lick, I stopped at the home  
of the late J. Moffett Waugh and  
negotiated the purchase of a roan  
cow, on a medical account of  
about thirty dollars. This "Potted"  
cow, of native stock had a notable  
history, and with her offspring -  
the notable "Holstein" bred by Dean  
in 1917, kept the family in milk  
and butter over a period of twelve  
years.

J. Moffett Waugh, also married  
three times, the father of a generation.  
Among his sons McFarland Waugh  
business man of Marlinton, Mr. Waugh,



has recently died aged more than  
ninety years. His son McKimley  
Waugeth, successful dealer in real  
estate in Marlinton, Ohio has son Ben.  
It is true that Mr. McKimley Waugeth  
in the Prohibition era, sentenced by  
the late Federal Judge George  
W. McClintock did time at Atlanta  
Federal Prison for boot-legging  
moonshine and country liquors,  
all in the way of Business.

Here, something of the long life  
of the Palled Roan Cow purchased  
in 1904 from Mr. Waugeth, at the  
time believed to be "aged". Twice  
"freshened", she supplied the family  
with milk over a period of ten  
years, until 1914. Her cross-bred  
Holstein calf (1910) now an excellent  
milker. The aged Roan was callously  
sold, presumably for "her hide  
and tallow," to Mr. Withrow McClintock,  
a stock dealer. I believe, for  
three dollars, the deal made by  
our assistant herdsman Harvey  
McDowell.

It appears that Mr. McClintock sold  
her to a ~~small farmer~~ <sup>small farmer</sup> near Mill  
Point. On a foggy ~~autumn~~ <sup>early fall</sup> morning



Friday 10/30/59 - 4 Nov. 191

First "Killing" Frost - Walnut and Lemon  
leaves falling. Read I read 1st Chapter  
A solemn warning to Jew and Gentile.

Early, what did I behold, in the Autumn of  
the year 1924. The very mouth of the  
gray old waxy cow, at the bars in  
the River-lot, an intelligent look of  
Recognition in the eye, and begging to  
be let in, as of old!

Verily, the apparition appeared to me,  
as a "Lower Animal" - a mammal -  
Therefore a Biological Kinship - as  
one rose from the dead! (~~Aged in 1904~~)  
not less than twenty-seven years of age.  
"Mooley" was kindly treated, - she appeared  
to be "Dry" for a week, when her  
owner appeared, and we heard of her  
No More.

Endowed with Superior Intelligence  
and years of "experience"; "instinct" - as  
we call it - she had returned to her  
old home to die.

### On Diet -

The mammal - Man - is vegetarian  
by nature. Adam and Eve were given a  
garden "to dress and to keep it; and eat  
the fruits thereof;" nothing said about  
eating the flesh of animals. "Created  
upright, he has sought out many  
inventions," as recorded in Holy Writ.  
The organic chemical "Cholesterol"



192  
debated in the news of the day, a product  
of animal fat in the eating habit, and a  
principal cause of "Heart attack", or  
coronary thrombosis.

In Ancient Valley of the Nile, human  
food was principally grains, roots, berries,  
and vegetables. In time of famine  
the patriarch Jacob sent his sons into  
Egypt to buy grain, - not pork and  
ham and bacon -

At the time of Moses - "Exodus" 1400  
B.C. Decline had set in, along with  
eating animal ~~fat~~. "The Flesh pots  
of Egypt" a ~~Mosaic~~ warning. Moses  
the Leader, was "Learned in the  
knowledge of the Egyptians;" formulated  
prohibitions and rules governing eating  
of animals, when necessary because of  
~~distress~~; necessity knows no law.

Quoting the Bard, in Julius Caesar:

"Who on the higher seats,  
ate of such flesh as others  
died to look upon."

And again:

"Upon what flesh does this  
our Caesar feed  
That he has grown so great!"

As directed by the Law Giver Moses, orthodox  
Jews abstain from meats other than  
"kosher" - a compromise in modern  
diet. Barbarous races, especially the



193  
American "Indians," before corrupted by  
the "Whites," though mainly carnivorous  
in diet, had their doubts as to the  
propriety of killing their "brother"  
animals, especially the bear, whom  
they considered almost human in  
intelligence, frequently offering prayer,  
or an apology, before attempting to  
slay the bear for food. Moreover, the  
Indians was the first "Conservationist,"  
killing no more than was absolutely  
necessary for food.

The first to use tobacco, but as a  
ceremonial, in Council, or a sacred  
rite when visiting the burial mounds  
of his ancestors, or a healing  
spring. A melancholy contrast to  
the present world-wide addiction  
of men - and women too - to the drug!  
In the course of centuries an "age of  
reason" may decay; every threatening  
present day "leading industries," the meat-  
packing and tobacco productions and  
processes.

The ~~words~~ of wise men, the devout  
and learned,  
who rose before us, and as prophets  
burned, stories that awake  
are but the tales of Crusades, who  
they ~~came~~ from sleep,  
have told their comrades, and  
to sleep returned!  
— Rubenyat



194  
Our fellow "Mammals" - (I will not  
refer to fowls and birds, that are not  
Mammals, but have remarkable reasoning  
powers; which ~~are~~ proper to call "instinct";) &  
as individuals they have their joys and  
sorrows, loves and hates, and vary in  
wisely in ~~the~~ intelligence; recognized  
by the "trainers" of birds and beasts.

"Behemoth" - largest of the Mammals -  
and intelligent far beyond other "Fishes";  
Witness "Moby Dick," of the story by  
that name.

As for the Mammal, Man, as an  
individual, of all races, he may be  
"created equal"; but does not remain  
so, for long, in the struggle for  
existence, education, attainment and  
Morality.

Human beings, in the mass, appear  
to be "raw material" from which there  
occasionally emerges a "Divergent,"  
or superior being; ably enunciated  
in Ralph Adams Cressie's "Law."  
"Why we do not believe like Human Beings."

Finally, my brethren, "Whatsoever  
things are true, what is good, lovely  
and of good report; that of these  
things!" (I Saint Paul's Letter  
to the Corinthians.)



Saturday - 10/31/39/1935 -  
4 A.M.

Fairlight of an Autumn night. The  
peculiar light, at night, of the Autumn  
dawn; open. Mistaken as "Dawn of Day".  
A gentle rain, fine for ground  
moisture and pastures; also fire  
prevention in the forests. I have added  
as routine, a banana a day to my Diet,  
and find the food beneficial. For two  
months I have not touched eaten flesh  
for years, occasionally only, in winter,  
as a seasoning. Mainly created  
a Vegetarian, and should return to  
such diet, if possible.

### Lorenzo Waugh

Of Scotch descent, the ancestor of the  
Waugh family settled near Mt. Zion, in  
the "Hills" in middle of the 18th  
Century. The family story has been well  
told in Price's History of Pocahontas County.  
Pages

The life of Lorenzo Waugh (18 -  
19 - ) was of more than ordinary  
length of days and interest. The son  
of Jacob Waugh, whose pioneer home  
was on Greenbrier River, above the  
Tunnel and six Seven Miles from  
Martinsburg. The two story large brown  
log house still standing in 1930,  
but unoccupied. At a later day  
the Waugh family removing to "New  
Ground" below the Tunnel, at  
this place the residence of the late  
Moffett Waugh stands.



The eleven sons of the Pioneer Samuel  
Wauugh were stalwarts; workers in iron  
and Builders; also pillars of the early  
Methodism of Mt Zion Church, later  
on the Greenbrier. — the second  
of the third generations in Pocahontas  
County, Lorenzo Wauugh, an ambitious  
athletic youth; a reader and self  
taught, aspired to the ministry. It  
is told that at a public gathering,  
home of Jacob Warwick, Clover Lick,  
Lorenzo was entered in a mile  
race, by Mr. Warwick, against an  
older champion, whose name is not  
remembered. Young Wauugh won  
the ~~the~~ foot race; and, later, Mr.  
Warwick presented him with a colt  
— a mare — ~~that~~ which with its  
descendants, accompanied ~~Loren~~  
the Circuit Rider and ~~Andam~~ Missionary  
to the Shawnee Indians across the  
plains to the Pacific Coast.  
Early in the 19th Century Lorenzo  
Wauugh became a Methodist Minister  
in Missouri; later, a Missionary  
to the Indians, regions of Kansas;  
and finally reached California.  
Here his merits were noted by a  
Spanish land owner, or Don, who  
supplied land for his use. This  
land claim was lost to Mr. Wauugh,



because of some <sup>197</sup> defect in title, but he  
acquired an excellent ranch in the  
Pinaluma Valley, where ~~his~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>the</sup> last  
years - he was past ninety - were spent  
in peace, surrounded by numerous  
dependents.

Late in life he prepared a published  
memoir (which I have) that he modestly  
wrote in the form of a narrative,  
or story, for his young grand-children.  
An attractive group picture appears in  
the book. The noble countenance of the  
patriarch, surrounded by a half dozen  
grand-children, boys and girls.

As befits a life story, written for his  
grand-children, little of a militant  
nature appears of his adventurous  
life. Residing among barbarians  
of the plains, he could have told  
much of a savage mode of life,  
as did Francis Parkman in his  
"Oregon Trail."

"Mark the perfect man, and behold  
the upright; for the end of that man  
is peace."

James Bridger, the Mountain Man,  
whose birth place was up the Greenbrier  
~~adjoin~~ "The Bridger Place, adjoining the  
Jacob Waugh lands. At a period  
slightly before Foreman Waugh, Jim  
Bridger had a fort and lived with  
his harem of ~~Indian~~ <sup>Indian</sup> squaws on the



Platte, Kansas 198 He is said to have guided Brigham Young's band of the Mormon sect of their exodus from Illinois to the Salt Lake Valley. The "Brigder Hatch" on the Stamping Creek Mountains commemorates the slaying of two Bridger Young men in an Indian foray, about 1784. Jim Bridger, Mountain Man, may have been a younger brother, or a nephew of the two Bridgers slain in 1784.

Allen Carter and William Carter these brothers, veterans of the Confederate armies, came from Eastern Virginia after the war and settled in the Burr Valley, head of Laurel Run, now comprised in the Cal Price State Forest of ten thousand acres. A substantial new white pine log house was constructed, where near which was at a later date constructed a "splash dam" to float timber down Laurel Run to the Greenbrier River. The "Run" so named, though draining a large territory, because of "Big" and "Little" Laurel Creeks, tributary to the head of Williams River. Following the war, both brothers



189  
 married and raised families and prospered. In the course of the years the brothers sold much white pine timber; at a very low "stumpage" price it is true, but aggregating a considerable sum of money.

His wife having died, Allan Carter married for his second wife the much younger young widow Belle Rider (nee Smith) herself the mother of seven children. Allan Carter was sixty when he married Belle, who was still young and remarkably attractive and beautiful, although mother of seven.

By his first wife Mr. Carter had a daughter, named "Prissie" or Priscilla, who was mentally "retarded," and the unmarried mother of a gigantic lot of a son named Ed. Carter, who was reared by his grand-father.

The Carter Brothers had each a considerable sum of money from the sale of timber, and the proceeds of their industrious lives; it being known that Allen had a good board, which the fierce old Veterans was fully able to guard, unless taken at disadvantage.

However, in the year 1899, Veterans Allan Carter was shot from ambush, ~~falling~~ and instantly killed, by falling



at the corner of his log barn while  
going about his work in early morning.  
Unquestionably, illicit love and robbery  
played a part, and to wreck Belle  
was accessory, before and after the  
fact. The grand-son Ed was suspected;  
tried for murder, and acquitted for  
lack of "evidence". Defended in  
court by lawyer H. Felt Rucker.  
I recall an unverified, or documented,  
rumor at the time, that Mr. Rucker  
was paid his fee in gold coin.  
If Ed Carter had been hanged  
or shot or "suspicious", justice would  
have been better served. He continued  
to live at the twice-widowed Belle's  
home and the family until his  
death in the influenza epidemic  
of 1918. of Pneumonia.  
In a former chapter I recorded  
a visit to the Carter home winter  
of 1904, to see young Rufus Rider,  
son of Mrs. Belle Carter, ill of Flu,  
or Pneumonia. A year or so  
later Mrs. Carter paid me for the  
visit, at my office. I recall she  
was accompanied by Ed Carter,  
and a ten dollar gold piece  
proffered, from which I returned  
two dollars in change. Both  
Belle and Ed appeared ill at ease  
from what fact psychologists might



20  
Deputy arbitrator's conclusions were  
might be. Then in middle age,  
Belle painted and over-dressed.  
Mrs Bell - Ryder - Cutters death in  
1920 at the County Hospital, of a  
prolonged affection; the hospital  
~~then~~ known, colloquially, as the  
"Poor House"; then conducted by the  
late Dr. Harry L. Salter, who had  
promoted the sale of the County "Poor  
Farm," the proceeds used to purchase  
the Hospital from Dr. J. W. Price,  
he having acquired the building  
on a protested bank debt from  
the late Brown M. Yeager.

I have learned a deep bond of  
affection existed through life between  
the brothers, Allen and William Cutter.  
After the death of his brother, and  
about 1920, Mr. Wm Cutter sold  
his lands and came to live with  
his daughter, the late Mrs. Blanche  
Meadows, previously married to  
a Mr. Halley, whose two sons  
Wm and Russell still live. Their mother  
Blanche dying in 1952.  
The Cutter-Meadows family then  
lived at the foot of Pritchard, near



Monday - 10/2/59

202

3:30 AM  
Windy weather began  
The weather mild & forebodes of "Julius Lumber".  
The day, for the most part, spent at office  
and in the open air.  
Mrs. Mary McClinton French appears to be  
"Visiting" her in-law, Pittsburg  
and Charlottesville, Va. Her relatives, also  
(Washington), after her misfortune, (and  
improvement) of her husband, Sam French.  
All duly reported among the "Personals"  
of that Beacon of Light and Leading.  
The Pocahontas Times.

Gangsters appear to be moving in at  
the "Toll House". McCloud drinking taxi,  
neglecting the gas station; the Restaurant;  
a hangout for Italians and Negroes;  
- Bootlegging - etc.

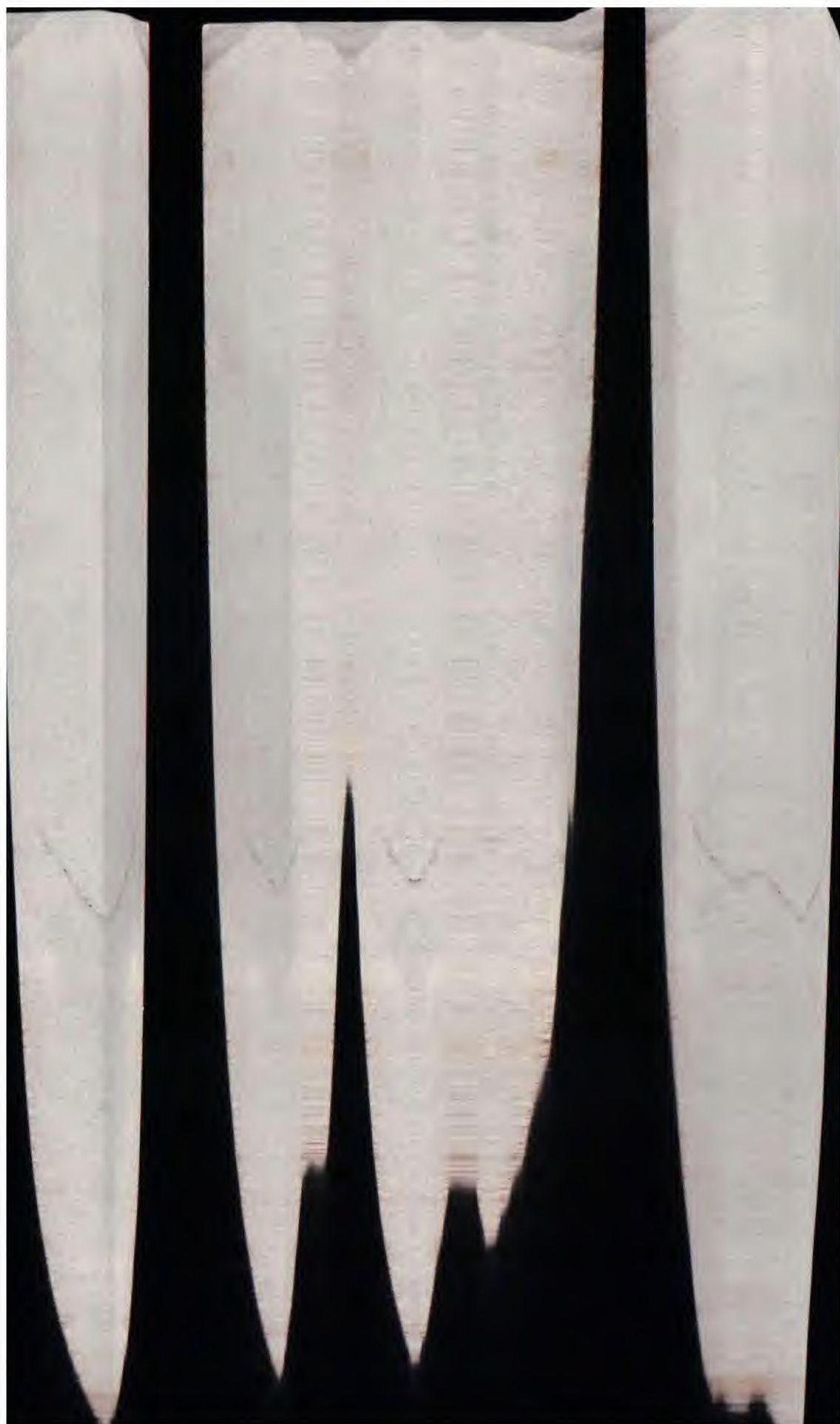
Kelley's Hotel and the Carter House  
suspects! Evil Present with us.

(201)  
my residence, in 1923-24. Veterans Bill  
Culter after had me in to see Mrs. Culter,  
being skeptical about her minor  
ailments and illnesses. A beautiful  
harmony apparent between this aged  
couple, a true union of souls. William  
Culter was married but once.

"We have but one virginity to lose,  
and where we lost it, there our hearts  
will be." - Rippling "The Virginity".

Indefatigable in means, Mr. Culter invariably tendered  
my fee at each visit. Both were of  
a mild aspect, and courteous. The  
"home" Culter of good Anglo-Texan origin.







Monday - 10/2/54  
3:30 am

202

Went to the meeting with the committee first.  
The committee will discuss the "Furnace"  
The day, for the next part, spent at office  
and in the open air. French appears to be  
"Min. Mary-McClintock" has in fact, a party  
and (unfortunately, in this meeting, also  
(unfortunately), after her introduction, and  
her husband from the "Furnace"  
all day, which appears to be "Furnace"  
of the readers, fight and reading.  
The President, James, appears to be moving in at  
the "Furnace" meeting, the President  
regarding the gas station, the President  
a hanging of the station and the President  
- both the young - the President with us.  
The President and the President  
see first! The President with us.

My audience, in 1929-34, William B. B. B.  
Carter after has me in to see Mrs. Carter,  
being speaking about her mother  
Catherine and daughter. A beautiful  
harmony appears between the two  
Carter, a true union of souls. William  
Carter was present last time.  
"We have but one language to lose,  
and when we lost it, there are hearts  
will be - (The language)  
Indefinite in means, Mr. Carter mentioned finding  
my list of each visit. Both work of  
a mind, spirit, and conversation. The  
a home, both of good and bad on any m-



At times I drew him out to fight his battles  
again, when his eye would light up  
with the true fire, and vocal accent.  
He did not approve the loss of the war;  
hated Yankees, and had killed as many  
as possible in 1861.

Mr. Colter did not approve of his  
daughter's second marriage with one  
Meadows, who had come with a Road  
Construction firm from North Carolina,  
of unknown family, and rather much  
expressing with some asperity his  
opinions of certain male and female  
visitors at the house, following the  
engagement by marriage of Mr. Meadows.  
I believe this was a cause of the Colters,  
later, going to the home of another  
daughter, who lived in Kansas, where  
both died and were buried.

William and Allan Colter served  
throughout the war in the 22d Reg. Va.  
Infantry, reduced by losses to the 22d  
Battalion. In the same Company, and  
left under the same blanket the entire  
four years; a remarkable thing. This  
was told me by William Bill Colter in 1923.  
They about 80 years of age.

The 22d Reg. was engaged the first day  
at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, when the Yankees  
were driven with heavy losses in killed  
and prisoners. Mr. Bill Colter recalled  
slaking his battle thirst at "Spranglers  
Sprink", Culp Hill; as did Veterans  
Hugh A. McLaughlin, previously mentioned.



204  
A member of Company I, 25th Va. Infantry.  
(\*) Gettysburg is rated one of the world's  
"Decisive Battles." I esteem it a privilege  
to have talked to many who were ~~there~~ <sup>at the battle</sup>,  
at the 50th anniversary ~~celebration~~ <sup>commemoration</sup> of  
Gettysburg in the field of Gettysburg, July  
1913, and elsewhere; notably ~~at~~ <sup>at the</sup>  
~~Gettysburg~~ "Gettysburg" High P. McGunagles,  
the Rev. J. C. Beverage and Chas. K. Moore.

In writing this "Memoir" I have been  
impressed ~~by~~ <sup>with</sup> the pleasure to be de-  
rived ~~by~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~reading~~ <sup>re-reading</sup> records and re-  
reading the chronicles of childhood  
and youth. It has been said: "The  
old days are better than the ~~modern~~ <sup>new</sup>,  
because the pain has gone out of  
them." Certainly, the tale is  
engraved on the tablets of memory  
more clearly than are ~~modern~~ <sup>recent</sup>  
events.

"Time but the impression deeper  
makes,  
As streams their channels  
Deeper wear."

However, ~~much~~ for the record, much  
demands to be recorded of the  
"Impatient Years" comprised in the  
mcredible ~~historical~~ third, fourth, and  
fifth decades of the twentieth Century, A.D.



Tues Aug - 11/3/59 205-

4 PM-

Good weather, windy. November a "White" Month.  
Trace of ice. Road traffic slowing down.  
The leaf-raking nearly finished. Now  
to "get set" for winter.  
President Eisenhower, dimly awake  
to the folly of unlimited debt, inflation,  
"relief" and "wared leadership" being  
criticized as to his "Leadership" in the arc  
of 1944. Internationalists and Democrats  
"dusting off" Adlai Stevenson, the man  
of "good sense" (and liberality) to run  
for President in 1960. Money is to be made  
in the fall, as well as the rise of Empire."

Alfred Beckley McComb.

The saga of the Widow Wiley, of Wiley Manor  
has been written, in part. The life of a notable  
man, A. B. McComb, also of Hendersonville, who  
lived to the great age. Ninety-eight years,  
dying in 1958, is interesting in that he  
retained good health and mentality, able  
to do considerable work with the hoe  
and the hoe in his garden in his 98th  
year.

Born — 1860, son of Price McComb  
extensive owner of White Pine Lands on  
Cummings Creek. His mansion with large  
brick chimneys still stands a half mile  
from Hendersonville. John was probably  
a namesake of James Arley Price, my  
grandfather. The first of the name of  
record in Rockingham County, a child  
of the middle age of his Parents. He  
was named for "General" Alfred Beckley,  
Pioneer developer of Coal mining in



206  
Raleigh County, Virginia, after whom the  
nearest city of Beckley is named.  
At the time of 1861 ~~under the~~ General  
was prospecting for iron ore in Pocahontas  
and Greenbrier; visited the McCoub family,  
and employed Price McCoub as guide.  
Beckley McCoub's early life boyhood  
and youth that of an ambitious back-  
woods youth with ambition and of  
regular habits: getting such schooling  
as the near-by County Seat afforded;  
(~~which~~ My father W. Price (1838-1921)  
also attended in Dec ~~1846~~ 1846;)  
roaming the forests and working diligently  
clearing his father's lands.

Early marrying a Miss McLaughlin  
they built their house ~~with their~~  
own hands, in the village, as they  
contemplated going into the store  
business. Mrs. McCoub bore ten  
children, her death due to some  
complications of child-birth, the child  
surviving; Mr. McCoub lamenting  
her death for more than forty years.

In an interview some years before his  
death, he told of his young wife holding  
a lantern and otherwise assisting as he  
worked, at night, building his house  
and, later, his store. Substantially  
built of white pine, the house still  
stands, restored, a handsome  
dwelling. He also praised the



wife of his youth as "The best of women".  
In preparing to build the house, Mr.  
McCormick, with his father's permission, felled  
~~down~~ Pine trees, peeled and had sawn  
sufficient lumber; later building  
the house; ~~all this~~ single-handed for  
the most part.

During this time he kept so busy  
he ate only twice daily, not stopping  
for a mid-day meal, or lunch.  
Needless to say, he had no time to  
develop "alcoholism", being busy  
night and day, except for a few  
hours sleep.

From an early day, Whitesville  
was a trading post. Beginning in a  
small way, Beckey opened a ~~store~~  
a general store, or shop, and in the course  
of years, with stiff competition, was  
successful; rearing a large family  
respectably settled in life and  
gaining a competence.

The death of his ~~young~~ wife  
aged about 48, the tragedy of his life,  
but he never faltered, continuing diligent  
in business, and assisting as best he  
could certain members of his family.  
I talked with him about a year before  
his death in 1958, and was impressed  
by his apparent good health, age 97,  
intelligence and good sense. He



208  
had, ~~until in 1832~~, some years before  
designed his store business to his  
youngest son, Robert, and become  
short of money, though not dependent,  
owning his home and garden. This was  
due, largely, to his having assisted  
members of his family, and others, for  
the many years he lived past the  
four score and three.

All of which is another story.  
During the "Depression" years, 1832  
and after, Mr. McComb accepted "Dollars"  
in the amount about one thousand dollars,  
though the owner of Real estate, etc., under  
the mistaken impression that it was an  
"old age pension." This was an error.

At a later day payment was demanded  
by R.P.A., with intent to - not without  
Malice - to eject this aged man from his  
house. In assistance forth-coming from  
his numerous children, who should  
appear but his grown, married, "Natural"  
daughter, ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> paid the debt, and  
cared for him the few remaining years of  
his life; more than decently burying and  
erecting a monument to mark his resting  
place in the McComb Cemetery.

For several years before his death,  
Mr. Peckley McComb's once profitable  
store business had become a liability  
because of changing conditions in  
the wholesale and retail general



Store Business. Also the competitors  
of Shopping Centers and Chain Groceries,  
and so forth. Financial help and supplies given  
certain members of his family (unpaid  
for) a drain on his resources; and  
in extreme age he had the modifications  
of being "nearly broke". Accepting  
the situation, without complaint, and,  
though not formally "Religious",  
thoroughly reviewed his life, was  
satisfied; realized the whole earth  
was full of the glory of the Almighty,  
and was instant in Prayer. And  
upheld the Covenant of Grace, as I  
firmly believe.

The remarkable woman Laura  
Jane Smith, ~~was~~ one of seven  
beautiful daughters of John Wesley  
Smith and Mary Elizabeth Burr-  
Smith; was born Feb. 27, 1888, in  
the Burr Valley, and reared from  
an early age by her widowed  
grandmother, Burr, who resided  
until her death in the old two-  
story Burr log house at the  
entrance to Burr Valley, head of  
Laurel Run.

An attractive child, with fine  
dark blue eyes, she profited by early  
schooling in Rural Schools; good



up under Pioneer conditions, trained  
in the labors of the house and farm  
and the care of cattle, <sup>as</sup> many as  
thirteen cows. She, like others, had  
gathered berries, barefoot, in "rattleske-  
Copperhead" bush country.

Precocious; married at fifteen,  
and a mother at sixteen years, to an  
immigrant from the Middle East, either  
Lebanon or Syria who rejoiced in  
the "Christian" name "Harrison"  
Abdella, bestowed by authority of  
law at the New York Port of entrance.

Shortly after the marriage, Grand-  
mother Burr died, intestate; Lawrence,  
Jane receiving no share of the extensive  
Burr lands. Building a small  
house on leased land, she and  
"Harrison" began a brave twenty-year  
period ~~struggle for~~ <sup>struggle for</sup> survival. ~~Three~~ Three  
"seaworthy" infants (Boys) were born  
in <sup>succession</sup> succession; Lawrence Jane not yet  
twenty-one; and began the struggle  
to ~~avoid~~ rear the sons, - and avoid  
bearing numerous other seaworthy  
Abdellas <sup>to America</sup>

~~Immigrants~~ <sup>Immigrants</sup> from the Middle and  
far East, decadent descendants of  
Empire builders, unless specially  
employed in commercial or food  
hauling, are not usually successful  
in agriculture in a colder climate  
and in a strange land.



216  
Far removed from association  
with his own race, Harrison Abdella  
~~remained~~ remained ignorant of a new  
culture. An honest, religious, and temperate  
man, he yet lives, past eighty, in the  
house he and Laura built. In his middle  
years, Harrison was befriended by the  
late Henry Burr, uncle of Laura, who  
lived on a large section of Burr Land.  
Harrison Abdella never successfully  
"integrated" with "native" Americans.

At thirty-five years of age, her three  
sons grown, Laura Jane rebelled,  
and left her husband. All her life  
accustomed to fend for herself; of  
remarkable beauty, magnificent and  
attractive and "Magnetic," religious  
and a Methodist from early childhood;  
no breath of scandal attached to her  
at first. She sought refuge with her uncle  
Henry Burr; not eating the bread  
of idleness. Still in touch with  
her young sons, she for a time  
"peddled" household goods in the  
neighborhood, to a small degree,  
and successfully.

In the course of her "cavassing" she  
had been supplied with merchandise  
to some extent, by Bechley McCorn,  
merchant, the tragic death of whose  
wife has been told, ten years before.  
A candy and "notions" shop was  
opened by Laura, in Huntersville.



212

Where she resided with her sons, who  
also kept in touch with their father in  
the Burr Valley - Her names, Delbert,  
Dale and Theodore Abdella.

Being mutually attracted, and by  
"Natural Selection" a son was born to  
Buckley McCool and Laura Jane Smith,  
(in 1925) named James (or Jimmie)  
"Abdella" in deference to legal custom.  
Jimmie was "blonde", and grew up to be  
a soldier in Korea - another story.

Even the village gossips, later, admitted  
the ~~noticable~~ <sup>congeniality</sup> and ~~respect~~  
Mutual respect of <sup>of Betty and James</sup> ~~of Betty and James~~ through life.  
(Furthermore, it is "a wise son for  
daughter) who knows his own father,"  
as the proverb says).

All the while Laura Jane was  
diligent in business, keeping her shop,  
canvassing and selling goods  
on the road; expert in handling  
farm animals, and a judge of  
live stock; she kept a good cow,  
sold milk and butter, and raised  
pigs, and a garden with many  
flowers.

From the first year of my Practice  
(1903) I knew the Smith family;  
had visited their home, and  
attended Laura Jane at the birth  
of her first child, in 1904.



Something of the <sup>213</sup> lives of the Fitzsimmons  
beautiful Smith sisters will follow  
in this narrative.

Throughout the years I had observed  
Laura and her family, contacted nearly  
all in my practice of medicine,  
making long journeys to their homes,  
widely scattered over the mountains  
and valleys in Pocahontas, even in  
Greenbrier County, North Fork of  
Antietam Creek.

On a Sunday, Summer or fall autumn  
1930, Mrs. Lucretia Jane Abdellah appeared  
at my office, accompanied by Beckley  
McComb, and requested, insisted, ~~but~~  
~~exam~~ physical "examination" be  
made to determine suspected pregnancy.  
Early pregnancy! Surprisingly,  
Mr. McComb sat in my surgery  
during the "examination," and paid  
the fee of two dollars all without  
comment by any.

I will state that it has never  
been my custom to encourage  
such "examinations" in pregnancy,  
causal or otherwise. "Natural,"  
suggesting that time will tell.

Early in 1931, a daughter, Hallie,  
also a blonde, was born to Laura,  
I attending the birth at her home  
in Huntersville. The father aged 70 years



214

Aged, though with many years to live,  
his swaggers depleted. Beckley McCoub-  
ran his store through the Depression years,  
but unprofitably - having no other  
resources than his "Savings".

Laura Jane, age 41, and blonde,  
worked hard ~~raising~~ her second family,  
raising a good garden (with flowers)  
and keeping a cow. She also ranged  
the hills and fields for berries in season,  
at times "hitch-hiking" to Marlinton to  
sell butter and berries, finding a  
customer, thirty cents the pound being  
top price for good country butter,

Year 1932

Though "Separated" from her husband,  
Laura Jane was not "divorced" until  
legally, until 1956, about thirty years  
after. ~~When~~ On my asking her why  
she had gotten a divorce (uncontested)  
she replied, truthfully, that she "Did  
not know why".

She and Beckley McCoub had  
"lived on the square, like a true married  
pair," and two children born to them  
meanwhile -

That there was a strong physical  
attraction between me and Laura Jane  
Smith is freely admitted. Once as  
a beginning when she delivered



245-  
two pounds of good butter, ~~at~~ to me  
at my office. I impulsively kissed her,  
to which she responded with interest.  
Other intimacies followed, as all in the  
course of "natural selection" on my  
part, and Laura continued to hitch-  
hike to Marlinton with Betty and  
Produce.

Incensed by the beautiful and graceful  
Miss Alice, I certainly was not regarded  
as "rich" and a good "Catch," though  
a hard worker, and still vigorous,  
even youthful, at ~~seventy~~ 58 years.  
Laura was appreciative, at this crucial  
time, for small favors.

Bedley McCorn must have known  
I was "contributing" to the support of  
Laura and her young family, but  
he gave no sign; the outward  
decencies of all of us preserved;  
no "jealousies." I firmly  
believe the "Rage of Jealousy" is  
solely a passion connected with  
true marriage in youth and the  
middle years.

A man turns back to what he  
used to use  
to make his living, even though  
he be free;



216

And so comes back upon the least  
Same as the sailor settled by the sea.  
<sup>excuse,</sup>

He knows he's never going on no  
Cruise;

He knows he's done and finished  
With the sea;

But will he like to think she's there  
To use,

Same as the sailor settled by the sea.

He should ask her as she used to be -  
The dignity (sophistry)

Marriage I deemed impractical, in  
part due to complications and  
numerous ~~for~~ children in all our  
families. With the many needs of  
the rising generations. Being  
congenial with Laura, and by nature  
"faithful," kept my foot from  
wandering in the paths of dalliance  
for many years.

Largely because of Laura's  
religious scruples, we decided  
to refrain from intimacies, and  
did so ~~remained~~ for a time. When  
being called to her home because  
of real or fancied illness, I  
found her lying on a couch,  
in a rather cheap, and worn  
kitchen ~~house~~ dress, but looking so



214

attractive, and beautiful, that I  
leaned over and kissed her  
warmly, she responding as of  
old. Soon our intimacies were  
resumed, and continued for a long  
time. Surely I for many years  
contributed substantially to the support  
of her family. My fortunes seemed  
to grow, and not diminish during  
the 3d and 4th decades, 20th Century.  
She did me good, and that will  
bring me "luck."

I write of "falling" for Laura the second  
time, after a brief separation. When she was  
attired in a dilled, torn house dress, as  
a warning to all women not to put their  
trust wholly in fine sammet, "tired" hair  
and cosmetics, as did Dowager Queen  
Jezebel of old, as attractive to the male.  
E. H. Howe, the Sage of Kansas, once  
hate the men of small towns are bitter  
judges of women than city men - he cited  
a certain woman who had gone "all  
out" to catch a certain man, and made  
a humiliating failure. The same woman  
went to a large city, and almost at the  
first cast "hooked" an eligible man,  
made a good "catch" marriage.  
It is true that Laura Jane in this middle  
years, and later "tired" and "tired" her hair  
and "painted" her face, in a tasteful manner, all



To good effect: and like the classical Loral  
Berulart, the actress, attractive and beautiful when  
past twenty. Three sons of hers abdicated  
served successively in the Army, and thus  
allatments aided their mother through some  
difficult years.

Delbert, after Army service, married a divorcee  
with children, in Charleston; accumulated some  
valuable property. His sudden, unexpected  
death from "heart failure" several years  
followed, the widow getting all, including  
life insurance, the insurance, until shortly  
before Delbert's death named his mother  
as Beneficiary - possibly one of the "Dangers"  
of Matrimony in a Military Age.

Jimmy Abdella, in due time, was caught  
up in the "Peace-time Draft," and sent by  
a Presidential Government, at his impressionable  
age to Korea, as a "replacement."

Returning, after two years, it was evident  
a good job of "integrating" racially, had  
been done; Jimmy's hair-do, head gear,  
and gaudy sports shirts so strikingly  
Korean that at first sight he appeared to  
be a blonde Oriental; also his face  
was changed. As a child a pleasant-  
faced, handsome boy. After service in  
Korea a taste for filthy Country liquors.

But not so especially vicious, he had  
driven trucks in Korea, and, sometimes worked  
and associated with undesirable male and  
female devilkins.

Married and divorced, and re-married  
before 25 years of age, (also an Oriental Custom?)



And in between, failed in the State of Ohio,  
where his half brother, Dallas, was employed,  
in default of payment of a judgment  
or settlement demanded by an authoress  
his female, on a conviction for Bastardy.  
Jimmie Lister, Hallie, also in Ohio at the  
time wrote her mother Jimmie would  
"go crazy" unless money was sent to  
help him out. Laura James felt the whole of  
prison for four hundred dollars, as neither  
will do. Jimmy was released, and  
left him a year again married with  
the aid of his wife's father, a house has  
been built, and the family settled down,  
with two nice children & girls. My  
contribution to the cause, payment of the  
Bank Loan! which I do not regret!

It is needless to write this incident, and  
much in this narrative not written to as  
sensationalism, but a true record of life  
as it was lived, the past half of the  
twentieth Century: and not for publication  
in this generation, unless edited, in part.

The ancient writings are full of  
interesting revealing stories of the Patriarchs and  
Prophets, the wise and learned  
"the long, long dead, and those of yester-  
night" —  
"who each has back what one he passed  
to weep —  
"Homer his sight; and David his little lad."  
— Elizabeth Wintworth Reese.

though not an ender



Nov. 11, 1959 720

~~Nov. 11, 1959~~ Frosty, heavy frost. November a  
winter - month. My persimmon tree, near  
the bridge, loaded. The recent frost pruning  
climbed the tree last morning, picked a bag of  
wholesome fruit, not appreciated by mountaineers,  
because unaccustomed. The persimmon tree,  
strange to say, horticulturally belongs to the  
Ebenaceae family - a sub-tropical wood,  
valued for its luster, density, and  
rich, palish. Not native to this region.  
The specimen was brought thirty years ago  
from the Virginia Peninsula. Thrives best  
in marshy ground. The tree planted  
near a "Deep".

Mr. Lacy Byrd.

In 1955, Laura Jane Smith obtained an  
uncontested divorce from her husband, Harrison  
Ophelia, the Lebanese immigrant, they having  
lived separate thirty years; but retained  
her "maiden" name.

About this time, or shortly after, I learned  
she and Mr. Lacy Byrd were frequently attended  
the Huntersville Methodist Church, together;  
in local opinion thought to be equivalent  
to publishing "banns" for legal marriage.  
Both devout, I believe they in this year of grace  
1959 ~~they~~ together at Church, though not married  
that I am aware. Mr. Byrd has an auto,  
always at Laura's disposal, therefore no longer  
hitch-hiking ~~on her~~ to Marlinton; frequently  
calling on me at my office, our friendship  
endures, but Platonic.



The two of us, <sup>22</sup> "faithful" by nature, and  
denied by unkind Fate ~~an eternal~~ union  
of spirit in the air!

Try as he will, no man breaks wholly  
from his first love, no matter who  
shall be,  
or was there ever sailor free to choose  
who did not settle somewhere near  
the sea?

Myself it does not interest or amuse  
to see a flock of shipping in the ~~sea~~,  
But I can understand my neighbors  
views—things which have occurred  
to me. — The Virginity, Kipling

Of a landed family in Highland County, Va.,  
later head Mechanic in the Machine  
Shop at Cass, Occoquan County, Lucy  
Byrd wore his "Bachelors Night Cap" until  
late middle life; ~~very~~ Real, industrious  
and reputed well-to-do = "Strong  
on the goose"! The dominant  
member of the Byrd clan, settled near  
Hendersonville, on Browns Creek; where  
his ~~aged~~ mother and sister-in-law  
Mrs Clyde Byrd have recently died.  
He was, perhaps, in error financing his  
brother Clyde in the well patronized beer  
tavern at the "Forks" on Byrd Land.

Clydes and his late wife, a Miss Hamrick,  
the parents of Major Jack Byrd, <sup>19</sup> a young,  
~~crack~~ athletic coach and teacher at



222  
Billsboro High School; (urase wife the  
beautiful Miss Gay, of Indian Draft, grand-  
daughter of "Draft" Sam Gay, artilleryman  
U.S. Army. I have from the Major's several fine  
sons and daughters. The family lives  
in California, where Major Byrd is stationed  
Commissioned from the Caucasus, War of 1941,  
when he saw fighting on both "fronts".  
During ~~the~~ Mr. Byrd's absence in the  
war, Mrs Byrd ran the Tall House  
Restaurant, West end of the Bridge, used  
Marlinton, subsisting her family, ~~and~~  
by a meagre allotment of, at first, a  
soldier's pay.

To resume: For myself, I may say,  
that I have rarely seen much good  
come of second marriages, for men.  
There maybe - are - exceptions of course;  
but oftener one or the other aged partners is  
~~one~~ put away in a Nursing Home, or  
State "Poor Houses"; or Poverty may come  
in the door, and resulting unhappiness,  
even the Sage of Kansas, ~~the~~ Howe, put  
away the old wife of his youth - an error -  
and once wrote, with his usual candor,  
that in his youth he was accused of  
"Running after" women! Continuing, he  
says that in later life some of those  
women had to run from him!  
It may be that Laura and Lacy  
being seen together, ~~and~~ frequently, at  
the Methodist Church, had something to  
do with Laura's divorce. I do not know.



223

The Truth is stranger than Victorian  
fiction; why lie? or at the very least,  
fiction based on truth, as is the admirable  
"House Divided," by Benjamin Williams;  
or "Gone with the Wind," by a young woman  
genius, of Georgian ancestry, whose recent  
accidental death is mourned & regretted.

Mrs. Mary Chisholm's "Diary" of the Civil  
War period, is valuable and interesting  
and valuable; describing life as it was  
lived during the War - 1861. So much so,  
the Maidens, and beautiful, Miss Myrtle  
Avery, whom I met in Baltimore in 1902  
delicately "edited" the first edition.  
(Previously referred to in this narrative).  
The Diary, of course, refers to very many  
distinguished persons by name, with  
incident and gossip, at a stirring and  
tragic period; of an invaded country;  
of a war-like people, and at war!

Two things greater than all things are;  
Women and Horses, Power and War!

Laura's only daughter, Hallie May, (1931)  
from childhood I shared a spirit of ~~anxious~~  
frustration and discontent with her lot.  
Intelligent and beautiful, but lacking ~~the~~  
~~the~~ the aura of the spirit, she finished ~~the~~  
co-educational high school, at eighteen,  
but not qualifying in typing, Practical  
Commercial ~~courses~~ <sup>studies</sup> that enables many  
young women to hold positions with  
Government at Washington, or in stores  
and banks. Hallie found, somewhat



224

To her surprise, the only employment at the  
moment was in factories, in shops, or in  
local restaurants and taverns, with their  
undesirable contacts and atmosphere.  
Far too many ~~women~~ becoming "suspect"  
as to chastity.

A strong and active girl, soon adept  
at driving autos, even on occasion trucks  
and tractors, like the Russian women  
are said to do. She also went for the  
mannish clothing, or lack of clothing, of the  
age; unlike her mother, who was always  
clothed modestly and in a womanly  
manner, and by nature charmingly  
modest and quiet; besides possessing  
"Personal Magnetism" in a high degree -  
a rare gift in women.

In due time Hallie May married,  
her husband, once divorced, Leonard Combs,  
from a Logan County family whose members  
are successful as Merchants, plumbers, etc.  
Leonard in youth appeared somewhat of  
a misfit, therefore a family problem -  
as a man after his second marriage  
his conduct good, employed regularly  
as a painter in the local Tannery,

Being ambitious, desiring a high  
standard of living, Mrs. Combs has  
elegantly fitted up the old McComb  
~~farm~~ house, with furnace heat, water  
from deep wells, sanitary plumbing, etc;  
even with occasional aid from Leonard's  
people, ~~but~~ always in debt. They have  
(but no more <sup>and</sup> than others better situated)







Wed- 11/11/59  
3 A.M.

226

Clear, frosty; but warmer. - a few Persimmons  
a day I find wholesome food - one of the  
"Fruit of the Garden" (Eden) mankind was  
directed to eat of -

Since retiring, in part, from the <sup>active</sup> practice of  
Medicine, several years since, "It has been  
my habit to "retire" at about seven, leave  
twilight at this season. I usually  
awake after sound sleep of seven hours,  
when I may lie for an hour or two, with  
a devil-may-care as to wakefulness; I  
reflect on the recent events or future  
activities; then return to sleep, or  
if may be, arise, build a griddle wood  
fire in my bath-room, and turn off  
up to one half dozen pages.

Not inhibited by space writing,  
but "for the record" only; or to gratify  
an inward urge, and as a mental exercise.  
Ecclesiastes xiv. 8. "Rich men living <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~  
their houses, furnished with ability, living  
peaceably in their ~~houses~~ habitations, and  
generations, and the glory of their times."

Others there be, ~~who were~~ merciful men,  
and their children after them, who are as if  
they had never been; but these were  
merciful men, who have not been forgotten.  
I find myself, unconsciously, recording  
something of these obscure "merciful"  
men - and women too!



227

Having written something of each of the  
"Three Musketeers", McKim, Price and  
Byrd, each and successively the Cavalier  
escort of the woman Laura Jane Abdella; -  
I continue:

Laura Jane certainly was happy in her  
inner life; though valiently meeting obstacles.  
She rarely showed emotion, though I think  
she had periods of religious ecstasy. Only  
once did I ever see her fine eyes fill  
with tears when telling me of the recent  
sudden death of her son Delbert, a war  
veteran. In conversation she <sup>never</sup> always  
appeared quietly happy; with poise  
and good sense. Personally "modest"  
never considered sexually promiscuous;  
a fine housekeeper, and tireless in providing  
for her household, her small house of  
recent years elegantly finished and  
spotless. For long periods she ~~sheltered~~  
sheltered Jimmie and his most recent  
"family" out of scanty means until he  
settled down in a house of his own.

Through all her face expressed the  
content of "a meek and lowly spirit,"  
- believe it or not!

I recall a long Autumn day ride (October  
1904) to the home of John Wesley Smith in the  
Burr Valley, Oregon. One of the  
daughters, <sup>daughter</sup> the young girl (not Laura) who  
resided with her Grandmother Burr-  
this adolescent young lady had lain  
in an hysterical frame for several days,  
alarming even her mother, well aware



of the vagaries of her large family of girls. It so happened that by the time I was summoned, the day before, and I had leisurely ridden twenty miles, the patient was recovered, sitting up happily, and feeling improved by her recent "illness." Making only a casual examination, or "inspection," I had the sense to know there was nothing the matter - ~~by intuition~~ <sup>by intuition</sup> I suppose being young and inexperienced in the ~~psychology~~ <sup>psychology</sup> of the young females of the species. I recall, vividly, the cordiality and interest of the family circle then almost unbroken; but the amiable parents, Mary Elizabeth and John Wesley Smith. I probably ~~prescribed~~ dispensed a popular "nerve" pill of the Peruvian and Camphor, or other placebo; all of us rejoiced at the happy outcome of the "illness." My fee of ten dollars. A maximum - was paid on the spot, and I started my return ride of twenty miles - I will here state "mileage" was calculated at 50 cents per mile - one way - total \$10.00. The Smiths' family had probably sold a cow, or other live stock recently. The day was a Sunday, and the autumn coloring of the forest at its best. On the journey I by chance observed a romantic incident that impressed me, perhaps unduly, as I at age thirty years, single, and a Physician,



Supposedly ~~the~~ sophisticated and worldly wise. It so happened a young couple were "Pick-nicking" that fine day, on Beaver Creek, somewhat after the manner of the young Otto Valentine in the story by Kautos entitled "Andersonville," and his girl, before starting to join the war (1861). In the present instance a young son of the late Arch George, who was a timber man, and a "wolf," had hired a livery "rig" in Murfreesboro and with the young lady, who lived on Cummings Creek, a Miss A., known to me, very beautiful, a rose-cheeked Brunette with strikingly black hair and eyes. I met the couple in the one-horse "livery" rig, on Beaver Creek; I recall that Arch George, defiantly, discarded a large whirlybatter as I rode past; also the high color and vivid gleam from coal black eyes of Miss A. On my return, I <sup>in the afternoon</sup> observed the horse hitched to a road-side tree, and the young couple apparently still Pick-nicking up a piney hollow.

Human affairs, and urges, much the same, whether in the horse and buggy days or the auto age, only its range much expanded and complicated by co-educational high schools and colleges. (John) Grand-daughter, to sprightly old lady: "were you ever in service paper (1918)?" "were you ever bed-ridden?" "Grand-mother?" "A thousand times, dearie; and once in a buggy."



230  
I may add, Miss A. later married, that  
to young Mr. George; bore eight children;  
the family valued patients for many years;  
during all which time her "reputation" was  
spotless. In later years, mildly insane,  
her death soon followed, in her home,  
that ~~was~~ in a state hospital; sincerely  
mourned by family and friends.

Cambre Pierce, once wrote: "Whisky  
Battles have a poor opinion of women!"  
himself separated from his wife, because  
of indiscreet letter correspondence  
with a Danish Nobleman still residing  
in Europe, according to Pierce's Biography,  
Williams, who also relates that when  
Mrs. Pierce later offered to divorce him,  
himself wished to marry again.  
Major Pierce declined, remarking  
acutely, "Did not wish to join  
any more competitors."

A veteran officer of the 9th Indiana  
Volunteers, Major Pierce was in the  
Campaign in West Virginia, 1861.  
Acquainted with scenery, upper Greenback  
River, referred to "the enchanted  
Mountains," and retraced the  
old trails of the armies on Cheat  
Mountain many years later.

Her one hundred and forty-four  
thousand redeemed before the throne of  
Heaven, "because they were virgins,"  
according to Commentator Arthur



231  
not ~~that~~ Stenley does not, Profanely, ~~nevers~~  
~~not~~ celebrates, but ~~to~~ men who ~~have~~  
kept the marriage ~~and~~ <sup>bond</sup> inviolate.  
— (Revelation).

John Wesley Smith, and his sister Belle  
(Cutter) came from the Eastern Virginia  
Shortly after the War (1861), settled in the  
Burr Valley, married and reared large  
families. Mr. Smith appears to have been  
"easy going," not in good health and  
died many years ago. He was a  
veteran of the Confederacy. His wife  
was left the care of a large family,  
long before the period of Public  
Assistance to Infants. Mrs. Mary  
Elizabeth Smith labored valiantly  
to support the family. When her only  
young son, died of Pneumonia <sup>in the</sup> in 1918,  
she was the beneficiary of insurance and  
a pension. All her children now  
grown and with families, she spent  
her life, dying about 1945, being  
stricken with Paralysis, with her  
daughter Mrs. William Rogers, on  
Bever Creek. Not changing her  
way of life in the least particular,  
dressing plainly and living simply,  
she spent her wealth judiciously in  
aiding her family in emergencies,  
illnesses and deaths. Kindly and  
charful to the last, and in good health



232

until her last illness, Paralysis, of a few days, she spent all her money in aid to relatives, leaving no estate. She rests in the Beaver Creek Cemetery, a well cared for burying place, her grave unmarked, as yet, by a stone. A member of the Pioneer Burr family, her father Frederick Burr a German immigrant, and reputed to be a veteran of ~~Waterloo~~ other decisive Battle of Waterloo. She had a good heart.

The surviving son of the Smith family, William ("Willie") Smith, lives at the homestead, aged 83 years. He has a foster son, and grand children. All women of the family, all amiable, and as stated before, widely scattered. Most have endured poverty, not being well endowed with lands, and usually with large families.

Clementine (Clement) Smith-Cole  
This attractive young girl was blinded at the age of 12 years, Presumably by a brain tumor, as diagnosed by Baltimore Physicians. Married to a woodsman Frederick Cole, their home was on the desolate trail leading from Watoga to the Railway to across the Bucking and Pyles Mountains to Beaver Creek. Her life, necessarily one of poverty & poverty, but not neglect. She had no



233  
Children. Her husband was kind-  
she lived and died long before there  
was public assistance for the Blind, or  
assistance of any kind.

I make special mention of the life  
of Cleomantine because of ~~her~~ remarkable  
cheerfulness. Many times she appeared  
to be happy. Her death occurred  
at age thirty, and sudden, probably  
due to the Brain tumor, a cause of  
blindness. Doubtless she <sup>and</sup> back was  
right, and with her spirits in the  
air in the land of the best.

### Orly George Family

Noted for the statuesque beauty of the women  
and handsome sons, the George family,  
has earned mention in these chronicles.  
Late in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century there arrived from  
Eastern Kentucky Orly George and his  
young family. They had their dwelling  
in the remote fastnesses of Buckley  
Mountains, at the "Messer Place".  
Rather of uncouth appearance, and down  
crutched, Orly George was reputed  
skilled in fencing and Morn-  
stimming; and was always armed  
with rifle or small Pistol. The  
children got their good looks from  
their mother! All were unusually



234

intelligent, their meagre schooling  
supplemented by reading and work  
hand. In later life all the girls  
shuttled between the Atlantic and the  
Pacific Coast, in Montana and Oregon,  
self-reliant, true pioneer stock - and  
gaining much self-respect, though  
frequently married and divorced, or  
separated. At no time did any  
seem to fail in acquiring mates  
as required.

Gun-play not unknown in this  
family. Once I was called to  
the home of one, near Edray, and  
found the lady with a gun-shot  
wound of the knee, particulars  
not known, which resulted in  
a stiff knee - fortunately the  
leg was saved. No arrests  
followed, everybody satisfied.  
At the time our people looked with  
some concern on this Ky. "feuding"  
although we had our own Hatfield-  
McCoy feuding still going strong  
in Wingo County. It will be recalled  
my wife Jean, was teaching school in  
the heart of the Hatfield Clay (1905)  
on Pigeon Creek, Gilbert, in that  
County, her rural school numbered  
14 Hatfields of a total 21 students



235  
I have a group picture of the school,  
teeny loafing particularly clear pale  
and attractive, among the young  
Boy feudists and somewhat doker-  
looking young females - (all  
barefoot, a "Summit" school), as is the  
word, even when young, of females  
in a "Feuding" Community.

Mr. Arch George had no conflict  
with the Law that I remember, in his  
~~fast, mountain~~ fastness in the mountains  
he was regarded, some-how, as a  
dangerous man, if Crooked, and  
has disappeared from History.

A good many years ago one of  
the George boys had a shoe-shop  
in Marlinton, and appeared to be  
a better than average workman.  
~~at the~~ He was reported at the  
time to have ~~learned~~ <sup>learned</sup> his trade  
to the trade in the Penitentiary  
at Richmond. Although enjoying  
a good business, he soon left  
Marlinton, probably headed  
West. Perhaps next employment  
palled in comparisons with



235-  
I have a group picture of the school,  
Jenny loafing, particularly cheerful  
and attractive, among the young  
Boy feudists and somewhat dour-  
looking young ~~girls~~ <sup>males</sup> - (all  
barefoot, a "summit" school), as is the  
habit, even when young, of females  
in a "Feuding" Community.

Mr. Arch George had no conflict  
with the Law that I remember, in his  
~~last mountain~~ fastness in the mountains.  
He was regarded, some-how, as a  
dangerous man, if crowded, and  
has disappeared from history.

A good many years ago one of  
the George boys had a shoe-shop  
in Marlinton, and appeared to be  
a better than average workman.

~~at the time~~ He was reported at the  
time to have ~~learned~~ <sup>learned</sup> his trade  
to the trade in the Penitentiary

at Richmond. Although enjoying  
a good business, he soon left  
Marlinton, probably headed  
west. Perhaps next employment

fallen in comparison with  
Highway Robbery hold ups and  
Protek Robbery from outside.



Wed 11/12/59  
4 AM

236

Over-cast, frosty, warmer. Left Well,  
at home. Account with Neely com-  
pleted on Bridge and Street, 34-  
The news of yesterday - Front Page -  
The Corbys of Holly Wood in a family  
row. Mrs. Corby, Mother of three  
Corbys, wounds the Band Leader  
with a knife, ordinarily used as  
a "Letter opener". Recklessness  
of the American right of a wife to  
kill her husband on occasion!  
This autumn, 1959, Pleasantly "Late."

Amos George, son of Arch George,  
Many years ago, lived at the mouth  
of Beaver Creek, near Watoga.  
From an early day, I may remark

in passing this region has had  
sinister implications, as I will relate.  
A woodsman, and illiterate, Amos,  
young wife, a daughter of Alice and  
James Burgess, was someone  
loved by her husband. Following  
her early death, which Amos in his  
grief wrongly ascribed to his own  
neglect, and undoubted poverty  
of their lives, he was miserable  
for a time, became insane, and  
was confined in the State Hospital



237  
"The Fools and Mad" over a period  
of nearly fifty years, where he has  
recently died. Not violently insane,  
but incompetent. Doubtless, his spirit  
has joined his beloved Alice in the air.

Previously the George House had  
been the scene of the historic duel of  
Colley and Messer, in which both  
died of pistol shot wounds. Abe  
Colley, a man of mystery, said to have  
served in the Marine forces in distant  
places, living with his common law  
wife Margaret Williams, a beautiful  
woman, not native from Greubier,  
with a past.

Both Colley and Frank Messer,  
a native of Kentucky, immortalized  
by the Clearing on Buckley Mountain,  
known to this day as "The Messer Place,"  
were active in illicit manufacture  
and sale of moonshine liquors;  
rivals in business, and when the  
arrest of Colley was decreed by  
the "Law", Frank Messer is said  
to have sought and was deputized  
to arrest Colley. who was known  
as a dangerous man to affront.  
a fighter with his fists, and always  
carrying arms. Side arms. Messer  
also was an armed man, and the  
sheriff willingly accepted the  
volunteers offer to arrest Colley, and  
~~dead alive or dead~~ - Probably



238  
"dead," as it is said, was anticipated  
by Frank Messer, middle-aged  
Kentucky Mountain Moonshiner  
and Pealedist.

In the Autumn, Year 1899, a fine  
October day, Messer approached the  
house; Ah, Colley, always alert, was  
at the door-way -  
What words were exchanged is not  
known. Probably Messer announced  
that Colley was under arrest. No  
more was needed; both men drew  
and exchanged several shots; both  
fell and expired, Colley in the house  
and Messer at the wood-pile.

Mrs. Messer, Frank's wife, a wiry  
Mountain woman, who later married,  
lived many years after, proud of the  
deed of her first husband, a man  
of nerve, who died in the traditional  
manner, in his boat.

Margaret (Mattee) Williams  
later became the consort of John  
Rorke (or O'Rorke) in his late  
middle age. She died at a  
house in Jericho Hollow, near  
my residence, aged about 48  
of a Uterine Cancerous affection, which  
operation was neglected. A reticent  
woman, strongly Muscular, made  
no complaint, nor demanding



239

no quarter, nor a halcyon. In the presence  
of inevitable death. It is said that  
the wounded Colley his pistol from  
beside the door in the duel with Messer-  
Muttie Williams was courageous.  
Early in the century the ~~English~~  
then named Watoga, a large sawmill  
village; a unique feature a factory  
to saw and tie in bundles dry pine  
slabs - refuse from the mill - destined  
to be marketed as "kindling" for  
stove or furnace fires of the Period.  
The costs of handling and marketing  
proved the new "industry"  
unprofitable, even under the "Low  
Costs" of the day, and was abandoned.  
The proprietors of the mill from York  
State, and the name "Watoga"  
derived from that source.

When the Sawmill cut out  
Beaver Creek and Pyles Mountain  
(now largely Watoga State Park  
of many thousand acres). Post the  
late Charles A Yeager promoted  
an all-negro settlement north  
of Beaver Creek. Popular with  
retired Negro Coal miners  
from the Kanawha Valley, some  
remaining even to this year.



240  
a notable physician of the Colony.  
The late Dr. A. Cale, Coal Creek,  
who had a large clientele - principally  
white, many coming from distant parts.  
He practiced the Mineral and Columbian  
School of medicine, successfully.  
So well indeed, the world made a  
path to his door. For many years  
the late James Dunn, who lived at  
the Forge, did a profitable business  
ferrying Dr. Cale's patients across the  
Cumberland River in a "pale" Boat.

Dr. Cale had the good sense to use  
extensively the old Sweet Springs  
water, both bottled and drunk naturally,  
especially in skin diseases and  
old sores originating with the  
"itch" (Nepoleonic). In the older  
times the native "Indians" knew  
well the healing virtue of "old  
sweet" water, in Alleghany County,  
West Virginia. It is today the site,  
in the old Springs building, once  
noted "Resort," of one of the  
State Homes (or Poor Houses) for  
the aged; of which more anon.  
"Anon," by the way, is an English for  
"more to follow."

The Afro-American settlement of  
Watoga discontinued after several  
years, because of lack of "industries"



241  
affording employment at a "living wage",  
also met sufficient fertile land for  
gardens and farms.

As a competitor in the practice of  
medicine, though unlicensed, he was  
"indicted" by the Grand Jury, under the  
law governing the registration of Doctors.  
He removed to New Allegheny, not  
far from his favorite medicinal  
spring; his office on the State "line"  
where he could conveniently "escape"  
if molested in his practice. He,  
Dr. Abraham Lincoln Cole has  
recently died in late middle age  
as, too often is the fate of "healers"  
"licensed" or otherwise.

It is recorded, in "Times", that  
"King Uzziah, when sick, trusted  
in Physicians that they might heal  
him; and King Uzziah slept  
with his fathers."

The groutation was a favorite  
with Brother James Ward Price, M.D.,  
whom he frequently visited.

at Watoga, in a bend of the River,  
was the home and farm of the late  
George McComb, brother to Bradley  
McCombs, who also lived within a  
year or two of 100 years. ~~Ades~~ ~~than~~  
brother of Bradley, he has recently died

(and their patients)



242  
His daughter, the beautiful and  
accomplished Ora McCorn-Merrill  
- Both friends of my youth -  
live at a great age, near White  
Sulphur Springs. Chris Neville  
a handsome man, among other  
employments, a woodsman, (He  
held a good hand at Cards) and  
a native of York State; he is now  
near ninety years of age (much  
older than the beautiful Ora McCorn.)  
who in her blooming youth much  
admired by us physicians and  
other "professional" personnel in Marlinton,  
When Ora's first child was  
born, about 1908) it was my pleasure  
to follow to follow Clara Neville  
on horseback, who guided me,  
(in Doctors McKee and Smith's  
territory), in part down the bed  
of Greenbrier river a half mile  
below the "Bear Creek Crossing"  
to the McCorn home, to "help  
~~with the birth~~ ~~the McCorn~~ to unload her  
first born son, Chris Neville Junior.  
Incidentally, Chris, an honest man,  
promptly paid the customary fee  
of ten dollars for an all night  
ride of twenty miles and detention



243

until after breakfast at George McLeod's  
home. There were no "pre-natal"  
or "post-natal" visits made, or needed  
and no nursing aid, other than  
some of the "old women"; Possibly  
Aunt May Thomas, up river from  
Watoga, and Anna's mother.

Later ~~at~~ attended Chris Neville  
for a severe ax wound of the foot,  
at his lumber logging camp near  
Watoga, with dangerous arterial  
bleeding. The patient recovered.

Finally, among other historical  
incidents of the region, the Camping  
party for ten days, month of <sup>summer</sup>  
Beaver Creek, post-war year  
1919, of Marlinton Society folk,  
and others; the young gentlemen  
present all soldiers in the late war.

Mrs. Jennie Price and Mrs. "Fannie"  
Living were the chaperones. Neither  
were noted as disciplinarians,  
and a good deal of flirting  
"mouthing", dimpling and gawdelling  
went on, as is customary among  
the young. I visited the camp  
driving my Ford car down River  
on a Sunday; losing some  
"change" in a poker game, then,



244

men, and women too, sat in the game,  
The latter also going many to  
Professors late of the army, ~~the~~  
~~that~~ Fred Mc Graw, and  
Maggie McCue, from Baltimore, Va-  
Misses Mirel and Calise McClellan,  
then Marlboro, now of Fawcett  
Georges, descendants, as myself  
of Isaac Warwick, Jagers-  
Men Camp Cook, being black,  
dignified, scholarly, with a "Leary  
and Hungry look"; the Reverend  
Charles Lee, elegant Baptist;  
Dorchester, as his principal calling.



men, and women too, sat in the game, the latter also losing money to professionals, etc. of the army, ~~the~~ notably ~~the~~ Fred McGaughey and Massey McCue, from Albemarle, Virginia, Merle and Alice McClintock, then of Marlboro, now of Savannah, Georgia, descendants, as myself of Jacob Warwick, losers.

The Camp Cook, shiny black, dignified, scholarly, with a "lean and hungry look"; the Reverend Charles Lee, eloquent Baptist preacher, as his principal calling at Sebert, near by. There is little middle, tolerant, with no community there or elsewhere, about the "going bus" of young white people in

a social summer camp, a ~~natural~~ "Trader Horn" is my authority that the best among Native Americans tribes on the Congo are the so-called "Cannibals" who at times are said to eat their enemies; missionaries, slave traders and agents of European empires. The latter keep away on pain of being killed and eaten. Horn says also; "The men are



Keep 245-  
Faithful and true women pure."  
I have long thought that the Wheelers,  
Tibbs, and Lee families, perhaps others  
of our Afro-American people in  
Pocahontas County, are true descendants  
of these war-like and independent  
African tribes, who still defended  
their home lands against aggression -  
true patriots.

"And I sometimes do rejoice,  
For the days of old the days of gold,  
The days of ninety-nine."  
(Sight pages this morning; I began  
to write this memo when past 84, and  
there is not "much time".  
The Burgess family.



Marlinton, W. Va.  
Nov. 30, 1959

Dear Jean:

I got off a letter Friday. Herewith pages  
246-379 = 74. If and when you complete  
typed pages, suggest you mail me in  
two parts, or sections (First half, etc.) Take  
your time.

By the time you receive this, I presume  
Jean will be back in Nashville; her  
studies directed to the development of the  
"Gutsy Space Brains"; previously referred to.  
I will write Jean.

Jean should "evolve" a great present  
being in education. Might might be  
given to attendance at Professional or  
Business school; "useless" - for instance!

Locally, we have had an outbreak of  
Robbery, involving "Juvenile Delinquency";  
Safe-breaking, hold-ups, etc. The Bag comes  
back, about 18 - over-grown, disguised,  
with a "Toy" pistol demanded \$100 of  
the woman at the National Bank. So much  
for drive-in movies and T.V. plus lack  
of "discipline" - meaning the Rod!

An instance of Juvenile insanity, though,  
diminished as a jest, though the cashier  
was on the point of shooting the Robber -  
(Mildred Yeager, son.)

Affectionately

NRG

(over)



P.S. - Monday  
11/30/59  
Last day of a "Amicus" Month.

Will be glad to know how Dean  
made out over Thanksgiving.

Did we show interest, reading in  
part "My Memoirs", for instance.

It is just as well the young  
pay slight attention to the "experience"  
and "Wisdom" of these elders; —  
otherwise, might lose "illusions"  
and courage (hope) to go on in  
living!

Pages extended

746 = 321



Faithful and their women force. I have  
long thought that the Creoles, who are  
Lee families, perhaps others of our Afro-  
American families people in Southwestern country,  
are true descendants of these war-like and  
independent African tribes, who still defend  
their home land against aggressors - true  
patriots.

And meantime do refine  
For the deep of old, the deep of yest,  
The deep of forty-nine  
[Eyes] Pages of this mummy. Began to  
write this memoir when past eighty.  
Four years; there is not much time

Monday - 11/16/59

3 AM. Full moon, sunny 6:30 PM  
Clear. Blizzard and heavy snow reported  
in Minnesota and Hudson west, Friday  
Hudson east; not felt at Warrenton  
Latitude. Cloudy and mild. Drove to  
Warren Spring 10 to 1:30 PM. Prey  
in their galleries a winter supper.  
Met at the Spring, a foreman  
(Bought at Brother's Julius Zell) Hunter  
Adams. Asked his price for the  
Spring. Adams now owns 230  
acres surrounding land under  
changing conditions, the Spring



Handwritten signature: *Handwritten signature*



P.S.

Monday

11/30/59

Last day of a Wonder month.

Will be glad to know how Leah  
made out over Thanksgiving.

Did we show interest, reading in  
front my "Memor", for instance.

It is just as well the young  
may slight attention to the "experience"  
and "Widom" of these elders.  
Otherwise, might lose "illusions"  
and Courage (hope) to go on in  
Living.

Pages expended

246-321



246  
remains, eternal and unchanging.  
Returning, two young deer crossed  
the road in front of my car, near  
the Lincee Park, probably fawn twins,  
with the western sun obscuring them -  
then the deer ran in front of me, I  
at first thought, "sheep" - As I passed  
them the deer sprang into the forest  
a lovely sight, to be remembered.  
The Burke Family.

Remember, boy, you're Irish,  
you're born on Irish soil;  
your father was a Kinney,  
your mother was a Doyle,  
Be an honor to your Country -  
'Tis the Land of the Free and the Brave -  
'Tis the Land where the Shamrock grows -  
- Irish song -

The seat of the O'Burke family in Virginia  
was, anciently, at the Bald O'Burke  
Spring in the pass leading from  
Big Bear Creek to Warm Springs,  
interstate highway 39, thus Mark's  
Bottom - Warm Springs Turnpike.  
Esteemed for uprightness of character  
and good humor of its members, the  
O'Burke family was never prominent  
in Bath County, Virginia; their social  
status, at the beginning, probably  
"Bread and Milk" of the Warm - Gatewood -



247  
Cameron Manor.

As young "dis placed", persons, after the war,  
John Burke, his brother Charles, and  
sister, Mrs. Fannie Webster, came to  
Piedmont County, and resided here  
until their deaths.

In due time John O'Rourke married  
a Miss Kennison, much older than  
himself, a member of the Pioneer  
family; two sons born to them  
who were given the euphonic names  
Romulus and Remus, anciently the  
names of Rome's founders.

In the 1890's John O'Rourke family  
resided for a time at the "Toll House"  
near the bridge. Remus O'Rourke  
married ~~the~~ Wilhelmina, daughter of the  
Veteran, CSA, George Lee New  
Martins, later removing to New  
Mexico.

The brothers, John and Charlie, were  
incurably uxorious; were married or  
formed alliances more than once;  
John with Margaret Wilhelmina, referred  
to in the history of the Messer - Colley  
affair. Tragedy followed the  
lives of the brothers, ending in shadows  
of the 1930 decade.

Industrious, temperate, religious,  
John O'Rourke, well read, a scholar,



though Arthur Formel education,  
he was for many years tenant of the  
extensive McClintic lands managed  
by William W. McClintic, residing  
at the Joshua Lee log house at  
McClintic Bottoms on Still-Horse Run,  
later known as Stillwell.

John Burke once exhibited to me  
his credits and debits with his land-  
lord, Mr. McClintic, neatly kept in  
an excellent "hand" in ink. The  
account "Book" was in the form  
of a papyrus, or roll of more than  
ten feet in length, of white paper  
pasted together. In existence as an  
interesting record of itself of the manner  
of life, early 20th Century, of a family  
for many years.

Of the life of Charlie O'Rourke I know  
little, except that in late middle  
age he was married to a much  
younger wife, and the father of three  
sons and a daughter, living in the  
John Jackson Cabin up Foxchase  
Run, supported for the most part by  
public and private charity.

Renowned from youth for good  
humor and wit, still present in age  
and misfortune, stories were current  
in folklore of his troubles and dreams.



249

Following ~~the~~ the death of ~~the~~ Mrs Perlee  
of a Malignant ~~swelling~~ which I attended in  
its early stages. The modern antibiotics  
Remedies, I was summoned one night  
in the 1930 decade to the Jackson  
Cabin, where a young boy about ten  
years old, had pointed a shot-gun  
at his youthful brother and at short  
range shot him in the eye, while  
lying on a bed, without otherwise  
disfiguring the face. <sup>or head</sup> Death of was  
misfortunate.

Later the Jackson Cabin the scene  
of a final tragedy, while occupied by  
tenant, name not recalled. The  
house burned, preceded by a violent  
explosion of dynamite, in which a  
man was killed, his body consumed.  
The crime, said to have been instigated  
by the victim's wife. No proof was  
ever found, and the wife removed  
herself from the Community.

In 1940, Charlie O'Rourke removed  
to the scene of his youth in Bath  
County, as did also my friend  
John O'Rourke, and I know little  
of their latter end. Vaya Con Dios.

Lessie O'Rourke is vividly remembered  
by me as the beloved wife of Jacob  
Webster, who also was <sup>like</sup> a  
tenant, of the McClintic Motor car



\* Mr. Rock died in 1918

250  
for many years. Several of the  
brood of Jake and Fessie Webster were  
born in the old log house near the  
Bridge on Swago Creek. When I  
was present, my mission "helping  
my missus unload." The beautiful  
affection and mutual helpfulness that  
existed in the Webster family at this  
time to be remembered.

The circumstance of Mrs. Fessie Webster's  
death, in early middle life I do not  
recall, ~~as for some reason~~ <sup>as for some reason</sup> I was not  
in attendance. I know that Jacob  
married Fessie until his death, wearing  
his "bachelors Night Cap" thirty or more  
years; saddened, but always  
courteous, good humored, a valued  
friend and client to the end. He  
remained a tenant on the Willers  
McClintock land while his orphaned  
family of "just green" or "growing"  
or adopted by relatives. One of  
the older boys killed in action  
in France, 1918.

I was once called to see Jake  
Webster, about the year 1938, then  
living alone, <sup>in a</sup> cabin near the "quarry"  
on Swago Creek. Meeting this  
breakfast, prepared by himself, a two-  
finger piece of half-cooked bacon  
lodged in my throat, perhaps  
because of ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> absence of teeth, and



I found the patient <sup>257</sup>breathing with difficulty.  
Mr. Withrow McClutic was present,  
sollicitous for the life of his friend and  
friend-tenant.

I administered a rough and Ready  
— and effective — remedy, a one-tenth  
grain of hypo-morphine hypodermically;  
the violent vomiting following  
dislodged the piece of bacon, and in a  
short time Jacob was himself again.

(1957) ~~1945~~ Mr. Jacob Wilster died, aged 82  
years, at the home of a daughter  
living in Maryland. An honest,  
industrious man, whose spirit is beyond  
doubt united with his wife, Lissie  
O'Roche, in the air - Vaya Con Dios -  
Withrow McClutic

As none have attempted to memorialize the  
life and exploits, in some degree, of  
this prominent — and interesting — man,  
I will do so. Relatives; <sup>though</sup> at times  
we differed violently in expressed  
opinion, Politically and economically;  
each had respect for each, and were  
alert for reprisals.

With unusual executive ability,  
he managed through life, following  
the death of his father and mother the  
extensive landed estate; shipping,  
as a dealer, live stock, and "logging".



253  
It will be recalled that Brother James<sup>as nephew</sup> accompanied a McClutic sheep drive to Baltimore, and later was sheep doctor at the Logging Camp, Three Forks Williams River - also a McClutic enterprise.  
The Matthews-McClutic family has been memorialized in the fields of Jacob Warwick Price's Geographical History of Pocahontas County. The author, my revered father, a kindly man, omitted some details of interest, which I will attempt to supply.

My Mary Matthews McClutic, only child of her parents, and great-granddaughter of Jacob Warwick, inherited many hundred acres of fertile land, extending to the "Knot" and beyond.

Her husband was William Hunter McClutic, usually referred to as "Bill Hunt" by the country-side.

Their family <sup>two</sup> sons, all except William receiving a "liberal education" of the day, two becoming lawyers Lockhart Matthews McClutic, lawyer and politician, and Federal Judge George W. McClutic whose daughter Miss Elizabeth Knight McClutic of Washington and the McClutic home, graduate of Wellesley, learned and beautiful, cultured and wealthy.



254

Edward McClutic, early in life,  
removed to Vancouver, Oregon Territory.  
He was a 99 ninety-niner in the  
rush to the Klondike. An interesting  
account of his experiences as a gold  
digger and Hunter of Elk and Bear  
in Alaska was printed in the local  
press many years ago.

Lastly, Withrow W. McClutic,  
(known as "Wo3" or "Witberby" by his  
contemporaries, the special subject of  
this memorial. Because of the  
need of a manager on the estate,  
Withrow was not schooled abroad -  
probably because of the Press of other  
business, and following the war, he  
remained unmarried until late in life,  
beyond middle age. With an  
intensely urge for land-owning, he  
added to and greatly extended  
the family lands, as far as Spruce  
Flat, Beaver Dam, and beyond -  
(There were five McClutic Brothers, the  
last, and youngest Bill Hunt McClutic  
Junior, an excellent and intelligent,  
well read man, who also was  
a lumberman, until his early and  
tragic death by a falling tree in  
the summer of 1899. Obviously  
referred to in this writing



255  
Here something as to the Personality  
of Judge McClutic. A "Divergent"  
Politically he was appointed a  
Federal Judge by President William  
Howard Taft, 1917. about 1912. of  
Wrong and "Domineering" Character,  
unfortunate his strong efforts to enforce  
a Temperance Law in the Prohibition  
era met with violent Criticisms from  
Domineering "Masaders" in the lower  
echelons, - many included, leading  
to some resentment, which freely  
expressed.

"Domineering" seem to have been  
a family Characteristic in the  
Jesse Warwick line, and its  
parallel branches. Which of the  
McClutic boys domineered the rest  
unknown; but as they each  
early went their separate ways,  
some to gain education and  
in business, it matters little.

I am pleased to write this before  
his death I met Judge McClutic  
several occasions, notably at the  
dedication Ceremony of Brook  
Bottle Field Park, July 4, 1925.



256 255-  
Farm, where he was on vacation -  
then called professionally to the house  
of a tenant. Learning that the Judge,  
my relative, was in the room, I  
voluntarily called on him; an interesting  
conversation ~~between us~~, largely of  
family history, with increasing cordiality.  
Shortly after Judge McClutchie,  
early of a morning, called at my  
house to obtain relief for a glandular  
affection. He, later, underwent  
surgery at the University Hospital,  
Charlottesville, Virginia.

At the time I was able to afford  
~~relief~~ temporary relief. ~~He~~ I recall  
that no fee was mentioned at the time,  
or any statement rendered for my service.  
However, sometime after I got a friendly  
letter, enclosing a check in amount  
double the fee usually charged.

Following Federal Judge George  
W. McClutchie's death, by his written  
order, his body was embalmed  
cremated, his ashes scattered, by  
a relative, over his beloved  
lands and forests, head of Sewago  
Creek. His often tumultuous spirit  
~~rests~~ inhabits the Vasty Hall of death.  
As friend and relative, I wish him well.  
His love of ancestral lands one of his  
great good qualities. Vaya con Dios.



have been written,  
156

Incidents of the War period, and before, 17  
concerning Captain Martin's infatuation  
with my wife Jean. A reason for this  
final ~~affair~~ <sup>accident</sup> ~~tragedy~~ <sup>tragedy</sup> of human life,  
and love, is to accent the power of the  
written word ~~in~~ <sup>reviving</sup> old sorrows.

Now the new year reviving old desires,  
the thoughtful soul to solitude retires,  
where the white hand of Moses from  
the rough, puts forth  
And Jesus from the ground ascends!  
— Rubenpat.

Under pad-locks, Jean used the closet  
under the front stairs as a wine cellar,  
~~and~~ assorted brews and moonshine, and  
other treasure, over a period of years.  
It was from this depository I removed  
in 1926, jug and flagons and buried  
among the rocks of the hillside.

Following Jean's death, in March  
1928, I found in the closet a bag  
of letters, including Captain Martin's,  
all written from Tokyo, Japan, over  
a period of several years, 1918 to  
~~1925~~ 1927.

I will here state, as illustrating the  
"oblivion" to which I had consigned the  
~~whole~~ <sup>whole</sup> affair, that within ten days after  
Jean's death, a letter arrived for Jean  
from Martin, in Tokyo. The letter



I returned, sat<sup>137</sup> on Monday, to Captain  
Martin, with a courteous note informing  
him of ~~the~~ Mrs. Jean Price's recent death.  
~~to which~~ I received no reply.

Disturbed that Jean had treasured  
letters dating to the war period  
from Capt. Martin and after  
the reading affected me in a manner  
hard to understand - a sort of  
fanatical ~~rage~~ rage, that underlies most  
crimes, or revenge, of passion.

Jeans long illness and recent death, together with Normans de-  
linguence and failures, ~~promoting~~ <sup>medicine</sup> ~~perhaps~~ an unhealthy state of mind.

Whether leaving the letters was an oversight, or reluctance on your part in destroying mementoes of a romance, I do not pretend to know. Perhaps Mr. Corcoran, Judge I should have the evidence, and, under times healing ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup>, get over it.

Jeannette, shortly before her death, had once expressed the belief that she was being "punished" for "something" for a great treason, or other fault, not stated.

I wrote Captain Martin, fervently denouncing him to everlasting hell, etc., to which he made reply, briefly; also his belief that the underworld would be his final ~~home~~ abode.



It is the usual thing for a paleologist  
(usually women) for male aggressors  
and delinquents in triangles to say,  
"Judicially," both are equally to blame."  
Not so. Man is the natural protector of  
women kind, though "Modern" women is  
inclined to deny this. Should he held  
the aggressor, and suffer the extreme  
penalty for any violation of the Code.  
The lying, jealousy, and secrecy that  
accompanies trespass on the chastity, should  
alone cause any honorable man to refrain.  
The petition in the Prayer: "Lead us not  
into temptation, but deliver us from evil,"  
was not lightly spoken.

I have read that among some of the  
tribes of Plains Indians, eloping couples  
could be pursued and legally slain  
if captured. If the pair succeeded  
in evading pursuers a stated number  
of days — a sort of "Cooling off"  
period, they might return to the camp —  
the incident given to oblivion.  
On the other hand, top-heavy Civil and  
Military "justice" gives little heed  
to the rights of "Civilized" men to  
protect his home and fire-side.

"If your wife should go along with a  
Camrade, he hath  
To shoot him on sight; you'll swing  
on my oath," — Lifting  
General Andrew Jackson, in old age,  
fully forgave all his enemies — he had  
many — except those who slandered



his beloved Rachel. There he left  
to the mercies of God. The wife of Maria, ~~the~~ <sup>but</sup> the Prophet,  
~~lost and learned wife,~~ devout and learned,  
was "unfaithful," but he loved her.  
Goethe's "Sorrows of Young Werther"  
should be preserved reading for any  
young man inclined to "creep into men's  
nurses and lead Captive Billy Arnold,  
Laden with Sin." Werther's beloved  
Charlotte, a married woman, went  
on living after he was gone home  
"on a matter" ~~after~~ <sup>a</sup> suicide.  
Because of Scholarship, Captain  
Martin was attached to the Embassy  
as Military observer and remained  
in Japan ~~for seven years~~, without  
leave ~~for seven years~~ following  
the end of the war. That the "incident"  
had a profound effect on his whole  
life is proved in many ways -  
About the year 1930 he mailed me  
a newspaper clipping which reported  
the 15th Infantry, to which he was  
attached had returned to Oregon  
~~in the States~~ and Major J.S. Martin  
ordered to Officers Infantry School  
Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Interpreted  
as an assent to my "Calling him out,"  
I still wished to do so, because of the  
assent to "honour".



160  
That the "incident" weighed on his  
mind, in 1935 a short letter, enclosing  
a copy of a "Secret" Report, was for pub-  
lication, giving his military impressions  
on the Japanese Army organization  
and the training, morale, clothing, etc. of  
the soldiers of that army. Martin, after  
about fifteen years residence in Japan,  
expressed sincere admiration for the  
hardihood of the individual soldier  
of Japan, his patriotism and endurance  
& his hard ship.

I have preserved this letter and "Report,"  
filed herewith. Possibly, it might be  
regarded, as between sinful men with a  
military background, as a polemic,  
in part, for trespasses and sins.

"And forgive us our debts,  
as we also forgive our debtors."  
Prayer.

In the year 1928, the Ruth Snyder - Judson  
Gray trial for murder was the most  
sensational of that year; the "dark-weight"  
the midnight murder of a defenseless  
sleeping man by a drunken pair.  
I once asked Jean if she was  
following the details in the paper;  
her reply was she "could not bear  
to read about it."

On another occasion, in talking  
about some commonplace local  
trouble, Jean made the broad comment,  
"Women have no sense!"



~~Monday~~  
Friday - 10/16/59 - 161  
4 AM - a good rain - 36 hours,  
- no work on Bridge and Street. The  
grass has revived remarkably, with the  
"Latter Rain". Fall pasture for cattle  
remains.

Jealousy, Basically, is grief. one of the  
lesser Poets, Louise Cresshaw Roy,  
writing in the New York Times, many  
years ago, under the title: "Council  
with a wounded heart," heretofore  
quoted, beginning:

"What if your gold was cheapened  
with alloy."

(and ending):

"Oh, wounded heart, be thankful that  
you had  
a single coin to spend, a single  
hour, <sup>combined</sup> earth and heaven <sup>conspired</sup>  
to make you mad;  
a god, no miracle beyond your  
power."

By reckoning your treasure, you  
will find  
Fate has been generous, and  
Wisdom kind."

Recommended reading, for the aged,  
Sam Christian Anderson's "Fairy Tales,"  
particularly the story "The Bachelors  
Nightcap."



162

## A speculation in Metal.

In the early years of the "Hoover Depression," Dr. James Price, as President of the Beyley Coal Land Company, Kentucky Mineral Land, continued to pay, personally, the annual taxes amounting to about one thousand ~~the~~ Dollars. As First Vice-President of the Bank he, ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~alone~~, took up charges of loans; brought largely the bank "Debentures," even personally gave his word to guarantee payment of funds of some large depositors, as has been mentioned heretofore, thus keeping the bank solvent while being re-organized. All this he did without complaint, or fanfare.

Gold and silver, in 1933, were at an all-time low on the Market; silver quoted by Harman & Handley, leading New York dealers, ~~at~~ at twenty-five cents the ounce, in units of twenty-four thousand ounces.

~~At first~~ The desire to buy a quantity of silver in bars, something substantial, compared to industrial stocks that appeared to have reached the point of no value, and repudiation, in the market.



Sunday, 10/18/39 10<sup>3</sup>

3:30 A.M. - "Late" Morn. - 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter.  
Mild, clear, "late" Morn. - 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter.  
Two preceding nights fully slept,  
rising about five. This morning rose  
at 3 A.M. - Having "slept long enough."  
A fine Cantium Bridge, at Marlinton, is  
of the massive concrete-steel  
suspension type. The concrete now  
being poured on the intricate "mesh"  
of steel rods in the Road-way.  
Then the two sidewalks of suspension  
type. More than one hundred  
thousand Board feet used in forming.

The interesting "diary" of Thomas  
A. Edison, edited and printed in  
1948 - Shortly following his death.  
An interesting volume to the discerning  
reader. Mr. Edison one of the "hand-  
icapped"; very deaf at twelve years  
of age - Hereditary infection ~~at the~~  
"itch"; no inherited wealth, he made  
his deafness an asset by engaging  
in profitable reading, and "thinking".  
Curiously, he had an ear for music,  
and could "hear" certain tones.  
Notably telegraphic signals. (In middle  
age, I used my "deaf" ear on telephone.)  
Edison had no "formal" education in  
youth. He and his "staff" patented  
over one thousand inventions, notably  
the phonograph, electric light bulb, the  
moving picture and talking, etc.



164  
I talked "Silver" to Brother James,  
and in the end I ordered twelve thousand  
ounces of silver from Harmon & Bundy,  
one half a "unit," about one thousand  
pounds, in bars weighing about eighty  
pounds each. It was shipped, ~~in~~ <sup>by</sup>  
~~mail~~ by express, the "bars" fifteen  
in number, each stamped and numbered  
by government seal; not wrapped or  
boxed, loose on the express car floor.  
The silver bars were piled on the  
floor in the vault at the bank, and  
excited mild curiosity for a time.  
~~from~~ Dr. James invested two thousand  
dollars. The remaining one thousand  
by borrowing ~~in part~~ on my insurance.  
In 1935 ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> historical ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> in dealing  
in gold and silver, the Treasury  
"calling" the metal at a fixed price  
of fifty cents the ounce.  
I carried the silver to the express  
office in my Ford car, and shipped  
to the Philadelphia Mint. At the  
time a check arrived, about six  
thousand dollars, which James and  
I divided equally: my "profit"  
two thousand, a considerable sum of  
ready money in 1935.  
at the age of sixty years, I regarded  
this deal in silver as a turn in the  
tide of my fortune. The spectacular



165

way of handling the real silver,  
legally, instead of using a ware-  
house certificate, helped to build me  
up as a man of means (exaggerated)  
and a healthy bank account.  
Dr. James and I once debated whether  
reported wealth of an individual was  
an advantage, or no. We decided  
that, on the whole, it was a disadvantage.

In 1935 Brother James presented me  
with five shares of Bank stock, with the  
accompanying debentures in an equal  
amount. (in a few years redeemed in  
cash, from Bank earnings.) He  
also presented my name at the  
annual election of stock holders, and  
I was elected a Director of the Bank  
of Marlinton, that year. I, also,  
definitely quit "Cards" that year,  
— a doubtful amusement.

It is interesting to recall that  
Dr. James presented Brother Calvin  
with an equal amount of stock; but  
in presenting his name for election  
as a Bank Director, the following  
year (1936), surprisingly, he was  
defeated; because of objections by  
the Chairman of the Board, the late  
J. Lanty McNeil, who bluntly  
stated there were "too many Princes"  
on the Board of Directors.!



I have thought this regrettable, because  
a bit of training in finance, together  
with Brother James' assistance, could  
have been of real help in putting the  
Newspaper plant in better shape.  
In a half century under the Price  
family the Pocahontas Times had  
achieved more than a local  
standing in literature, but never  
able, apparently, to keep up to date  
in mechanical equipment; even  
at this time setting type "by hand."

I think the real reason for Chairman  
McNell's annoyance, and objection in  
the election of Directors, was that  
Brother Coleby had been, "too talkative"  
in the stockholders meeting, making  
motions and suggestions, if maybe,  
about matters he knew little about,  
and not considered seriously by a  
new, minority, stock-holder!

In the year 1915, I was refused  
a small block of new issue stock  
in the Bank, though promised;  
as I then believed, because I ~~was~~  
~~then~~ had become, locally known as  
an individualist and a trouble  
maker in ~~business~~ finance and local  
politics. My brother-in-law the  
Late Frank Hunter, as executive



167  
Vice-President and Cashier, was then  
dominant in the Bank; and I think,  
in diverting the stock elsewhere; ~~do~~  
said me a certain compliment as one  
who, as a Director, might at times  
prove a "Divergent" in Bank Policy -  
Traditionally managed by the  
Bank's head man, usually the Cashier.  
The "Board of Directors" of a small  
country bank ~~is~~ usually kept large  
and unwieldy so that it can never  
~~be~~ "managed" by the master mind.

Dr. James Price, a principal stock-  
holder, whose watch word was  
thrift and always, "economy," often  
objected to what he considered  
waste in management; intimating  
he might withdraw; sometimes  
his relations with the Board, strained.

We ~~had~~ consulted together  
about starting a private banking  
house of our own, he putting up  
- the capital of course. The notions  
had possibilities; perhaps best  
for me nothing came of it. With-  
drawn from war and politics, even  
became wealthy - a Capitalist - too  
young.

"We are neither poverty nor rich"  
a true proverb.



Wednesday 168

10/21/58 3 AM.  
A perfect mild and clear; Two killing  
frogs - 18, 19, October. Awoke at 2 am  
and got up, prepared to go on with the  
business of the day -  
bridge and other work active, at  
long last, trying to lay the concrete.

It is later than the big insect thing.  
The matter of Compensation from  
the Ky. River Reservoir Authority  
(Ky. Mineral) approaches a "Moratorium".  
I hope to collect substantially before  
the close of the year (1958).

This morning's work, clearing.  
Some decay in plum trees in  
the lot.

mention has been made of Brother  
James' infatuation for the graceful  
Miss Alice Sever, Period 1928-1932  
~~and~~ and his absurd courtship of  
the fair lady. During this time  
it is probable he was saved from  
capture by more practical women,  
alive to his known wealth in  
Land, Stocks and Bonds, and money.  
His honorable proposal rejected by  
Miss Sever. So James Price quietly settled  
down to his active office practice of  
Medicine; his banking and real estate  
affairs, all profitable, and wearing  
his "Bachelors Nightcap" until his  
death, May 7, 1946, aged 77 years.



189  
Mention is here made of the wealthy  
and beautiful land childless widow  
Wylie, nee Meador, who lived at  
Alleghany Lodge and its surrounding  
four thousand acres of timber and  
grazing land; a herd of elk and  
deer ranging its park-like enclosed  
yard. Mrs. Wylie ~~also~~ entertained  
lavishly, the acknowledged social  
dictator of the Knapps Creek Valley.  
Not socially inclined, nor dancers,  
neither James nor I had been present  
at any parties at "Wylie Manor,"  
though well acquainted. During the ten  
year residence of the Wylies in our  
County, and after.

This Wylie's husband, a retired  
business manufacturer of Huntington  
W. Va., had died about 1928.  
His son was a friend of the widow  
Wylie and the two exchanged visits  
and may have, at times, attempted to  
interest her in the development of  
iron mines in adjacent Brown Mountain  
and Anthony's Creek.

During his residence at "Wylie  
Manor" ~~Mr.~~ Wylie was interested in  
the stock market; after his death it  
was learned his ample fortune  
had been impaired by the stock  
market crash, Nov. 1929. I recall  
that copper stocks <sup>were</sup> a favorite buy,  
- notably Anaconda copper



was a favorite which <sup>it</sup> in 1929 reached  
an all-time high of about 130 dollars a  
share; afterward declining, rapidly,  
to about three dollars. Its present  
quoted price is about fifty dollars.

A golden blonde, ~~tall~~, well  
proportioned; perhaps forty years old;  
very attractive, and reputed wealthy,  
as undoubtedly the family ~~there~~ <sup>was</sup> at  
the ~~same~~ time, Mrs. Wylie showed little  
interest in, again marrying, or "going  
steady" with any of the local gentry.

She did cast an approving eye  
on Dr. James, to which he responded  
~~although~~ in an ineffective, unaggressive  
manner. One of his ~~absurdities~~  
was an attempt to write a memorial  
address to "Colonel" Wylie, on his death,  
aged fifty years.

An early "integrationist," and  
being childless, Mrs. Wylie had  
adopted a negro infant, male, and  
attempted to rear and educate him.  
When the ~~family~~ <sup>family</sup> came to Wylie Manor,  
about 1922, the boy was a stupid,  
ordressed, idle, uneducable,  
bone-headed negro, or "nigger,"  
whose outlandish association  
with his "white folks" excited  
curiosity, even merriment. In  
the course of time, Mrs. Wylie  
found it advisable to sell her



Protégé "down the River" or other disposition, and no more seen as a member of family. at Wyllie Manor.

One fine ~~spring~~ day in May 1934 Brother James and I drove in my model A Ford car to call on Mrs. Wyllie at her home. I do not recall what inspired the two of us to do this; perhaps vaguely to intimate to the attractive widow Wyllie she might have her choice of two middle-aged, unattached bachelor physicians.

It so happened Mr. Wyllie was absent from home that day, having driven to Write Lefthand & Piney Resort for the day. I still think something serious may have come of this unusual "approachment" of the two of us to the attractive widow, except for her fortuitous absence from home for the day.

If Mrs. Wyllie ever heard of her distinguished callers, she did not mention it, or express regrets.

The late John Lee, and others employed by Mr. Wyllie, were playing Pitching Horse-shoes at the house. We attempted a few rounds at pitching; then returned to ~~Marble~~ our offices.

The widow never married.

171  
Tuesday



172  
Some years later, her fortune depleted,  
she sold "Wylie Manor" together  
with its elk and deer herd, and  
four thousand acres of valuable  
timber land, at a low price, and  
returned to her early home in Ohio,  
where she still lives.

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women  
Merely players."

Year 1934, my personal fortune  
still at low tide, soon to be improved  
by a fortunate investment in silver;  
joining a Bank Board of Directors,  
and improved business conditions.  
With Norman in the Army and daughter  
Jean, aged twenty-two, a graduate  
Nurse and self-sustaining, employed  
in Public Health Nursing, I felt  
again free to wander, it may be in  
the paths of dalliance. Jean  
had ~~been~~ selected as an out-  
standing student nurse to take  
special training as a Health  
Community Health Nurse, at Public  
expense, at Prebody College,  
Nashville, Tennessee, and completed  
her post-graduate training  
Spring of 1935; afterwards



173  
employed in Public nursing, at a low  
Salary, in Pocomoke, Webster  
and Marion Counties; where, later,  
in July, 1938, she met, and married,  
Carlos Edward Stockwell, native  
of South Dakota, age 28 years,  
employed by West Penn in the  
building trade; the Marriage  
at Elcton, Maryland.

In 1935, Jean took instruction in  
driving a Ford car, and once had  
a minor collision, at a street  
intersection in Elcton, where she had  
taken a child for eye treatment.  
The Spring of 1936 I drove in my car  
with Jean a few miles as she was  
starting to Webster County to take  
up work as County Nurse. With  
affection, and some anxiety, I watched  
her take off up Elk Mountain driving  
my 1931 Model A Ford, as she  
bravely went forth on a hard and  
dangerous mission in Webster  
County. In a year Jean was  
transferred to Marion County, both  
at Fairmont, where she was employed  
until her marriage. All this time  
she managed to maintain herself on the  
small salary paid; even buying, on  
installment, a Model 1937 Ford Car.







175-

July 4, 1925, Dooz Mountain Battle  
Field State Park was dedicated  
by a large assemblage, including  
a few Veterans of 1861, the American  
Legion, and the Daughters of the Confederacy  
Chapters; the latter under the guidance  
of Mrs. Della Clark Yeager.  
Andrew Price had been active in  
founding the Battle Field Park, and  
acted as Master of Ceremonies, with  
much spirit and enjoyment.

As ranking Reserve Officer of  
Pocahontas County, I commanded  
the Veterans of this War on Parade.  
The late John D. Lutton, of  
Braxton County, who had served  
in the Legislature as a Democrat,  
though a Veteran of the 10th West Va  
Mounted Infantry, U.S.A., had been  
rewarded with the low-said post  
of Park Superintendent.

A feature of the Park dedication  
was two monuments erected to  
Sergeant Pryler and one other, of  
the 10th Regiment, who were killed  
at the "Rail Fence", in a glade,  
identified by Colonel Lutton as the  
spot, in the flanking march under  
Colonel Moore, 14th Ohio Regiment,  
by way of Caesar Mountain, a  
spur of Dooz Mountain; a decisive



176  
Murmured in the battle. I accompanied  
the Colonel and Mrs Belle Yeager  
with her band of Daughters @ S.A.  
including Daughter Jean, to the scene;  
Colonel Lutton offering a fervent  
prayer on the spot where his comrade  
Lieutenant Dexter fell in the front of  
battle, as a principal feature of the  
monument dedications.

I entertained the Colonel at my  
house then, and later, when he visited  
the Park; notably on "Labor Day"  
in September, 1926, when another, but  
less largely attended, assemblage  
was attempted. Brother Andrew  
did not attend the Labor Day  
meeting, he and Colonel Lutton  
having had a difference of opinions  
over certain land-scaping notions  
of the latter, who with ax, brushhook  
and fire had swept away a ~~large~~  
thicket of Rhododendrons, thickets as  
"brush".

The Laurel patch was later  
restored, together with pines and  
shrubbery, under the intelligent  
management of C. C. Camp Price  
~~etc.~~ in landscaping, Period 1937.

Being during a lull in the ceremonies  
in September, I was called on for a  
speech on historical themes, not  
very eloquent or informing.



As I as a physician, had some  
reputation as a practitioner of obstetrics,  
a beautiful and lively young lady  
from Hills Creek inquired from my daughter  
to "What is Labor Day?" I responded  
lightly that if "Labor Day" might be  
~~the day~~ devoted to "Lying in"  
or child-birth, (laughter) as the people say.

Drop Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863, was  
for the most part maneuvered and long-  
range artillery fire, with comparatively  
few casualties in killed and wounded.  
In numbers engaged the largest battle  
in Western Virginia during the war.  
The battle was decisive, together with  
the skirmish at Lewisburg and  
Dry Creek immediately following,  
that it marked the last organized  
existence by the Confederacy in  
West Virginia. The Southern army retreated  
precipitately before the planishing  
movement under Colonel Moore,  
which was guided by a native  
Union sympathizer, Nancy McKee,  
by way of Caesar Mountain, just  
~~lost in~~ captured. The late Captain  
John McNeil of the "Nicholas Blues"  
was captured, and spent a long  
while at "God's Prison" Delaware  
Military Prison. After his capture



it is said he met his brother Quincy  
the Union forces, remembering that he  
was not "shaking hands" that day.

Captain Marshall's Company of the  
19th Cavalry @ S.A. was present at the  
battle; ~~under~~ Lt. J. Wood, Price  
presumably present; John Calvin Price  
detained at home by wound received  
in the River skirmish, and "Lucile  
Jeems," John James Henry Price, a  
prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio.

The late George McKee of the  
Booles was accountably absent on the  
day of battle, although the fighting  
in part on his home place Farm.  
Matthew John McKee, also of the Booles,  
all at home with Camp fever.

George McKee, being asked  
why he was not heroically engaged  
in defending his altars and his  
fires, replied "he would" rather  
be George McKee alive than  
"Colonel" George McKee dead!"

Drop Mountain Battle was scenic  
and spectacular, about twelve thousand  
~~the~~ veteran troops engaged. The

"Colonel" John D. Gattors  
flaming movement opposed on the  
part of the Confederates mainly by the  
veterans 22d Battalion of Va. Infantry,  
whose Colonel was killed at the Rail fence.



The brothers <sup>McC</sup>Adair and William Carter,  
are in the 22<sup>d</sup> Bn., of whose lives and  
deaths, more will be written.

Colonel John D. Sutton, Co. I 10th W. Va.,  
lived to a great age, 94 years. An  
old age religious, as indicated by  
his prayer at the Dedication; he was  
fond of a drink. In the prohibitions  
era, he produced, at my house,  
a bottle of some fitting Country brew  
from which he took naps. Being  
personally Dr. I regret that I was  
not able to offer my guest a better  
Vintage.

Following the War, he taught  
School for many years, engaged  
in politics, as a Democrat, his native  
County being notoriously of that  
Political persuasion. He came  
from regularity when in 1920 ~~Proctor~~  
County elected Veterans ~~2~~ <sup>3</sup> ~~quiere~~  
Presson, ~~the~~ now of Huntersville,  
to the Legislature as a Republican.

In August, 1922, I campaigned in  
Broxton County, and carried the town  
of Sutton in the Primary election  
against Captain Robert ~~Spickard~~  
a personal triumph, as my efforts  
in that County were mainly in Sutton,  
the County seat.

In his old age Colonel Sutton  
lived in part on a Federal Pension, dying  
in 1936. - age 94 years



180  
Mr. Lutton was a member of an early  
pioneer family; literate, and wrote  
extensively, and ~~able~~ an early  
history of this County and State.  
He is the author of a voluminous  
Biographical History of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~County~~  
County; particularly of the Lutton  
family for many generations.  
— a fitting memorial. He rests  
in Peace.

Widely known as "Colonel" Lutton -  
by reputation through life engaged in war,  
Politics and literature; supporting his  
family by the poorly paid professions of  
Rural School Teacher, in advanced  
age Mr. Lutton knew Poverty.

Dec 1864 U.S.A. mounted Infantry  
was classed as "State Troop or Guard",  
and after the war discriminated against  
by Federal Authority in the matter of  
Pensions for soldiers, and neglected  
by the State for many years;

although the "Guard" had been much  
hard service in 1863-1865 ~~in the~~ <sup>in the</sup>  
General George Rogers Clark the hero of  
Vincennes, ~~being~~ <sup>being</sup> in old age living in Poverty,  
and alcoholism, having lost or pained eyes  
his bounty lands in Ohio, is said to have  
refused a sword voted him by the Virginia  
Legislature, remarking that when he  
needed bread the State sent him  
a sword.



Wednesday 170

Sept. 30, 1969

Left 3.30 am. A ~~the~~ refreshing Rain  
at intervals, evening and bright - "as  
falls the gentle rain from Heaven."  
A cyclonic storm from the South Atlantic  
reached the Carolina Coast, Sept.  
29, at about noon - adding to the  
rain. This Valley - an inch of rain  
predicted in a five day period.  
Providential for the forest and falling  
leaves. Much time wasted - and  
worse - because of faulty engineering  
on Main Street - Foundation and  
sewers, - the past two months.  
Now there will be Mud and later  
Frost and Cold, delaying the work.  
- in all probability -

A favorite song in the Graphophone  
"Concerts" the old English ballad -  
"Kathleen:"

"And I will take you back, Kathleen,  
Across an ocean, wild and wide,  
To where your heart has ever been  
When first you were my bonnie bride."

A light "March" now fell right of the  
10th, a Saturday. Sunday rains and  
fog. Monday (12th) clear and bright.  
Sunday (11th) while Jean lay dead  
in the house. I walked to the top  
of Buck's Mountain, west of Marlinton,  
and to the Lee Rocks on Price Hill,  
where, together and with the children,



We had been sharing times during our lives together.

A telegram was sent Norman, who was reported absent at his dormitory, after intensive search by Fraternity "brothers," of the night spots and Taverns of Richmond, where he had gone on an unauthorized "Week-end"; he was located, and reached home Monday, the day of burial; to all appearances sober and in his right mind.

A simple religious service was had in the home, with singing. The day was fine, and a large number of friends from town and country attended, ~~by~~ to whom Jean was known, and liked. As I stood by the graves of my father and mother, and saw Jean's body ~~buried~~ <sup>buried</sup> from my sight in the grave, I had a distinct feeling that part of me was also buried.

Night of March 14<sup>th</sup> 1928, a featureless night I now feel, blanketing Jean's grave for a week or more.

At the time, grave vaults were not in general use. I have regretted that ~~this~~ none was available, or known to me, at the time, thus preventing brightly shining of the earth later. Vaults were provided for the bodies of brother Jean, and sister Susan, in later years; and I have directed that



A ~~burial~~ Vault be used in my burial.  
 "Near some not unforgotten garden side."

Norman returned to school the same day. At last he realized that his accumulated ~~de~~ school debts, dues and over-drafts, and no longer with his mother's support, his ~~long~~ <sup>lengthy</sup> higher educational dig was up. In April he wrote he was quitting school. If honest employment was ever found, (and it is probable that he "sprunged," or borrowed from former acquaintance for several months.) it ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> evidently not held for long: untried and alcoholic that he was.

Early in 1929, engaged in "boot-legging" arrested and an automobile confiscated, in Rockingham County, Va. a frantic telegram for funds "to get a lawyer and pay fines" from the Harrisonburg Jail, was ignored by me; having made his bed, etc. Ruth and Andrew suggested going to Norman's Rescue, which for which proposal I thanked him, and vetoed. Norman even demanded himself by appealing to his Uncle Macoy, who was in no position to aid - even though he deferred to do so.

It seemed to me to be pathetic that Norman managed to get into jail in our old home town of Harrisonburg,



123

where his grandfather lived many years, respected as a Presbyterian Minister.  
Summer of 1929, in lieu of Payment of a fine of \$150. Norman served 2 1/2 months, at hard labor ~~in~~ the Prison Farm. About the time of his release from Prison, the stock market went. Collapsed in New York, with its financial sequelae, well known to all.  
Following his way to Fort Leavenworth, Mo. Norman enlisted in the army, assigned to the 35<sup>th</sup> Infantry, then at Camp Parris, Barracks, Honolulu, and shipped by way of Panama and the Golden Gate, San Francisco, to Hawaii. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> saw having seen Army life in the ~~past~~ <sup>past</sup> as a child in 1917-18, and a tour of C.M.C. in 1925, Norman had no illusions about "seeing the world" as a member of the Forces; but needs must when hunger and the devil drives. The actions had my approval, at the lesser evil, and knowing Army "discipline" would do no harm.

As a humorous, or ironic gesture Norman sent by post a ~~small~~ <sup>small</sup> package, its ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> content a pair of shoes ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> from through the mails. -x



124  
Evidently, for a time, Norman's deportment  
was exemplary in the Regiment, together  
with his C.M. experience and "Hepler  
education," as he was promoted and  
was ~~for a time~~ Mess Sergeant of Co. K, 35th  
Infantry; to be "busted" soon as  
Sergeant - the first of many in his  
29+ years title, being drunk on duty.  
Yes, a member of the Forces,  
who has run his own six horses;  
and be sure he went the Pace  
and went it proud;  
And the word was more than  
while he <sup>in</sup> need the ready tin,  
But today the sergeants, some-  
what less than 12nd.  
— Barrack room Ballads.

Friday - 10/2/59  
3 AM -

Fine rain, Sept. 30, Oct. 1.

The River, and Snapps Creek flushed -  
"The latter Rain - Heavy and pressed to a  
thick land - The forests protected from  
first autumn coloring brightened by the  
moisture. No "yellow" frost, as yet.  
Leaf raking, 1959, starts.

Faulty engineering, on the main  
street work, faulty; much time and  
material wasted; will run into cold  
weather, and more trouble. It is plain,  
costs will exceed half a million,  
on Bridge and Highways Railroad



Following Jesus death, and burial,  
 March, 1928, and Norman's disappearance  
 in the boat-legging, revived illicit whiskey  
 industry of the underworld in Richmond,  
 Virginia, and the Peninsula - the early  
 home of his Randolph family ancestry;  
 daughter Jean's sixteenth birthday, May  
 21, 1928; High school graduate,  
 quite the beautiful young lady;  
 a reader, accomplished, able to  
 be head of ~~my~~ our household.

Lucille Wheeler, intelligent  
 colored woman, our helper for ten  
 years, was to remain with us for  
 a dozen years following Jesus death.

True, Lucille's friend Rube Jackson  
 was veteran and alcoholic, at times  
 discreetly engaged in bootleg work-  
 ing, at their quarters; enjoying

some of the best Carriage Trade in  
 Marlinton. Lucille, a perfect  
 colored lady, smart and temperate,  
 had no trouble with the "Law," as  
 represented in the Prohibition Era by  
 grafting enforcement officers and Police.

Daughter Jean, by the protection  
 of the Almighty, through early youth  
 and the perils of a Co-educational  
 school, and the contamination of male  
 and female devils infesting such  
 facilities - escaped ~~contamination~~  
 much that is evil.



126

As with the "Alect" spoken of the Prophet.  
"a tenth shall remain, and shall return,  
and shall be eaten; even as a tree and  
as an oak, when they ~~have~~ cast their  
leaves; whose substance is ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~written~~ them;  
for the holy seed shall be the substance  
thereof."

The "New Era" in economics,  
spoken of by false prophets, Presidents  
Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, and  
including "feminists" of the Bernard  
M. Baruch type, had run its course  
in the third decade of the twentieth  
Century, A.D.

My personal income, solely from  
the practice, remained sufficient for  
present needs. This was due, in part,  
to the fact that I enjoyed almost a  
monopoly of the country trade, due to  
the deathfulness of my competitors  
in the medical profession. Brother  
James confined his practice almost  
exclusively to his office, along  
with his sundry interests and bunking.  
Not very successful in recent  
local political affairs, I now turned  
to national, due to events.

Charles W. Asentors, of Fayetteville,  
Arkansas lawyer, who had risen by native  
genius and personality from railway  
freightman; ex-United States Senator,  
and in 1928, National Democratic



Committees from West Virginia, and  
as such, in charge of the Campaign of  
Smith of New York for the Presidency, in  
our state. My recent Political  
activity, locally, had attracted some  
attention, and Mr. Osenton named me  
on his "State" as an avowed Smith  
supporter, and Alternate Delegate from  
his 6th District to the National Con-  
vention at Houston, Texas. The late  
Don Chapin from the populous county  
of Logan (Delegate). Miss Merle  
McClintic, also of Marlinton, named  
Woman Delegate at Large. ~~for women.~~

At the time, it appeared almost Smith  
an avowed and might win; especially  
from the Republican nominated the  
fence-sitting "foreigner" Herbert Hoover.  
In the primary, Smith Osenton's State  
won twelve of the sixteen delegates  
in the State. Mr. McClintic, Chapin and  
I among them.

Followed the usual political  
parade of pictures, badges and banners,  
all avowed Smith delegates  
assembled at Huntington, in June,  
and boarded a special train made  
up in Boston, carrying delegates  
and officials from Maine to Texas,  
except, perhaps, Political stars of  
the first magnitude, exemplified by  
Jesse W. Davis, it also, who had arrived



128  
Conveyance of their own, and early on  
the field, in Haverst. Jesse Jones  
then, at his height, had built a convention  
Hall and brought the Convention to Haverst,  
his favorite city. The delegates paid  
regular round trip fare, but the Special  
was fitted with many conveniences  
without additional cost, including  
a car loaded with beer and other  
liquors, free for all.

Besides Mrs. Merle McClintock, <sup>there was</sup> an  
attractive young widow (childless)  
named Mrs. St. Clair, from Mercer County,  
was with our party, of a well known  
Bluefield family, presumably wealthy.  
1928 marked the second Presidential  
Campaign following women suffrage.

Conversations and cards, and fine  
weather made the long journey bearable.

The second day I recall nearly  
an entire twelve hours driving the  
length of the state of Mississippi  
a region of Blue earth river plains  
inhabited, it seemed, solely by Negro  
Africans in hovel, even less  
attractive than the African jungle  
where ~~they~~ their ancestors were  
brought as slaves.

Our train was halted in New Orleans  
on Sunday, and we spent the entire  
day in that ~~city~~ interesting City.  
I failed to see General Andrew Jackson.



129

Battle field of January 8, 1814, not at  
the time especially interested in the life  
of Jackson, as set forth in Marquis  
James excellent "The Border Captain,"  
or the equally interesting life of Sam  
Houston, and by the same author,  
"The Raven." Equally, I regret  
not visiting the Battle field of San  
Jacinto, April 21, 1836, when the  
opportunity presented. It will be  
recalled, in this narrative, my mother  
was an early settler (1837) near  
Buffalo Bayou, Texas, at the age  
at one year of age.

At age Fifty-three, and following  
James recent death, I found the journey  
to ~~Tex~~ Houston interesting and educating  
politically, though early disillusioned as  
to the possibility of all Smith winning  
the election.

Mr. Smith was not present,  
of course; but his wife and family  
in prominent view, and from the "side-  
walks of New York," not unimpressive.  
Mr Smith seemed over-fat and over-  
dressed to the casual view. To this  
was added the quite evident hostility  
to any body "Wet, and a Catholic"  
by the delegates from "Deep South."  
In the Convention hall, the Maryland



Delegation was in front of us,  
and Georgia to our left, under  
the leadership of that third-rate  
and much over-rated Politician  
the late Senator George, of Georgia.  
The un concealed hostility to Smith  
by this and other Southern state  
groups was apparent, even when  
the silly and hysterical parades  
about the Hall, and the shouting  
began.

Alfred E. Smith was nominated  
for President by the Democrats,  
ahead of his time. Himself a near  
foreigner, ~~the~~ in 1928, <sup>dominated</sup> not dominated  
by a foreign element, as the Nation  
unquestionably is today, especially  
by its financiers and Newspapers,  
with large blocks of pensioners,  
paupers, lobbyists, and social  
security burden, bought and paid  
for.

There was no special train  
for our party returning from Houston,  
each of us, and in groups returning  
at our convenience. Personally I  
boarded the first train headed north  
and travelled through Arkansas and  
Missouri, crossing the River at  
St. Louis. All without special incident.



Sunday - Oct. 4 1959 / 31  
3 a.m.

Retired at 7; rose at 3 a.m. - having  
"slept long enough". Foggy morning,  
not frosty - Probably clear and warm.  
The Bridge Street Builders - working  
Saturday, and overtime - began to  
speed up - and got something done.  
I was interested to watch Machinery  
speeded, and laborers really working,  
when "cost-plus" sewers laid aside,  
and real "contract work begins".  
Laulsbury - Foreman - an able man,  
when given a free hand.

Again home in Marlinton from the  
Conventions of 1928, with some political  
enthusiasm remaining, I wrote a review  
of the crusade, not edifying; inclined  
to treat the matter humorously - and  
lily. Al Smith's campaign dragged  
drearily, despite an honest effort by  
Mr. Smith to be forthright - better than  
most. His time had not yet come;  
besides handicapped by his birth place,  
ancestry and training. Soon passed  
into oblivion - and comparative poverty.  
His sons ~~nevertheless~~ <sup>liabilities</sup> who, for last "fit"  
Superintendent of Empire Building, to early  
breaks, and death in middle life.

Daughter Jean had been under  
the care of her Aunt Grace Price during



132

my absence in Texas. I bought her  
a present, a near-silk Mantilla, such  
as was popular with Southern Ladies  
for evening wear — Cost twenty dollars,  
more training was deemed necessary,  
and in the spring-time of her youth and  
beauty, after due consultations and  
consent, entered at Convent School  
of the Visitation, Mt de Chantal, Wheeling.  
On this I was influenced by ~~the~~ a my  
friends, Goodsell and Dr. Hull, ~~who~~ who  
each had sent a daughter to  
the school, with results wholly  
satisfactory.

In September, we travelled by model  
T. Ford to Elkins and by train to  
Wheeling, where Jean was entered  
in the graduating class; ~~where she~~  
Jean worked hard and happily,  
in excellent health, graduating  
with many honors, and Medals, the  
following June, 1929. I drove to  
Wheeling in a Model A. Ford,  
bringing my daughter home.  
In after years she did two terms  
Randolph-Macony College, ~~Randolph~~  
Virginia and three years training  
as Registered Nurse, St. Joseph's Hospital  
Baltimore, Maryland. All this  
accomplished by June, 1934, when  
22 years old — in the seemingly  
endless education of women in the  
twentieth century.



The summer of 1928, with unabated energy, and still having some money left I planned and executed ~~meditated~~ alterations on the house, including a large stone chimney and fire-place. A single large room was contrived of a bed-room, dining room and entrance hall. George Hefner and Son Hury, came and built the stone chimney, a masterpiece, six feet at base by four feet; the upper part 4 feet square. Stones were brought from the double chimney of the Pioneer Cleudwin House at Selbert, last occupied by the veteran George Cleudwin, who died in age of self-inflicted wounds, year 1904. Also <sup>from</sup> the old Price Mansion, and Barn.

~~We~~ have successfully "wintered" by this wood fire-place thirty-one successive seasons.

Mrs. Jean Price, in a letter to her son Norman, while at school, wrote: "Do Price loves the Penitence; and could be happy <sup>to live in</sup> a single large room, filled with his trophies, and food and garden seeds, etc." Thus describing my Native bent, ancestral and otherwise.

Jean was missed, following her untimely death, age 48, March 10, 1928.



my only duty, for about two years  
hard work, building, carrying forward  
the household; on a legal fight and  
political activity.

"I climbed the treacherous Hill,  
I trod the plain;  
Counting the mileage, careless of  
its loss,  
Of days and nights accruing  
to my pain."

Because of early religious training, -  
a "virgin," almost an anchorite, I  
avoided, for the most part the society  
of women, other than professionally;  
and always, the gentlemen, treating all  
women with due deference and respect.  
All women are beautiful."

"For a man must go with a  
woman,  
~~that~~ <sup>can</sup> no woman understands.  
There are some who say they  
can see it,

But they're not the marrying brand!"

Somewhat to my discomfiture, I was  
overlooked by the most lovely women  
during this time; good nature showing  
through, because I had little, although  
temperate and industrious; and known  
to issue rather large checks in payment



135  
of debts at cards, after thirty  
years in business and professional  
activity - 1903-1933 inclusive, the  
early years of the fourth decade found  
me with little gear and slightly  
in debt at the ~~Bancroft~~ borrowing on  
insurance during the "Depression".

~~Fall of September~~, 1932, I was  
observed and attracted by a graceful  
and fearful lady, not too young,  
employed in a bank. But that  
is another story.

During the following year, 1933,  
a fortunate investment (in silver) ~~not~~  
~~George~~ helped to ~~help~~ wipe out the  
"Deficit", and a financial boom.  
(Money is to be made in the fall,  
as well as in the rise of Empires!)

The false prophet - President Hoover,  
designed disastrously for a time,  
and passed into oblivion. Always  
too rich, personally, he forgot God  
as a Ruler: "If the Lord keep  
not the House, the watchmen will  
be in vain."

The late William A. Bratton, who in  
1924 worked for a time with Hoover  
in the food administration in Washington,  
and was associated with Mr. Hoover,  
once told me that Hoover "was



but of the most profane men, in speech, that he had ever met." a plain indication of the mental and moral qualifications of Mr. Hoover at that stage of his development. By training as an operative Mining Engineer, he probably thought the running of a corrupt food administration called for, or required, a good deal of cutting!

I have in my political archives a form letter, <sup>1928</sup> written by Franklin D. Roosevelt, but signed in Ink, to All Delegates (and alternate Delegates) to the Convention in Houston, 1928, outlining Party Democratic Party Strategy for 1932; thus early beginning his Campaign, as four-  
 term President, 1932-1944 AD. Far from being an early F.D.R. supporter, ~~but~~ in 1932, still under the spell of National Politics, I ran for District Delegate (6th District) as a supporter of William ("Alfalfa") Bill Murray in his bid for President; my ~~big~~ boast is that in the Depression Year 1932 I carried Greenbrier and Pocahontas Counties for William



Tuesday 10/6/59 13<sup>5</sup>  
3 A.M. a mild, foggy morning.  
No killing frost yet. The endless  
planning of the Main Street by the Road  
and Bridge Builders continues. It  
will be a relief to see its finish  
very intricate wooden frame & for  
sounding cement) being built on the  
steel frame & girders of the Bridge.

Mr. Murray ("Alfalfa Bill") on the Democratic  
ticket for President, the conventions  
held that year in Chicago. Kansas,  
Lafayette and Logan - the Populists  
went for F. D. Roosevelt - who was  
nominated for his first term. A short  
President Hoover - in the election of that year.  
Mr. Murray, who habitually wore  
a large mustache, hence his sobriquet  
"Alfalfa", had been Governor of Oklahoma  
at one time in his life he had attempted  
founding an American Colony in a portion  
of South America, somewhere on the Pacific  
Coast. This was a failure, due to  
racial friction and political friction.  
An individualist. As he ruled Oklahoma  
as Governor with a high hand, using  
his state guard, on occasion, to enforce  
his decrees; much in the news.  
Evidently, he thought America should  
return to the simple agricultural  
life, due to wide-spread business



138  
Depression, ~~and~~ and Hunger. His  
"Slogan," "Bread, Butter, Bacon, Beans"  
will be remembered by older people.  
During the Campaign of 1932 I carried  
on my spare time a cover fabric  
embellished with Alfalfa Bill Murray's  
picture and slogan.

With some prestige as a Delegate  
in 1928, I was recognized to some  
extent, particularly by the Republican  
Newspaper, the Charleston Mail, as  
Mr. Murray's leading supporter  
in West Virginia; carrying on an  
interesting correspondence by letter.  
A supply of literature was sent me,  
including the tire covers, and one  
Candidate even "meditated a speaking  
tour of West Virginia, but did not  
arrive as scheduled." The country,  
especially the industrial North and  
East, was on the verge of a great  
expansion of Public Works, and in  
no humor for the back to the soil  
proposal of Mr. Murray.

Governor Murray, of Oklahoma,  
with his Delegates and picturesque  
band of "Cow girls" attracted attention,  
and doubtless had a good time, at  
the Chicago Convention; but got  
few votes for nomination. I had  
thought to attend, but pressing



139  
of business and lack of time prevented.  
The year 1932 marked a turning point  
in the lives of many; myself included.  
There were signs in the heavens, clouds  
and smoke, in those days. Quickly,  
the market crash was followed by  
the historic drought of 1930; dust  
bowls, near famine. Unless those  
days had been divinely shortened,  
there would have been no life left  
on the earth. Grapes of Wrath.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."  
- Crozier's Hymn.

The fall of Autumn of 1931, Daughter  
Jean and I consulted about practical  
future training ~~in~~ ~~for~~ for her; business,  
teaching, or other. She selected nursing,  
and entered on a three year course  
at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore,  
entering September, 1931. Norman  
in the Army. I was relieved of  
heavy "educational" expense. The  
first <sup>time</sup> in almost ten years. Medical  
practice continued as usual, but  
over a period of about three years  
cash returns almost non-existent.



140

only partially relieved, first by the  
"Works Progress Administration" (WPA)  
and more substantially in 1935, by  
the "Department of Public Assistance" (DPA)  
(DPA) which even paid some accumulated  
ostensible bills, at ten dollars per <sup>case</sup>  
over a period of one year.  
~~Politics~~ Practical Politics, local  
and National, had run its course,  
~~with me~~, and troubled me no more.  
Playing at cards, for diversion, had  
become more sorted, locally, with  
hard times, and too many ~~to~~ <sup>10,000</sup> ~~notes~~, or ~~few~~ <sup>one</sup>, ~~floating~~  
~~about~~; also, abruptly terminated. by me

"No one understands the fever  
of gambling, except the men  
who has had it, and got over it."  
— Andrew Price —

Thursday 10/8/39 - 3.30 AM.

Mild weather - no "Heavy Frost" -  
Garden flowers still blooming. Road  
builders still working time with their  
inter-endless <sup>newer</sup> construction; time is  
running out for the more important  
concrete work on Bridge and street.  
The river for a quarter mile nearly  
dredged clear of stone and gravel,  
filling ditches, some twenty feet in  
depth; expensive and time consuming.







trips to William<sup>142</sup>sbury with Sister Anna  
to try to extricate her from the "mess."  
An unwise attempt was made, even, to  
have Sister Susan ~~ad~~ declared ~~technically~~  
"incane", - therefore incompetent, ~~failed~~  
rather ~~dis~~ <sup>dis</sup>malley, largely because of failure  
to "co-operate" on the part of the "Patient";  
the movement ending ~~in~~ <sup>on</sup> a comical  
note; two examining Physicians in  
Williamsbury remarking that Perhaps I,  
personally, was the one whose head  
should be examined. Sister Anna  
lost some thousand of her fast  
dwindling Rockefeller money.

Dr. James W. Price, first vice-President  
and principal stockholder of the Bank  
of Marlinton, at this time used his money  
almost without stint to carry the Bank  
over the "Bank Holiday" period,  
investing heavily in its vouchers; much  
more freely than <sup>at the</sup> the Bank's President;  
Matthew John McNeil, elderly and also  
a "Capitalist".

Brother James, six years my  
senior, and a widower, was making  
a fool of himself (as the saying goes)  
over the beautiful (and graceful) Miss  
Alice Dyer, who was employed as a  
book-keeper in the Bank.

Dr. Price, elderly, whiskered, and



not wise in Courtship. Probably; when  
 a judicious expenditure of simple  
 means could be impressive in such  
 trivials as clothing, barbering and  
 automobile transport; preferably of an  
 expensive make; ~~there~~ no need to let  
 the good show through <sup>in part.</sup>  
~~in part~~ to impress Mrs. Alice, Brother  
 James had a rather comical notions  
 which he executed; having a sort of  
 Armored "Crows nest", with loopholes  
 for guns, built high in the banking  
 room, where armed with a Winchester  
 rifle and small arms, he often  
 sat ready to oppose or discourage  
 a bank hold-up.

Some alarm had been caused by  
 the recent robbery of the Rural Bank  
 at Reeds, Mr. Willis Baxter Cashier,  
 by a local ~~man~~ hoodlum named  
 Cook, later captured and sent to  
 the Rock House for twenty years.  
 Cook escaped to Oregon; within the  
 last year or two he was located;  
 extradition refused by the Governor  
 of Oregon on the grounds that Cook  
 had married, raised a family and  
 for many years lived an exemplary  
 life. The matter allowed to drop,  
 Cook still lives in Oregon.



144 3rd 2nd Regiment,  
The "Crows Nest" proved ~~to be~~  
annoying to officials and employees  
and following Brother James death in 1946,  
and when alterations were made the  
bunking room it was removed. In  
any case, the Association of Bank  
Robbers prefers to operate among  
the money changers in and near  
larger towns and cities.

also. A widower of three years, I was  
interested in the graceful beautiful  
and graceful Alice, who had many  
admirers; but fully aware that not  
being "strong on the Goose" fatal to  
success in ~~warmy~~ courtship.

(The quotation is from Mrs. Mary  
Austins "Diary of the Civil War," And  
meaning possession of money, slaves,  
and a plantation.)

A truly graceful woman in all her  
movements and postures is a rare animal,  
and that often seems it follows that  
a native taste in selection and ability to  
wear clothing well is of the essence.  
It may be, also, that those so gifted, under  
Emersons Law of Compensation, may be  
lacking in more important faculties  
of judgment and common sense.  
There may well be a corresponding grace  
or movement in the Male of the species,



but subsidiary to the masculine qualities  
of strength, brain and endurance  
of Miss Alice and dear sister and brother  
Nathaniel of Highland, Virginia; orphaned in  
early life, all three resided in Marlinton,  
the sister, Mrs Clyde Bussard unhappily  
married to a war veteran a phase life  
ended a few years past a patient at  
the VA Hospital for incurable disease  
at Alamogordo, North Carolina. Miss Bussard  
lived with her sister, and was most  
useful in assisting in the care of five  
nieces and a nephew, all of whom  
were well trained, and are successful.  
Miss Dever, ~~drove~~ <sup>drove</sup> a Ford automobile  
car, in the thirties, which she drove  
expertly and gracefully; frequently  
seen with her infant nieces and nephew  
as nurse and baby sitter.  
I do not mean to imply that the rare  
gift of gracefulness in posture and movement  
in women is all important - for from  
it, an inward grace and faithfulness  
more precious than Rubies. But it does  
appear "Modern Women" ~~but this trait~~  
~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~er~~ <sup>er</sup>, put  
this trait in tired hair, deforming  
footwear and indecent exposure of the  
body, including apparel usually  
de thought fit for males, only; and  
not view under the sun - Queen Dangers.



Jehel, a King's <sup>146</sup> daughter, at a remote  
day, tied her hair, painted her face, and  
was thrown from her apartment, devoured  
by dogs in the Palace Court-yard.  
Middle-aged on the Emperor Napoleon  
in his "Conversations" an excellent Judge  
of men and women, pronounced the Empress  
Josephine the most graceful of women,  
in all her postures and movements.  
As recorded in his "Conversations" at  
St. Helena. He also said that she  
was ~~as aged and untruthful~~; but he loved  
her. In giving her age, the Empress  
~~must~~ have been the Prince Eugene must  
have been about twelve years old when born.  
He believed Josephine could have followed  
him in his fortune to St. Helena, which  
his second wife Louise of Austria failed  
to do. Brother James and I, middle-aged  
Nigerians, both in our late fifties were  
not demonstrations in the Court-Mrs  
of Mrs Dever. Nonetheless, we were  
silent competitors, and it was evident  
either could have been had for the taking.  
In the end both were discarded by  
the graceful Miss Alice  
myself, 54 years the younger and  
better formed; clean shaven, it was  
perhaps well - even providential -  
as I was soon to receive ~~important~~  
backing in a business venture from  
Brother James. Ready money has its  
uses, and is important.



Sunday 10/11/59 147.

Mild and light rains - Garden flowers yet  
flourishing - Nasturtiums. The New Bridge  
tapering shape - a marvel of steel and  
concrete - About 11000 thousands feet of  
lumber - framing and supports - used in  
the bridge including the temporary structure.  
Autumn coloring delayed, although many  
trees especially Maples - almost bare.  
The hunting season for bears, Wapiti  
Grouse, etc. - timely rain helps prevent  
forest fires.

The ~~ferm~~ young female Virginia Deer  
Curlew tail most gracefully of the wild  
animals native to our forests. As a  
boy I had unusual opportunity to  
observe its habits (1889-1892) in the  
timber near Diana. Vegetarian in diet.  
Superbly adapted to its forest environment  
at all seasons and conditions of terrain.  
When not alarmed, moving slowly, one might  
even say, pensively; stepping high and  
noiselessly in fallen leaves. At other  
times, moving rapidly, but not leaping.  
When in rough ground or crossing a  
rocky stream, a swift, single-foot pace;  
and, finally, running at speed in great leaps,  
up-hill as well - <sup>leaps</sup> ~~leaps~~ in its feed, ~~feet~~ <sup>leaps</sup> under. Prepared to  
spring to its feet and away in a single  
movement - night or day. The deer  
at times barks in the sun on its side,  
legs extended.



"I think I could turn and live with  
Animals;  
I stand and gaze at them long and  
long. — Whitman.  
At the time of which I wrote, early thirties, Miss  
Alice and her friend ~~the~~ the beautiful  
Miss Gladys Hudson, Secretary and  
stenographer at the Bank; cultivated  
and of an excellent pioneer family  
of upper Pocahontas County. The two  
females frequently visited, in summer, the  
Riverside Park and River Bathing  
pool at the Fair grounds. Sometimes  
I was also at the park and joined their  
picnic them; once sharing their lunch.  
September, 1932.

While hospitable and even kind, ~~the~~ Miss  
Alice made no effort to conceal that I,  
personally, was not going with her.  
Before this, she had, it seems, set her  
affections and going steady with the  
handsome, and "spoiled child," Arden  
Billingsworth, Veterans of the College  
Student Training Corps, in the war of 1914,  
therefore no infant. Quoting the village  
gossip, Miss Alice had met a humiliating  
failure in capturing the young Arden,  
with many things to her bow, she probably from  
a spirit of reckless resentment, she flirted  
intoxicatedly with several several casual  
Nec-do-wells, single and married, known  
as public menaces in the village and  
country; among them my friend, Conrad



149  
Veteran, also gambler and alcoholic.  
Charles Barlow, whose early ~~contacted~~  
death, from tuberculosis, followed in 1934.  
Killed, when he chose to work, was a  
very good auto salesman employed  
by James Baxter and dealer, sales  
and service. Charles Barlow was a  
personable ~~led~~, of the pioneer Barlow  
family, noted for ~~his~~ common sense  
and business ability; a grandson of  
Henry Barlow, Jr. Merchant and Banker.  
In a sense, he was a war casualty, doing  
hard service at the front, in Europe. He  
knew the worst too young + Laya Candia.  
Meeting the attractive and beautiful Miss  
Gladys Hudson, at her work in the Bank  
and at the Park Riverside Park, I  
correctly judged that she did not  
intend to spend her life, mindlessly,  
in the counting room of a bank.  
Might, even, be interested in "going steady"  
with an honest man and good worker, as  
indeed she did shortly thereafter, her  
husband, Mr. Trill. At last accounts he  
was the ~~father~~ <sup>father</sup> of ~~at least~~ two sons,  
and living in the state of Ohio.

Gladys Hudson-Trill, beautiful and  
faithful by nature, deserved well in life.  
For her life has been, is happy  
and successful.

Year 1931, I had formed a casual  
alliance with the magnetic and beautiful,  
Laura Jane Smith (Abdullah), aged about



Forty years, the ~~the~~ <sup>1872</sup> mother of sons, and a  
daughter, the latter born in 1837; therefore  
in return for her looking with favor on me,  
I was bound to give first allegiance  
and support to her.

Born Laura Jane Smith, one of eleven  
Beautiful Daughters, and a son, born  
to John Wesley Smith and Elizabeth  
Mary Elizabeth Burr Smith of the  
Burr Valley. (1888). Married at  
fifteen years, a mother at sixteen.  
which is another story.

For a man <sup>ne</sup> must go with a woman,  
which women don't understand.  
Or the sort that say they can see it.  
They ~~can't~~ aren't the marrying kind.

One late summer evening, August, 1932,  
at dusk I was sitting near the bath  
house, at the Park, in meditations on  
ways and means to improve my  
fortune, they <sup>in</sup> ~~at~~ the ~~very~~ shallows,  
in the tide of human affairs. At  
the Park and beach deserted at that  
hour. A car drove up in the  
gloom. And the Misses Dever  
and Hudson got out, their escorts  
Comrades Clarence Smith and  
Charles Barlow. Evidently, the ladies  
were going to swim, and hurried to  
the bath house. I gave the comrades



157  
Truth and Barlow the time of day, and  
signed a few minutes before  
going out, with no intent of joining  
in any social competitions, in  
love and war.  
Emerging, Miss Dever proceeded  
to put on a dramatic act which  
startled me beyond measure.  
Advancing until near me in an angry,  
even threatening manner, with almost  
inarticulate speech; also grasping a  
shrub or bush and shaking it violently.  
Thus informing me that my presence  
was distasteful to her. \* Without  
more ado, I got in my Ford and  
pulled out.

\* The act of ~~pulling~~ pulled by the auto head light.  
Later, Charlie told me that as a  
practical jest, he had secreted some  
of the young ladies' clothing, saying  
that I had returned and stolen it.  
The girdle, or what was classified  
with the Mania of Dormitory  
raiding of young women's  
underwear, in the Co-educational  
Colleges of a later day.

The incident is related because  
my evening meditations on ways and  
means, year 1932, I saw Batting  
Beach at the Park - fair & sound,  
age fifty six, broken in upon and  
~~disposed~~ by a Batting Party.  
put to flight



Tuesday - 10/13/59 1952

2:30 P.M.

A frosty night, - no fog - Up at 2:30 -  
Lit the fire stove in the Bath - room -  
the sitting room and Library. Read the  
preface of the "Beaside Bibles" by Arthur  
Stanley. Early translations, and printing,  
by Wycliffe, Tyndale, and others, 15th  
and 16th Century. Found an ancient  
copy of Andersens "Fairy Tales", with  
hundreds of excellent wood-cut  
illustrations. Among some old papers  
and books left by Brother James -  
the title pages gone; evidently  
printed in early 19th Century.  
Full of interest to babes and children,  
Hans Andersens fables and parables  
are suitable reading for the aged.  
A valuable find.

Final grading of Main Street begun  
and rock course being laid, starting  
October 12, 1959.

I have written of the Houston, Texas  
tour of June, 1928. More should be told  
of the life and death of Charles W.  
Creighton, that Democratic Committeeman,  
who led his cohort in support of  
Alfred E. Smith, for President that  
year. A handsome man of genius,  
and successful, he knew poverty  
and hard labor in his youth. His  
later end was tragic.

Born in Fayette County, W. Va. - about  
1874; in early youth and manhood



Employed ~~in the~~<sup>153</sup> as a laborer in  
Coal mines and as a brakeman  
on the Railway, earning money  
to enter Law School, and was  
soon successful as a Court-room  
Lawyer; also ~~as~~ in local and  
State Political office.

Married ~~in~~ when young, he had  
grown children, when in the year 1918  
he was snared by a client, the Middle-  
aged, and wealthy Widow Williams, of  
Scottish ancestry, whose husband,  
~~also~~ a Welshman, had been a coal mine  
operator. Mrs. Williams, also with  
grown children, had in youth and later  
been accounted very beautiful. As  
to being rich, while well-to-do, ~~her~~  
her wealth was exaggerated; as is  
the usual custom. Mrs. Osenton divorced her husband,  
and promptly sued Mrs. Williams  
for alienation, recovering a considerable  
sum - about twenty five thousand \$ -  
this in addition to a cash settlement  
with the Divorce.

Charles Osenton and Mrs. Williams  
married, about 1920; later, with the  
onset of age and reverses in the early  
years of the Depression, hard up for  
ready money.

The second Mrs. Charles Osenton was  
at the Conventions in Houston, 1928,  
when she was incumbered with an  
infant grandson or nephew about 4 years old.



154  
She was clearly as her own, adding  
to her cares. Knowing something of  
her history, I ~~could~~ attempted  
conversations with her. She appeared  
quite old; uninterested in current affairs;  
apprehensive ~~with~~ <sup>at</sup> the onset of ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> age;  
not content with ~~conscience~~ <sup>conscience</sup> ~~striker~~ <sup>striker</sup>.  
In this she was in contrast to her husband,  
second husband, who though quite  
gray-haired, still debonair, ~~and~~  
handsome and alert. I recall  
reading of his sudden death  
by stroke, or paralysis, which occurred  
a few years after.

In the days of Prosperity, perhaps  
using Mrs. Williamson-Osenton's money  
Charles had built an elaborate tomb  
or mausoleum on top of a high  
mountain near the Hawks Nest,  
a famous scenic precipice not far  
from Austead, Fayette County, an  
area of about three acres enclosed  
with a massive iron fence. Here  
the second Mrs. Osenton lies buried;  
and members of her family. Also  
my friend Osenton, whose death  
was tragic, which occurred about  
1935. His body was found at the  
base of a high cliff of Rocks near  
the mountain-top tomb, where  
doubtless he had cast himself down.

and on the mountain



in his sixty-fifth<sup>35</sup> year. Some told  
was bad of ill-health and accidental  
death, but I believe it was suicide.

The wife of his youth survived her  
husband, unforgetting to the end.  
As also were the sons and daughters.

With a clear mind, friend Osentors  
had prepared a will disposing of the  
remnants of a once considerable  
estate, naming a son as administrator.  
The son, following his father's death,  
refused to qualify as administrator.

It would appear that, ~~under hand of~~  
we must "abide under the shadow of the  
almighty"; and satisfied with long life,  
~~before~~ we can pray "after this manner":

"And forgive us our debts,

as we forgive our debtors."

The body of Charles Osentors rests  
in a tomb fit for a leader and  
chieftain, on his mountain top. I  
trust, his spirit, <sup>though</sup> wandering, ~~but~~ not lost.

"They are purged of Pride.

Because they died;

They know the worth of their bays;  
And they sit at wine with the

Muses nine.

And the gods of the elder days: ...

... They know gods live in pain,  
And they would the Devil to make  
and ~~there's~~ just that sin is vain."







In May, 1930, I drove to Albany in search of a lawyer to see in connection with the case in Albany. The court was taken to Albany, and I was told that a great deal of time would be spent in Albany, and I was told that I should be able to find a lawyer there. I was told that I should be able to find a lawyer there. I was told that I should be able to find a lawyer there.



97

I gave my personal check for one Hundred Dollars, as a retainer, the total fee estimated as three Hundred; on which expense my three paying associates reimbursed me to the extent of one Hundred-fifty dollars. The balance paid by me. During this summer, I am told, Judge Rump visited Marlinton, heard the defense attorneys Hill and Edgar, in chambers; Miss Sawyer Arnold argued our case, with the result Judge Rump declared the case " moot " reasoning in his opinion that as the village had been reimbursed for the original debt incurred by the Mayor and Council, there was no point in continuing litigation; also, each party to pay its own costs. All the foregoing is set down as history of events involving comparatively large affairs in Public Business, and over the period 1927 to 1930, three years, inclusive. In no sense is it a personal explanation or apology. At the time, and for years after, it was a satisfaction to me and my " Corporals Guard " remaining of the petitioners - Andrew having died, that two Power Line " industries " had been allowed - even invited - to enter our County - remote; also that the town was rid of a burdensome debt



This freedom from public debt was not  
to continue for long, as the city retained  
the water and sewage system, when the  
port Pemtoteak over the local power  
house, the water center was moved  
elsewhere, about 1927 when the late  
Dr. Mark Wilson served a term as Mayor.  
This involved ~~to~~ a small bond issue  
of ten thousand dollars, and a ~~grand~~ plan  
to tunnel Hamilton Field Ridge at  
the "low place", in front of Knappa  
Creek at the "Bend", forming a race  
or "flume," that served to turn a  
water wheels that powered pumps to  
convey water to the ~~water~~ tanks  
high on the Marlin Mountain. This  
as nearly approaches the theory of  
"perpetual motion" as is possible under  
the laws of gravity, and of water always  
rising to its own level, and much  
commended, for a time. Still, wheels  
and pumps deteriorate; water takes  
decay; the village, always gracious  
in distances, expands further, and with  
one thing and another, the bonded  
debt also ~~expands~~ now at a figure  
of about 100,000 Dollars.

Apparently, for more than fifty  
years in planning a supply of water  
~~has~~ served thought ~~never~~ given to obtain  
water ~~if~~ under gravity, from nearby "cave"  
springs, in the Chertstone to the west,  
or from Thermal Springs of great



Palume and purity to the east, the nearest  
the Curry Spring near Huntersville, six  
miles distant. ~~At one time~~ Some objections  
was raised by Mr. Ira Brill and others,  
to limestone water; others consider  
water with a lime content both wholesome  
and desirable. Take your choice.

The progress of the species in meeting  
his real and fancied needs on this planet  
is necessarily slow.

Some incidents in his lives and deaths  
of my friends of early days, Frank Lydner  
and Ira D. Brill, who have no  
memorial that I am aware of, and  
both dead in early middle life,  
serve to form a moral and admonitory  
tale. In 1828, and after becoming  
interested in stock market dealings, he  
has been known to rise early, probably  
after a sleepless night, and dash off at  
speed in auto on the earth roads of the  
period to ~~the~~ the nearest stock market  
line at White Sulphur, distant sixty  
miles, to place orders at the opening of  
the market. Urged by a very demon  
of haste, Frank was accustomed to drive  
at speeds they considered dangerous.  
An unfortunate accident that cost the  
lives of a woman and child, doubtless  
preyed on his ~~kind~~ mind and heart.  
Returning to Marlinton from Charleston, in  
his early thirties, his car driven at speed  
on Route 60, struck the two as they

Frank Lydner

Frank Lydner



stepped from behind a parked car. No  
special plane was put on Lydnor,  
except perhaps driving at speed in  
passing a car at rest. on the highways.  
Mrs. Lydnor, a beautiful and spirited  
Virginia lady, whose childhood home  
was near Appomattox in Amelia County.  
never showing outwardly emotion in  
triumph or disaster, during many years  
before and following her husband's death.  
Their beautiful daughter, Rebecca,  
who grew up in Marlinton, is now  
the wife of a Mansboro, Virginia,  
Physician. A strong bond of affections  
marked the family life of the three,  
the admiration of their friends and  
acquaintances. Mrs. Lydnor, serene  
and calmly beautiful, remained a widow  
for many years following her husband's  
early death; He has recently died  
a sincere prohibitionist. Free of  
Lydnor never drank wine or strong  
drink. While at the height of his  
business career and speculative "fever",  
he "discovered" as he thought, the sedative  
medical benefits of the mild tincture  
of opium, commonly called Paragoric,  
and using it on occasion became a  
mild Paragoric addict; so much so  
that for a time he found difficulty  
under drug regulations to obtain  
a needed supply. It is quite evident  
he did not properly evaluate the  
dangers of the alcohol-opium "Medicine".



not very <sup>fit</sup> ~~fit~~ 105-  
but in due time was  
safely returned from the Pecos  
County wilds to the Railway station  
at Millboro Springs.

Mrs. Andrew Taylor, mother of seven  
beautiful daughters, bore the  
daughters of the notable & Rev. James  
G. Moore, Pioneer who was  
thrice married, as related in Miles  
Biographical History.

Andrew Taylor, Veterans Confederate  
tall and lean, who carried a "pound"  
of Yankee lead in his body; a  
notable Hunter and guide for  
hunting and fishing parties from  
far places; who subsisted his  
family on his ranch edge of the  
Wilderness, Williams River.

"Easy going" and hospitable, in age,  
he waste, ~~in age~~, to lose his  
valuable lands, being "Mortgaged"  
for a "store" debt.

Oleivion should sue, but it must be  
told that in the midties of the 19th Century  
Andy Taylor, ~~an~~ all Confederate  
Veteran, was "indicted" by the Grand  
Jury for a wisdemeanor, "adultery."

Committed in a brief palat with  
a young ~~Harlot~~ named Cora Thurb-  
The misdemeanor more notable for



~~Early~~ <sup>181</sup> 1933, the Lydnor family  
returned to their old home in Virginia,  
and I know little of their life, except for  
and occasional visit of Mrs. Lydnor  
and daughter, Mrs. Hanner, to old friends  
in Marlinton, the last in 1954.

Frank Lydnor's death was tragic. A good  
many years ago, his friends in Marlinton  
were distressed to learn he had died  
by a self-inflicted gun-shot wound.  
But truly, he was within the Covenant  
of grace. He had a good heart.  
Mr. D. Brill, Department Store Merchant,  
died in 1931 (January) after a few days  
illness, a small lesion near the eye,  
resulting in a blood infection. A man  
of great energy and strong physique,  
he married Miss Fura Moore, the  
mother of three beautiful daughters and  
a son. Mrs. Brill also has remained  
a widow and for nearly thirty years  
has conducted the store. She is a  
descendant of the Rev. James E. Moore,  
prominent in the County History, whose  
daughters and grand-daughters always  
noted for their beauty and ~~beauty~~ <sup>grace</sup>.  
His daughters the late Mr. Andrew Taylor  
of Williams River, with seven daughters  
Mr. Martin White (2); Mr. John S.  
More (4); Mr. "Devil" Sam Tracy.  
— Numerous daughters all well  
remembered for beauty, in ~~my~~ youth.



Friday - Sept 25 - 102

4 Aug. 1959

Mary "Septuaginta Mors"  
this autumn. Beginning today, Sept 24, 1898,  
- 61 years - a letter from Dorothy Jean  
related that Jean, age 19, is settled  
down to her second year of Vanderbilt.  
Intelligent as a child, and promising.  
Vaya con Dios.

(But for my daily range within  
the pleasant field of Holy writ, I  
might despair.)

In the early days there were at the  
least, three "Sams" in the Gay clan,  
or family, locally given prefixes to  
distinguish one from the other.

First: "Draft" Sam. He lived  
and dominated lands head of the  
Indian Draft. Veteran Confederate  
Artilleryman (Driver) tall, lean and  
wiry; in old age expert teamster,  
four horses. After the night following  
Second Manassas, <sup>1862</sup> he once told  
me, lying in deep sleep, exhausted  
across his lying on his back, and <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~  
his ~~arms~~, he became so stiffened in the  
morning he was unable to move or  
rise, ~~for a time~~. In old age  
and weakness, he was accustomed to  
pass days and nights on sheep-  
skins before his open fire-place.  
He had sons and daughters, and in the  
third generation noted as horse-  
men, stalwarts and mountaineers.



Up and renew their strength.

Worthy Veterans of a Revolutionary War,  
he rests in peace, on his farm.

{ The youths shall faint and be weary,  
And the young men shall utterly fall;  
But they that wait upon the Lord  
Shall mount up with wings as eagles;  
They shall run and not be weary;  
They shall walk and not faint. }

Next: "Mey" <sup>Gay</sup> ~~Lam~~ - Jewell.  
Union Cause, revolution 1861, and also  
during reconstruction and following  
the war, was briefly named as  
Sheriff of Pocahontas County.  
A blacksmith by trade, about the year  
1885, his shop, north of the Hallord  
Jericho road. Then an elderly  
man, he lived with his son, Amos,  
in a shack near his shop. "Mey"  
Lam also kept Post Office, the  
first Post Master of Marlins Bottom.  
As a lad of Ten years, in passing  
their door, driving the cows to pasture  
in the "hacking", it was my invariable  
custom to give father and son greeting;  
"Hello, Amos; good morning, Mr. Gay."  
As they sat in the sun at the door  
of their house. <sup>Gay</sup>  
Last "Devil" Lam? Possibly named  
because of ~~an~~ adventure in his youth,  
who marked one of the seven beautiful



104  
Daughters of Andrew Taylor, and  
in the year 1898 were living on the  
Taylor place at the Meadows of  
Williams River, adjacent to  
Black Mountain, a wilderness  
last refuge of Deer and Bear.  
Mrs. F. "Devil" Sam Day had a large  
family of young children, and for-  
getful of refusing pay for <sup>her</sup> entertainment,  
a Mr. ~~Stout~~ <sup>Stout</sup> of New York, who  
had visited our County, making the  
arduous trip, being attracted by  
Andrew's stories in Forest and Stream.

*Note*  
I was detailed to accompany Mr.  
~~Stout~~ <sup>Stout</sup>, and we camped several days  
in the old Tom Skyles Cabin  
mouth of Teer Creek, Williams River.  
*Under* ~~Stout~~ was a retired ~~Pen~~ Journeyman  
Printer, who as a lad made his own  
fishing rods and tackle, and as  
noted, journeyed from his home in  
Brooklyn to far places. He has  
disappeared from history. Vagabond Days.

My first attempt at sport writing  
was a description of this fishing trip,  
my first in Teer Creek, noted in  
Front Stream. with Picturesque  
rapids and falls.

*(Note)*  
Mr. ~~Stout~~ was physically "stout"  
as befitting his name; middle-aged



at ~~his~~ home. ~~University~~ He was  
 accompanied by a young lady who  
 did not appear to be his wife, and  
 who, naturally, was not at ease,  
 or even in good health. ~~Recall,~~  
~~that~~ At an early day travel was  
 by rail and over-land horse vehicle  
 moreover, attorney ~~William~~ <sup>my friend</sup> was of  
 little help, rather the reverse <sup>in a brief</sup>  
 trial, and Andy Taylor was convicted  
 of a ~~Murder~~ <sup>murder</sup>. I remember he  
 was, in time, given what amounted  
 to "Probation" of the Period in Court's  
 no "time" was served and no fines,  
~~any~~ paid; his two lawyer friends  
 and fellow sportsmen forgiving  
 any fee for services rendered.

A jurymen in the trial, who later  
 asked why he voted for conviction  
 repud, in effect, because the  
 defendant had been proved guilty  
 of committing an adulterous act  
 "in daylight, in a Bier Patch." /  
 England the ~~old~~ latter end of Lawyer  
~~William~~ was tragic, involving  
 murder committed at his estate  
 in Maryland, either poisoning  
 or being killed, exact details  
 not remembered. So ended the  
 life of the son of the author of "Bar-B-Que."



wide publicity. Mean for any unusual  
moral turpitude in the community.  
"Contributing to delinquency" in the young  
may have been a cause. The young  
parade belonged to a branch of the ~~North~~  
the "Bill Elliott" branch of the Shapfamily,  
always noted for juvenile delinquency.  
I may add, a good many years  
after in the early ~~years~~ of ~~Practice~~  
my medical Practice I attended the  
still young Cora in "illegitimate"  
child-birth. She later married,  
became the mother of a family, still lives,  
respectful.

"An odious woman, married, may  
bear a child and mend."

Veteran Andy Taylor chose, perhaps  
unwisely to stand trial in the Circuit  
Court, thus adding to the publicity -  
Andrew Price, attorney. Furthermore,  
a sportsman-attorney from Maryland  
named ~~William~~ <sup>W. H. H.</sup> voluntarily came  
to assist in his defense. Attorney  
Engelmann chiefly notable as a word  
of the author of the famous Poems  
~~beginning~~: "Ben Bolt."

"Do you remember Aunt Alice,  
Ben Bolt.  
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown?"  
Mr. ~~William~~ <sup>Engelmann</sup> came, and was entertained



There was a book, Briefly a "best seller"  
entitled: "Kips that Pass in the  
Night."

"Kips that pass in the night,  
and hail one another in Passing;  
Only a signal & then, and  
and an answering shout in the  
darkness." Bengali.

A character in the book, the Parisian  
Music Master, <sup>and hypnotist</sup> featured the  
song "Ben Bol," ~~becoming~~ <sup>becoming</sup>  
a vogue in America, ~~for a while~~.  
widely ~~sung~~ <sup>quoted</sup> and sung.  
The name "Bengali" ~~became~~ <sup>was a</sup>  
figure of speech in the language



Saturday - 9/26/59 108

4 AM - 1 PM

"I arise with dreams of thee" (Mulleys)  
Waters at a record low. Kill a "pickle"  
from the spring. Thursday, Sept 24, 1898  
The 61<sup>st</sup> year of the "Marathon"  
At age 84 still chopping in early  
morning on Jericho Ridge-forest.

The Book of Wisdom recites four  
things by which the earth is disquieted,  
and cannot bear: ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> woman who  
is ~~servant~~ <sup>mistress</sup> of her mistress; a fool  
when he is full of meat, an odious  
woman when she is married; and  
a servant when he ruleth."  
Kipling has paraphrased it in  
musical verse:

(Single space) { The servant of her mistress we need  
not call upon;  
A fool when he is full of meat,  
Will fall asleep, anon;  
An odious woman married may  
bear a child and mend;  
But a servant when he ruleth  
Is confusion to the end!

It has been written that in the virtue of  
charity women may be divided into  
two classes: The rich, who do as they  
please; and the poor, whom no one  
pays <sup>any</sup> attention anyway.

Again, I repeat, the women of the



109

Rev James E. Moore line of descent were  
noted for beautiful and ~~charity~~ ~~the men for faithful~~ ~~ness~~.

Elizabeth Taylor, or "Betts" as  
she was called. I considered the  
most interesting and beautiful of the  
sisters at their home edge of the  
wilderness on Laurel Creek, not  
molested by hunters and fishermen  
from far places who made the Taylor  
house headquarters. Moreover, the  
Mrs Taylor and her daughters were  
excellent housekeepers and dressed  
well, their clothing for the most part  
the work of their own hands. I  
recall a photo group made at the  
Taylor home, in which Betts was  
daringly dressed in hunting  
costume, male, the property of some  
paying guest. Of a classic type  
of beauty, perfect in face and figure.

"A form more fair, a face more  
sweet."

"Nor has it been my lot to meet."  
— Whitman.

In the year 1898, I had seen the family  
occasionally. Betts in particular, but  
at the time allowed myself to take  
no special interest in her, or any other,  
fearing entanglements, that night



(also, my aunt Mary Patterson not yet married)

late

\* My Recount Marathons Race

As an <sup>110</sup>abstacle to my vague plans to get an education, or other Spartan ambition ~~to~~ vividly, I recall a cool September Morn. I was on my way for ~~the~~ usual dip in the River at the "Rock", neatly dressed in my working white duck trousers, complete with Bath towel. Miss Elizabeth (Bits) Taylor, in her travels, had spent the night with friends at the "Red House" Red Bay. Run, at Foot of Price Hill, and was at the door.

Being, as I supposed, at the time noted for recent athletic exploits, \* Miss Taylor looked me over, with more than ordinary interest; her face and figure photographically impressed on memory to this day. We exchanged a few words of greeting, and I passed on to the River. I do not recall seeing Elizabeth again, though not lost to memory; and two years after on entering Medical School I went on to other adventures.

I learned, later, that the Taylor family, having lost their lands on Williams River, ~~for~~ "store" debt, Removed to Upper Greenbrier Valley



at Cass, where the Taylor men had  
employment in the Lumber Mills.  
In early youth denied the "advantages"  
of the co-educational system and the new  
freedoms, and employments for women  
of the twentieth century; though gifted,  
perhaps not fortunate in her settlement  
in life - though in due time married;  
I have never learned that <sup>she bore</sup> ~~she bore~~  
children

"I have drunk their cup a round or  
two before,  
and, one by one, crept silently to rest."

Having wandered in my narrative,  
describing affairs and personages ~~for~~  
~~the~~ late nineteenth and early twentieth  
Century, I return to more intimate  
family affairs, the illness and death  
of my wife Jean occurring in the  
third decade of the Century.

My professional earnings were  
at their highest, 1923-1928, ~~more~~  
sufficient for all present needs,  
including the weekly session ~~at~~ of  
~~Dr. H. H. H. H.~~ ~~at~~ the Village Paper  
Hall, at which diversion and re-  
laxation my losses greatly  
exceeded winnings. Working at  
high speed day and night, Sundays  
and holidays, as is of the essence  
in the general practice of  
Medicine and Surgery. Town and  
Country. I was enabled to meet



112

all financial demands, occasioned  
of Jean's illness and costs of rearing  
Norman, and later, Douglas Jean.  
Also to spare time and money to  
Public affairs.

I served as Mayor in 1923, the  
year the Price Hill Road was built,  
the relocation taking my barn and  
part of the hillside; again Mayor  
1924 ~~which~~ complicated by the feud  
(legal) with Council over "internal  
improvements" in water and light  
~~utilities~~. Mayor Fred Allen, Recorder  
O. H. McFurin, and Councilmen Brill  
and Lydner, et al., in the matter  
of electric utilities.

Autumn 1927. Jean's health illness  
progressively worse, complicated by  
dyspeptic symptoms. When hospital  
treatment in a hospital was suggested,  
she refused; no relief expected by  
medical or surgical ~~treatment~~. Jean's  
patience and fortitude has been referred  
to before in this narrative. She once  
remarked to me, despairingly, that she  
"did not want to live any more, but  
here"; whether referring to her earthly  
home, or future estate, not stated clear.  
She retained her fine mentality to the  
last breath, conscious breath; her  
last letter to Norman dated the day  
before death came, March 9, 1928.  
Dying is a lonely thing.



113

A year or more before, at solicitation of church friends, she had enlisted in a "circle" of women of the church, devoted to good works and study of Holy writ. Jean's "essays" or leading programs, which she occasionally prepared, were models of intelligent and careful research, which I on at least one occasion typed for her, on request.

Jean and her personal orderly young Jim Preston, frequently held what Jean called "concerts" on the "graphophone"; a favorite hymn: "I will sing of my Redeemer" (Preserved as a sacred relic).

Norman, entered that year at the presumably Moral Presbyterian College Hampton-Sydney, continued his irresponsible career. His ~~reflections~~ <sup>reflections</sup> were brief and unsatisfactory to her frequent letters, with presents and extra money. Hopeful to the last, despite ~~pleas~~ <sup>pleas</sup> plain to her, of scholastic disasters. Norman's twenty-first birthday, Jan. 27, 1928, her present all expensive watch, soon speedily ~~hoped~~ <sup>hoped</sup> and lost.

In late January, 1928, Dr. James Price and I did abdominal ~~asites~~ <sup>asites</sup> a "tapping" to relieve the pressure of abdominal fluids, which gave temporary ease; but vital organs were affected.



114  
At school, Norman had early joined,  
as I suppose, never having held a "Fraternity"  
member; the most disreputable of the  
lot, appropriately calling under the  
doggy "Battle of Methu Hill;" ~~appropriate~~  
- for the battle-claimed - a convalescent -  
though has been written to prove, of  
a son at college who ~~had~~ reached his  
majority, was no help, year 1929.  
When he, finally, left school in April,  
leaving debts and over-drafts; I also  
redeemed two trunk lockers hooked  
to a ~~car~~ drives, containing some  
books, including a copy of his grand-  
father's Biographical History, and Jean's  
letters - and little else. These I  
was glad to recover - The locks  
of both lockers were broken.

~~From~~ Detailed incidents of Norman's  
twenty years as a "Member of the Force,"  
and after will be ~~related~~ <sup>related</sup> ~~at~~ in the  
proper context.

Daughter Joan continued at school  
winter 1928, and graduated with the  
first ten of her class, and with honors,  
~~at the~~ when sixteen years old.

Throughout the winter I continued  
actively at work to meet presumed <sup>needs</sup> ~~needs~~  
Present and future: not even ~~smoothing~~  
daily forestry ~~and~~ wood-chopping;  
stunts, a relief to anxieties and  
retrospections.



115-  
One morning in March, 1927, while  
planting a thrifty Sugar Maple tree in  
the yard - it had been uprooted by a  
falling tree while chopping North side of  
the hill - Jean, watching from her  
window, inquired why I had selected  
a certain spot to set the tree. I  
replied, in effect, I thought it suitable.  
Twenty-two seasons ~~too~~ have come since  
that March morning, the sapling  
grown to a stately and beautifully  
proportioned tree, which I regarded as  
a memorial.

Near this tree is another land-  
mark, and memorial. When the Road  
was being relocated and surfaced,  
1923, while the workmen were re-  
moving a large bowlder, Jean  
directed that it be set up in the  
yard - that "Dr. Price would like  
to have it."

Not long before this I had once  
remarked to Jean that I might  
find my own private Mausoleum,  
or burial place, among the  
rocks on the Hillside.

During three years of Jean's illness  
her health seemed better in  
Summer, to decline with the  
colds and damp of winter.



Monday - Sept. 27, 1959 <sup>116</sup>  
2:30 AM - 1959

Another "September Morn" - Mild and  
Foggy - Yesterday a terrific shower,  
Drove to the 12mpps Creek Bridge  
near Henderson - Compared the  
finished work with the Greenbrier  
River Bridge at Marlinton. Appears  
to be a handsome structure and durable -  
steel and concrete. Retired at 7,  
Arose at 2:30 am.

### In Memoriam

Threw on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of Rue;  
In quiet she Reposes,  
Would I were gentle, too.  
Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound,  
But for peace her heart was yearning,  
And now Peter caps her round  
The world had need of her mirth,  
She batted in the miles of glee;  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.  
Her generous, ample spirit  
Faltered and failed for breath;  
Tonight it doth inherit  
The vasty hall of death. "  
— Annied



The winter, 1928, wore away, and March, with the 22<sup>d</sup> anniversary of our marriage arrived. Jean's health condition was truly desperate, and it seemed a question whether heart or brain would fail first.

About two years before we had quit using tobacco (cigarettes), writing Norman, at the time at Millard school in Washington, it seemed "too sporty" in a "week" to make it.

at all times careful of toilet and dress, bathing frequently and having her hair washed frequently by her "orderly", Jim Prebbs, (who also bathed the dog) frequently. (The dog was killed by a car two days before Jean's death, and buried in state, by Jim, near the Price River.)

On occasion, Jean and I talked normally; possibly a bit more reticent than usual, and ignoring the present desperate state of her health, for the most part. At night in our room, Jean in the rocking chair, and I sleeping as usual, when sleep was needed. I once remarked to Jean I thought I could sleep the night before I was to be hanged in the morning, if sleep was needed. Jean replied without thought I could, as I ~~seemed~~ to have "too much nerve, or something" whatever it was.



was that I had <sup>18</sup> and wrote Norway  
to the same effect, in commenting  
in praise of my activity and work,  
and attention ~~to her~~ during her illness.

By chance, I was present when the  
Call came. Spring was advancing, the  
evening of March 10, 1928; mild, after  
supper, we sat as usual by the open  
window in our room up-stairs, talking  
a while before I returned to the office.  
I <sup>sat</sup> in the bed and Jean in the rocker  
by the table, on which lay a deck of  
Cards. Casually, Jean said her  
jaw ached, "like her toothache, where  
teeth used to be." After a while,  
Jean uttered the words: "~~This house~~  
"This house!" in a sad tone, ~~referring~~  
if ~~that~~ referring to some disorder <sup>in the</sup>  
household affairs; to which I replied,  
sharply: "What is the matter with  
"This house"? ~~To which~~ She made no  
reply. Jean may have referred,  
preludically, to "The house of this  
Cobernack being dissolved; and having  
a house, not made with hands, eternal  
in the Heavens!"

Followed an ashy fallor, and I  
knew Jean's time had come. She  
sore, unsteadily, to her feet, and  
instantly I guided her one step to







the best, on which the celebration, set

the best, with the cry "I am dying"

her last words. A single, brief

emissive movement, and she was

still - her eyes closed. This

at about 7 o'clock. She lay

with eyes closed, face to

front with 10 pm. When the spirit

departed.

"And all my dear friends and

all my faithful friends

are gathered round the graves

and when we get up graves

in what other direction what

known names?"

Relatives and friends came, including

from and from the church, several

much with him from had long

known him, like Anna, who had

just in ~~arriving~~, sitting and

arranging the desk, ~~arranged~~ the

bracketed in a proper place, ~~arranged~~

extended, an almost hostile

appearance, and ~~arranged~~

face at night, ~~arranged~~ from

and I was left to wait, with one

deadly, seen in her own room, and

I on my own, guard through

the night, and the night following -

until Monday, March 12th, 1928



Monday - Sept 21, 1939 71  
3 AM

Sept. 20, warmer, blazing Sun, and Dry.  
River and Creeks a record low. The  
"Latter Rain," by the Mercy of the May High.  
Needed, lest no life remain on the earth.  
Our National Guest, "Premier" Mikoi  
of Russia, No ordinary ~~visit~~. In  
this person is embodied the power of  
a Hundred Czar, early years of the  
twentieth Century.

The recent death of John Foster Dulles  
"Point of War" Dulles - Immediately  
followed by "Orders from London," in  
the person of Queen Elizabeth and  
a last visit of our Winston Churchill.  
President Eisenhower Recognizes  
"Orders" When received. The spec-  
tacular personal visit to England  
and the Continent, August, 1959.  
And a new "Foreign Policy" is ~~being~~ <sup>being</sup>

After a restful Sabbath and seven  
hours sleep, I ~~am~~ rose at 2.30 am.  
Prepared to resume Writing.

"But the woman that God gave him,  
Every fibre of her frame  
Proves her ~~sublimity~~ <sup>sublimity</sup> for one sole purpose,  
Armed, and trying for the same;  
~~And to <sup>sublimity</sup> that purpose;~~  
~~Let the universe stand still,~~  
The female of the species must be  
dearer than the male!"

Let the universe stand still,

Let the universe stand still



(Light and <sup>72</sup> Water ~~Come to~~ Marlinton Plant.)  
Early in the Century a prominent Promoter  
then resident of Marlinton, Mr. John Alexander  
~~was~~ before told of in the story of Oliver  
A. Howard, organized the Light  
and Water Company, a Corporation.  
Local Capital was subscribed and a  
Loan from the Bank of Marlinton,  
later in default. The Company paid  
no dividends in the fifteen years of its  
existence, until taken over, in 1868, by  
the town of Marlinton, by an issue of  
fifty thousand in City bonds; and finally  
sold to a utility; the water plant  
and sewage system retained by the town  
and thereby hangs a story.

The failure to even consider bringing  
in water by pipe line from several  
available sources, the history of a water  
supply for the city has been one long  
painful series of error from the beginning.  
At first, water was obtained from  
several deep wells, pumped to tanks  
on the side of Marlin Mountain.  
The first well at the Plant struck a  
frazzle flow of salt-sulphur water;  
also a pocket of gas, <sup>in fact</sup> utilized for  
for some time to furnish light at  
the pump house. This well, about  
three hundred feet deep, unsuitable for  
use; another well at about two hundred



73  
feet, supplied abundant water, though  
with a percentage of Minerals, including  
Iron sulphate.

The fundamental economic weakness  
was the continuous and expensive pumping  
required to maintain the flow.

It hailed the ~~discovery of the~~ Salt-  
Sulphur water as a valuable medical  
discovery. Drinking large quantities with  
relish. Too much salt proving bad  
for kidney functions, and after a time  
discontinued.

Though built under favorable costs  
of both labor and material in the year  
1907; the rates for both electric light  
and water high, the costs of main-  
tenance and good pit coal, (as was  
complained of by Lucius H. Hades, in  
the story of "Luminaison of Berkeley  
square"). The Corporation showed no  
profit. In the war year, 1918, it  
was bankrupt, its bonds and Bank  
loan in default.

A movement was started for the Town  
to issue Fifty thousand in City bonds  
and purchase and operate as a utility.  
My late Frank R. Wender was active in  
pushing the purchase by the town, but  
not mentioning the trouble the banks  
of which he was executive. Vice Pres-  
and Cashier, having with the loan.



Mr. Hunter, who was my brother-in-law,  
did me the honor to write me as to  
the wisdom of the City buying the water  
and light plant, I being at Camp Custer.  
I had already sent a letter to the Times  
in a general way advising against  
Public ownership of the utility, and  
that the business be re-organized, if  
possible, under new and better Management,  
Mr. Alexander being for long suspect  
of unreliability and mismanagement.

The motion to purchase, when put  
to the vote, heavily backed by Business  
and Banking interests. Carried by a  
very large Majority.

In this event, I was, fated forty  
years, to have no inconsiderable part in  
the conduct of the city owned utility  
until finally sold in the year 1928  
to the Morningstar and West Penn.  
Public Service Company - and thereby  
being a failure.

A feature of the utility to show a  
profit, both under private and City  
ownership; became, first, undue  
Credit ~~in~~ given certain favored  
dead-weight and poor pay customers,  
with consequent loss of revenues.  
Second, Wastage of both water  
(unmetered) and ~~light~~ electric power



75-  
together with leakage from water  
pipes, all at the cost of good pit  
coal at war-time prices; and, lastly,  
worn out plant machinery only held  
together by constant repairs.

Except ~~as to~~ for incidents recorded,  
~~and nothing~~ and to be related, the years  
1919-1926, during which along with the  
simple life of working and living, I was  
successfully defeated (1920) for election as  
County Commissioner; For State  
Senator (1922); for the Legislature  
of West Virginia (1924); my successful  
opponents, ~~successfully~~, being  
Messrs. E. H. Williams, Frank R.  
Hill and Captain Robert D. Kidd.  
During this time I served the  
one year term, two or three times, as  
a member of the City Council.  
~~However~~ In the year 1927, having been ~~I was~~  
~~nominated~~ for Mayor, heading a ticket  
nominated in the free and easy  
manner of the time, by a "Convention",  
called and composed of a few irresponsible  
citizens; I ~~succeeded~~ in defeating  
my friend Frank R. who was elected Mayor  
of Marlinton; even the name of my  
opponent, or opponents, in this  
balloony election are forgotten  
as I had served in the Council



for several terms previous, under the  
Administration of Captain Abner E.  
Smith, who in old age and business  
adversity, from a leading Logging  
Contractor of an early day, and later  
dugout and business man in Marlinton,  
during the war period, and later  
served as Justice of the Peace and  
City Mayor, and Collector of over-  
due debt for business firms. Always  
from the day of his memorable baptizing  
in the Creek, a pillar of the Methodist  
Church elect; of the Covenant by Grace  
a powerful man, in youth he followed  
the occupation of a Maine Logger.  
Later, very successful in our County  
of Pocahontas as a Contractor, the  
first to use a steam engine and tracks.  
In age, influenced by the Christian  
Religion, and his good wife and  
daughter Mollie Smith - Yeager,  
always amiable and distinguished  
for their piety. A friend of my  
youth, he sleeps well.

While members of Council, later as  
Mayor, we struggled ~~heartfully~~ to  
hold the nearly worn out plant  
together, physically, it being under  
the immediate management of  
two enterprising young men,



Frank King and Carl Meets, who had recently founded the new <sup>Wm</sup> Kingly  
Successful Marlinton Electric  
Company, also owned gas distributors  
and operators of a chain of gas stations <sup>chain</sup>  
Both were competent technicians ~~and leaders~~,  
and with the assistance of the late Preston  
Madison, as ~~plant~~ engineer, kept the  
machinery going. For many years inter-  
ests in ~~internal~~ <sup>affairs</sup> and public affairs.  
I recognized the utility was approaching  
a crisis in operations, what permit would  
take could not be foreseen. Operated by  
the city for about five years, nothing  
paid on the capital debt, other than  
carrying charges, the twenty year bond  
indebtedness of about fifty thousand dollars.  
Obtaining the drivers seat as Mayor  
in 1928, almost immediately learned the  
Virginia Electric Company had begun  
extending its lines up the Greenbrier  
Valley, and might be encouraged to  
build far as Marlinton. To me, this was  
inspiring news, and might prove a good  
way out of our difficulty.  
It is ~~easy~~ recalled the time was one  
of great expansion of public service  
utilities. In gas ~~for~~ electric power and  
water; the ~~small~~ Empire was at its  
height and power lines building  
extensive to remote counties,  
such as Pocahontas.



78  
The Virginia Utility put as far as  
Remark that year: a public meeting  
was held at Hillsboro, which many  
from Marlinton, attended, and as Mayor  
I assured the Representative I thought a  
friendly and co-operative spirit would be  
shown in the matter of a franchise, and  
possible sale of the town ground plant.  
Hillsboro, an incorporated village, having no  
electric plant, enthusiastically voted a franchise  
it seemed inevitable the power line would  
in a short time be within reach of Marlinton,  
a way out with relief from financial and  
operational expense, at a loss, beside the County  
acquiring a valuable "industry" in Public  
utilities. In this I was encouraged  
by the support of a few leading business  
men, particularly two Banker friends,  
my father & Dr. James Price and the late  
executive the President and Cashier of  
the First National Bank. John Lybushenko,  
both of whom shared my views and ~~whole-~~  
heartedly for the proposed franchise - and  
sale of the plant - including the water.  
A Representative of the Utility appeared,  
surveyed the plant, its assets and liabilities,  
and after a time formulated an offer in cash  
for the franchise and facilities, about fifty  
thousand dollars, or a sum calculated  
to clear a burdensome village and  
town and village debt of many years standing  
~~known~~ had full knowledge of the  
critical condition of the Machinery, which  
had long required replacement at a figure



I found to be far beyond the reasonable  
ability of the utility to raise, with little  
hope of improvement in finances. As  
Mayor, I agreed to submit the matter, first  
to the Council, and with its approval,  
to the Voters for ratification.  
As might be expected, the usual  
libels or ~~canards~~, were volcied that I as  
negotiator, was being ~~deceitfully~~ "taken  
care of" by bribery, to which I paid no  
heed, and at this late day state as my  
proud nothing was offered by the ~~Bro~~  
Jules Broker, a Mr. Horvitt of Charlottesville  
Virginia, representing the Utility in the  
negotiations, other than a bottle of very  
poor quality of Smokey Lignos of the  
current Charlottesville Va. brand, which I  
as a total abstainer, refused, being  
personally sufficiently exasperated at the  
prospect of doing a good piece of work  
in the public affairs, ~~as I thought~~.  
More than thirty years have elapsed, and  
I am of the opinion still - shared by a few  
of our citizens at the time, of whom none  
survive, to my knowledge, that the village  
was in error in rejecting at the Falls  
the offer of the Virginia Electric  
Plant, a surprisingly strong  
opponents to any proposed sale of the  
Electric plant, and water system to a  
utility corporation; advocating  
continued public ownership. ~~who~~  
Leading Business men, ~~Mr. M.~~ The late  
Mr. Ira Beill and Mr. F. M. Lyder, both of whom



influential members and leaders in the Council of 1928, after the sale project had been defeated at the polls; and Dr. Norman King also losing to Dr. Fred Allen for Mayor. Mr. Lee Brill published quite a spirited pamphlet in opposition to the sale of the Light, and especially opposing what he referred to as our "Pitchlight," "pure" water, winding up with quotations from Kipling's "The Mary Glaston".

~~I will drink of my own content waters from my own well,~~  
~~And the wife of my youth~~  
I'll be content with my Fountain, I'll  
Drink from my own Well,  
And the wife of my youth shall charm  
Me - and the rest can go to Hell!"

(Mr. Brill's "Committing the Hell - "Lee Bank")

Strong in the faith that "He is to thrive  
armed who has his quarrel just," I  
called the Council in special session to  
submit the plant sale to a special election  
fall in September, 1927; or refuse to do so.  
Showing indifference on the part of  
members of Council, I could not believe  
there would be strong opposition  
to holding the election. Mr. Charles  
Leahy, a new comer in Marlinton and  
Railway Agent, the City Recorder,  
and my sole ~~opponent~~ <sup>opponent</sup> in the business,



Thankfully, I can recall at this late date the names of only one member of Council - Five in Number - Mr. Charles Sharp, at Present President of the Bank of Marlinton, and who led in moving the Project of holding the elections be postponed, and argued long & hard for what amounted to side-stepping the issue. I argued ~~long~~ and as persuasively as possible in favor of an election, that the opportunity to sell a "~~White Elephant~~" was unusual and important, and possibly might not bear delay. ~~The~~ ~~at least~~ the Council remained in session parts of two days, as I insisted the body declare for an election, or fill the business there and then. Perhaps in my enthusiasm to ~~lose~~ ~~lose~~ the issue, in the ~~current~~ <sup>present</sup> state of Public opinion, and by reasonable delay and further negotiations allow public doubt as to its wisdom. History records the danger of unwise delay, for within little more than a year following the crash of the stock market, ~~helping~~ <sup>helping</sup> out all expanding of Public utilities for years following. ~~1929~~ <sup>1929</sup> Although Mr. Charles Sharp wished to delay action on a Referendum, he was not able to muster strength to table the business. Lewisay and I standing as year, so a reluctant



52  
Council named a date for a special election -  
in four weeks. A certain hysteria was  
evident on the subject. Many of the women  
in particular had been convinced the village  
was in danger of being robbed of its power  
lines and light utility. The operators of  
the plant, Frank King and Carl Meets,  
~~opposed~~ with their employees and associates  
opposed the sale effectually. Perhaps  
they found it convenient to join the  
plant in connection with their recently  
organized electrical firm. Both the  
partners were skillful technicians and  
builders; reliable and honest in speech  
and action, sincerely believing in the  
practicality of Public Ownership, if carefully  
managed. Both Meets and King  
died in early middle age; Carl Meets  
of a diabetic disease, hereditary in his  
family. He was a skillful aeronaut,  
and as a gentleman pilot delighted in  
making flights. Frank King a  
loyal friend, and esteemed as  
such. The defeat of the ticket I  
headed for a candidate for reelection early  
in 1928, by a ticket headed by Dr. Fred  
Allan with S. A. McFerrin, ~~Barber~~, ~~and~~  
which Council F. H. Lydner and  
J. P. Brill were leading members  
of Council.  
A startling series of events leading  
to the eventual sale of the utility to



Monongahela West Penn was to follow within  
a twelve-month.  
Mayor Allen and his Council for the year  
1928, quite evidently had the impression  
the recent referendum amounted to a  
Mandate to operate the water and light  
plant, and, if so, beyond question, rather  
extensive repairs and replacements of  
vital machinery was in order. At any  
rate, almost at the first meeting of  
the body and under the spell of the  
Brill-Hydor enthusiasms, the more  
conservative business people of the town  
were electrified to learn the Council  
had contracted for as a purchase on  
credit, and without advertised bids  
about thirty thousand dollars of new  
machinery for the plant, no thought  
of provision for payment by bonds  
or new taxes, but a purely credit  
operation, the plant already heavily  
bonded. As the village operated, as  
it had from the first on a mere "Current  
Cost Charter", it lacked the broader  
powers of a State Legislative Charter  
in imposing special taxation; the  
treasury of the village at time Conservative.  
Both Brill and Hydor, respected  
young men of business. Personally,  
were influenced by the speculative mad-  
ness of the times. Frank Hydor  
who had been station agent and operated  
a small insurance business when he  
first came to Marlinton, in the Post-war



Retired as well, enjoying almost a  
monopoly of brokerage in Coal & Oil  
loadings, along the C & O Railway,  
sold to retailers, and made a small  
fortune in Record time, 1914-1920.  
Hydner continued to manage the  
insurance agency in connection with  
his profitable Coal Brokerage business,  
but a great deal more personally. He taught  
for several years a young ladies  
Sunday School class at the Methodist Temple,  
generous, even philanthropic, in all good  
works, particularly in the building of the  
New Church in Marlinton, year 1920.  
Some early advances and buying  
of stocks in the hectic financial ~~detour~~  
decade of the Century, led to further  
investment and profit, in a Bull Market.  
In 1927-28, Mr. Hydner was  
presumed to be wealthy, as he undoubtedly  
was, "on paper" through his dealings in  
stocks and bonds. Doubtless he thought  
the expanding stock market the perfect  
opportunity to make legitimate profits  
as a matter of business. As to its being  
a gigantic gamble in which by good  
luck and knowing when to cash in  
and quit the game, as an amateur  
gambler, never gave it a thought.  
"No one knows understand the gambling  
fever, except the man who has had  
it, and got over it." (Andrew Price)



85  
Mr. and D. Brill, while not known to be  
interested in the Pull ~~Stock~~ Market, was  
expanding his Department store building  
and business and a heavy borrower at  
the local banks. Both men were  
members of the 1928 Town Council, and  
leading advocates in rebuilding and  
operating the water and light plant as  
a city owned utility. With no ~~and~~  
thought of granting a franchise to any  
Power ~~or~~ Electric ~~Power~~ Line,  
however. — at least, not yet.

However, more conservative business  
men, and bankers, including the loosers  
in the move to sell the franchise to a Power  
Line, and knew well the bankruptcy  
of the Light and Water plant, showed fight.  
Especially, Brother Andrew Price, even  
then in poor health, due to the cancerous  
disease of the liver which caused his death  
March 26, 1930; and even in 1928 had  
abandoned his forestry work on his  
trip of the Perich's land, and other  
actual exercise in hunting. I repeat,  
because it was ~~and~~ in character for him to  
engage in the turmoil and ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
of local city politics. But Andrew  
declared that the Mayor and Council  
had grossly and illegally exceeded its  
authority in adding to the public debt.  
My late friend M. M. Fougere, Banker and  
influential member of the Legislature, also  
demanded legal action. Whereupon



As a learned lawyer ~~and~~ St. Constitutional  
law, drew up papers petitioning that  
the Mayor and Council be enjoined  
because of the recent purchasing of power  
as I had been prominent as Mayor in the  
losing fight to sell the franchise and  
assets of the water and light company. I  
was invited to head the list of signers  
by freeholders of the town, and thereby be  
Chairman and executive officer of any  
action the Petition (enjoinment) might  
lead to in the Courts:  
In a very short time, seventy-three  
(43) freeholders I call honorable men - all  
added their names to the petition, thus  
perhaps unknowingly, in some cases,  
becoming parties to the suit of enjoinment  
growing out of it. <sup>Chose</sup>  
The Mayor and Council ~~elect~~ to  
fight, engaging as attorneys ~~two~~ <sup>three</sup> lawyers  
Allen, Goggin and Frank Hill; all  
resulting in a suit being placed on the  
docket of the Circuit Court. Judge  
Summers H. Sharp.

~~and~~ This required some time; during  
which, in 1928, the new plant machinery  
was delivered and set up, to be paid  
for ~~at~~ <sup>on</sup> the installment plan as money  
could be earned and made  
available.



87

into nature of a ~~town~~ brawl, or fuss;  
"The Battle of the Shepards in the shed," ~~some~~  
gave a number of "Volunteers" free-holders  
you regretted the publicity, as bad for  
business, or for social or personal  
associations, either Church or state.  
Regretted, ~~openly~~ that they had signed  
the petition. All leaders of revolution  
against unwise and tyrannous government  
must expect defections of the weak  
and infirm of purpose, and not un-  
expected by me. Even the warrior  
Gideon when on a desperate mission,  
deliberately thinned his ranks until  
there remained only real fighting men.

The legal injunct was purely  
a matter of law, to be decided by  
a Circuit Judge, subject to appeal  
to a Higher Court of the Contending  
factions (on our part the ~~expenses~~ of  
war - money costs) and still had  
a will to fight; or, as later developed,  
to either fight or run; in ~~that~~ <sup>either</sup> case  
admitting loss of the game.

By the time the case was ready  
for argument before the Court, Judge  
Sumner ~~sharp~~ formally disqualified  
himself to sit, for personal and  
business reasons; an excellent legal  
judge of Politically minded jurists.  
- 100 percent of their number ~~travels~~  
~~stayed~~; otherwise they would not remain



long in office. ~~After~~ <sup>As</sup> judges ~~and~~  
~~of the State~~. Whereupon, the case was  
transferred to the Court of his Honor,  
Judge Kump, of Randolph County,  
who had once served as Governor  
of the State, and under whom many  
Governors, ~~and~~ Frank B. Hill, had  
been appointed and served a term  
as State parole officers. It is under  
such inter-locking conditions that  
legal affairs of States are compounded.  
A word of advice, Personal  
unless you enjoy a fight in Chancery  
Court, and have the means to carry  
on as a purely mental exercise -  
and therefore enjoyable - Keep out  
of Chancery Court!

I believe it or not, this spring of 1929  
arrived, and the point of law still  
undetermined in Court, involving only  
a question of the right under its  
charter for a village to incur a  
formidable debt. Of course, legal  
briefs and arguments must be  
prepared, and on ~~at~~ the plaintiffs  
side financed. True, while  
Andrew lived he acted without  
pay, the principal cash item. The  
defendants hired lawyers at  
public expense. During the years that had  
elapsed, and Court clouds gathered,  
it was known a difference of  
opinion had developed in the Council



as to the wisdom of ~~continually~~ <sup>89</sup> ~~offering~~ a deal with Power Lines  
fleeing the ~~debts~~ <sup>debts</sup> Citizens and  
business men <sup>admitting</sup> that a new  
"industry" in the County might have  
merit. Along with relief from a  
losing, inefficient, debt-ridden  
water and light plant. The city  
not yet arrived at the stage of  
water meters, special rates, and a  
new bond issue, a revelation of  
recent years, ~~Fifth decade 20th Century~~  
Before the "Debate" (Financial) of  
1929, ~~Power Electric Power Companies~~  
were competing for new territory;  
not divided by combines and  
a agreement, as at present.

Two ~~light~~ young men, Frank  
Hing and Carl Heits, then in active  
charge of the plant, suggested ~~on~~  
the Monongahela ~~and~~ West Penn  
be invited by Council to submit  
a bid for the city franchise, ito,  
their nearest Point of Contact at the  
time Webster Springs, in Webster  
County, distance about sixty miles.  
it being stipulated the bid of West  
Penn be for the light franchise,  
only, the village retaining its  
vital water supply. This was  
a real difference, it is true; but



2390  
not forgetting for an instant if the  
franchise, including water lines and  
installments ~~including~~ sewerage  
had been sold to the Virginia Electric  
Company, in 1924, along with the  
purchase, a wealthy Corporation,  
would be legally bound to maintain  
an adequate supply of water,  
subject to control of the Public  
Service Commission.

In 1959 the Town of Marlinton,  
under City ownership, has a one  
hundred thousand bonded debt,  
water meters, and very high water  
rates, partly due to the bonded debt,  
and a physically run-down  
sewage system and pump house  
machinery.

On invitation of the Mayor Allen  
and Council, West Penn responded  
by sending an emissary, a legal  
gentleman from Mammington,  
name forgotten. The upshot of the  
business, the West Penn submitted a  
bond <sup>representing</sup> the town of bonded in-  
debtedness, including the cost of the  
new machinery, what it took over  
was all about fifty grand. The town,  
in my mature opinion over thirty years is  
they would have done well to include the water



91  
Main, pump house and tanks, etc.,  
thus riding the tours of its "White  
Elephant."

As the city of Marlinton grows, it  
is becoming very difficult to persuade  
competent men ~~for any~~ ~~structure~~  
~~available~~ to take over the management  
of civic affairs. A new legislative  
city charter, and finding new sources  
of revenue are in the offing - (1959.)

The offer of West Penn accepted  
and an election ordered, early in  
1929, sale was ~~settled~~ <sup>approved</sup> by a very  
large majority of the electorate.  
Early the following year (1930) Derry  
as weather conditions permitted and  
rights of way ~~granted~~ <sup>granted</sup>, West Penn began  
extending its line up Elk River  
and into the Upper Greenbrier Valley  
from Whites Springs.

Virginia Electric had meanwhile  
extended its line up the lower  
Valley far as Buckeye, four miles  
below city of Marlinton. Except  
for the precipitate, back door deal  
with West Penn, doubtless in a very  
short time, Virginia Electric being  
~~in~~ almost at Marlinton, would as a  
matter of course been given a franchise.



92

All the foregoing explains the meeting of two great utility systems in the vicinity of Marlinton in Pocahontas County. The delay in the Chancery suit, of which I was head man and executive officer, ~~defying the too life a day,~~ defying the lightning, as it were, was in part due to the illness, in 1929, of our attorney, Brother Andrew Price, and consequent loss of interest, or ability, to carry on; aside from the usual torpid actions of a Chancery Court, including a change of venue.

Before this, Andrew had begun to lose enthusiasm for the legal fight, as had many of the Petitioners. As proof I submit an incident -

While at Andrews house, autumn of 1929, ~~he~~ and he ~~was~~ ill in bed. His attorney called by phone, Frank Hill for the Defendant, called by phone on some legal point in connection with change in venue of the case to Judge Lump Court in Randolph County. Brother Andrew arose, a sick man, and in the conversation with Hill, overheard by me, impatiently and unwisely, remarked ~~that~~ in effect that he was tired of the case, and ~~wished~~ ~~that he had~~ regretted he had ever had



anything to do with it; this was  
most inconsiderate on Andrews' part, and  
could only weaken the will of Petitioners  
to carry on. Recall, that while a call  
had been made, in effect rendering the  
case "moot," the Mayor and Waters  
of the city having, at least in part,  
changed their attitude as to city  
ownership and public debt; ~~the best~~  
~~Penny had not even begun to build,~~  
~~its line or actively taken over operation~~  
~~of the power house.~~

The suit was in "Chancery" and  
must needs be adjusted in some  
fashion or other. Doubtless, if Andrew  
had lived, a compromise would have  
been worked out between the  
opposing lawyers, the case declared  
dead, or "moot," and so ratified  
by the presiding Judge, with a saving  
of "face" for all concerned; also  
a reasonable adjustment of the legal  
costs, including those of defense lawyers;

Andrew's illness progressively grew  
worse; for a time thought by Brothers  
James and I to be infectious in nature,  
complicated by pneumonia; winter of  
1929-30. at length dropsical  
symptoms began, and he was taken  
to the hospital, in Ronceverte, where



94  
His death occurred March 26, 1930,  
and sleeps with his father. His  
long illness, at ~~least~~ <sup>afflicted</sup> a brilliant  
and imaginative intellect some-  
what clouded by necessary narcotic  
medication; a healthy and vivid  
curiosity as to <sup>the</sup> future was impossible.  
When last seen by me March 25, 1929,  
I had hoped he could express  
a brotherly dying declaration of good  
cheer and hope, he being in extremis.  
His only statement was to express a  
wish that it would be "soon over",  
as a relief from ~~such~~ physical

suffering.  
I believe him to be within the Covenant  
of Grace, and rest in hope.

Soon after the death of Andrew, thus  
depriving me of legal counsel in the  
Chancery suit yet to be adjusted,  
I ~~was~~ was aware trouble was brewing  
for me personally. A cautious canvass  
of a few leading "Petitioners" of my  
"forces" ~~several~~ including John M. Mc  
Laughlin, revealed that I could  
muster only ~~three~~ <sup>four</sup>, of seventy-three,  
who could be depended <sup>on</sup> to help  
financially, and morally, wind up  
a legal contest, marred by a  
good deal of ill-will personally.



95  
unavoidable in such contests, and  
only quieted by ~~the~~ time and chance.  
The Defense, encouraged by relief from  
the large bonded and other debt  
incurred, disposed to retaliate on the  
Protegees by, if possible, imposing  
penalties and costs. Mr. Alfred Edgar,  
Barrister, in my opinion, could be ~~unduly~~ <sup>unduly</sup> effective  
personally. ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> fully expressed him-  
self to that effect. Added to this, I  
could depend for help, financially,  
on only four, and that to a limited  
extent, they being Brother James  
Price, John Lydenstreyer, S. B.  
Wallace, and ~~John~~ <sup>William</sup> Henschel.  
As final argument was still to  
be made before the Judge, in  
Chambers, it appeared to me to be  
a ~~case~~ <sup>matter</sup> of "fight, or ~~submit~~ <sup>submit</sup>?"  
I urgently needed legal help, and  
none available ~~local~~ in Marlinton.  
The financial "Disaster" of 1929 had  
occurred, and the foundations of the  
earth appeared to be moved. In the  
matter of business and banking.  
In short, I was on a legal and  
financial "Limb"!



The male -  
- Hipkins



But the moment they feel pure  
they give of her power  
Power the leeches feel one. All  
have armed and unpaired  
for the same;  
Must to serve that single all,  
Let the generations fail  
The female of the species  
Must be leeches then  
The male.  
- *Hiphling*



Wed - Sept. 16. 1949 40  
2.30 AM.

Dry. Only a "trickle" of water from the  
Spring, but enough. Ranchers say  
grass - abundant this season - is drying  
up. Early feeding of stock probable.  
The forest leaves withering - although  
not frost-killed - seem for return to  
Vanderbilt - second year.

Having slept enough, rose at 2.30 &  
worked Main Street proceeding in  
quite a leisurely manner. There is  
something "Rotten in the State of  
Denmark," in this "Internal  
Improvement Administration"!

Early in the year 1924, the "impetuous  
years" overtook H. Scott Rucker, -  
age 73. Still presiding at his  
elaborate Paper table, at times he  
had to be assisted up stairs. A  
very formidable pistol of the Colt  
type, lay openly at his right hand.  
Soon his health failed utterly, and H.  
Scott Rucker died, November 1924.

His elder brother William R. Rucker,  
also a lawyer, and ex-Congressman,  
whose home was Kansas City, Mo.,  
was appealed to, came and remained  
some time, until his brother's death;  
assisted the family, and buried  
his brother first in the newer  
part of the City Cemetery, he being



first of the family to die. Later his body  
descended to a lot in the older part  
of the burying ground. The husbands  
of two daughters dying the same year,  
Paris D. Yeager (Cancer) and Henry Payne,  
(Furicide, - Poisoner) Mrs. Yeager's son  
lived to be grown, married, and died  
and buried some where in Virginia. The  
second daughter, Willie married John  
Standifer, removed to Baltimore, Md.  
became insane; died in a state hospital  
for the insane. Mr. Standifer  
had a son who became a physician  
and is said to have been successful.  
Congressman William Rucker of  
Missouri, seemed a kindly man,  
until his militant father and three  
brother lawyers. He was, I believe,  
the grandfather of Vice-President  
Alban Parkley's wife, second  
marriage.

After seeing his brother buried,  
Mr. Rucker returned to Missouri,  
and no more heard from.

Mrs. Lizzie Rucker died in 1927;  
only Mrs. Juanita Payree survives, her  
home Clifton Forge, Virginia.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rucker were  
related by blood in some degree, cousins  
Mrs. Rucker's brother, attorney and  
editor, Sam B. Scott, has been referred



47  
To; an earlier resident of Marlinton;  
a mild alcoholic, a University man,  
with some genius, but cursed by  
indolence. In the year 1899 he married  
Miss Sally Yeager, youngest daughter  
of ~~Dr. H. H. Yeager~~ (at Port Republic,  
where his brother William was killed,  
both of the 31st Infantry, U.S. Army).  
He & Sally had no children. After  
several years of desultory living  
in a country village, the Scotts  
removed to Logan County, where  
Sally obtained divorce, in which action  
work-support, probably, was a cause.

Sam ceased to practice law, and  
again married; lived by work as  
foreman in ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ clerk in Cer-  
struction work or mining. As late  
as 1924 he visited Marlinton, with  
his second wife, and called on us  
at our home; apparently much  
degraded compared to his riotous  
young manhood as lawyer and  
editor in Marlinton, ~~25~~ <sup>30</sup> years  
before. I recall that in conversing  
with Sam and I, Sam seemed wildly  
surprised that I had served in the  
Army and played Poker; re-  
membering my piety and exemplary  
conduct generally in our youth.  
He was also impressed by the fact  
the ~~the~~ Price Brothers had achieved  
the ~~the~~



43

a Moderate Success through the  
years in the Professions, Business  
and Politics, all four brothers, including  
the younger Calvin, still living in the  
thriving City of Marlinton.

Having Divorced Sam Scott, Mrs.  
Sally Yeager-Scott removed to the  
Denver, Colorado, where the Yeager  
family had lived during her childhood,  
the Veteran Harry Yeager having  
a position with the Land office during  
the first Cleveland Administration.  
Her eldest brother, Walter, spent his  
whole life in Denver.

Sally Yeager was beautiful, and  
had dramatic talent. In a play  
produced by local talent, as a stunt  
Sally recited the whole of the long  
poem "Hiawatha" (~~about~~ 1896.)  
without prompting, or stopping  
for breath.

Sally insisted on an elaborate  
Church Wedding (in the autumn of  
1899) and all of us younger men  
and women were busy for days  
decorating the <sup>interior</sup> church with ever-  
greens and rehearsing the wedding  
Ceremony in Costume. At the time  
I was aged ~~28~~ 26 years, but not going  
steady with any young lady, but



44  
During the festivities attending the wedding I once escorted Sally's older sister, Fannie, to a "Party" at the Mr. & Mrs. Scott's house.

of Mrs. Scott's life in Colorado I know nothing, but quite evidently lived out her life successfully, and in character. About 1944, by visiting Marlinton, West Virginia, her name, Mrs. Scott, remarkably beautiful, she told me that her main reason in visiting Marlinton here was to marry Norman Price.

Her death occurred, in Denver, several years in 1950. Vaya Con Dios.

Modern Women are successful — aided by the new freedom and high spirits of a more active life, in keeping the appearance of youth, or at least the middle years at their best. Also, like Jezebel, of old, a King's daughter, ~~but~~ they tire their hair and paint their faces. God bless them! How beautiful they are!

"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed ~~as~~ <sup>like</sup> one of these."



45

During and following the war, Pa and Ma continued in residence in their apartment at the Hunter home, ~~there~~ having attained a great age, and until the last occupied in reading and literary work, dutifully attended by all their children, all of us ready to minister to their needs, not as being fayers either public or private. Pa retained title to his property and lands, disposing of them by will made several years before his death. My portion was a strip ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the Jericho Ridge, part of the Walnut Bottom and his interest in the ancestral home. His death came January 24, 1921 - in his 91<sup>st</sup> year. Ma died Jan. 15, 1924, after a few days' illness, of pneumonia, bright and competent to within three days before death came.

For fifteen years following Marriage my family had lived as tenants of the home place and farm. Now with an inheritance of forest and farm lands, I began a forty-year term to the present time of landscaping and forestry work, my principal <sup>interests</sup> ~~hobby~~ to which I ascribe good health and long life ~~in fact~~.



To this inheritance <sup>46</sup>, I have since added  
from time to time other holdings of  
realty; but it is a singular fact that  
over a period of ~~thirty~~ years, 1903  
to 1933, I was more intent on  
maintaining a good standard of living  
for the family, and engrossed in the  
practice of the profession (medicine)  
than in acquiring desirable corners  
lots or investing in forest and  
mineral lands then available. An  
early interest in Politics; also forming  
the war; ~~also~~ an abhorrence of seeking  
opportunities in Business, investment;  
a few small ~~investments~~ <sup>investments</sup> and some  
money saved was all I had in  
1914 to carry me through the war  
adventure.

The Period of Post-war years  
1919-1924 were most active of my  
whole life, filled by profitable  
practice of Medicine. Still, I found  
the time to cultivate a large garden,  
and forestry, taking first Prizes  
in flowers and vegetables at the  
County fair for three successive years  
1923, 1924, and 1925; also running in  
three successive elections, 1920, 1922  
and 1924 (unsuccessfully); in 1922  
against the old Political Pirate Captain



Robert D. Kild, the same opposed by  
brother James many years before. In  
1924 I opposed in the Primary the late  
Frank R. Hill, a friendly artist in which  
my friend Hill won. I was elected  
Mayor in 1926 as a consolation prize  
Political prize.

Some incidents already narrated  
concerning the Prohibition era at its  
worst during these years state clearly  
the unpleasant nature of our family  
life, to which I was happily  
~~unaccustomed~~ for the most part, oblivious.

During this time the children  
were being cared for, in the most part,  
by the C.-educational Public School,  
a most pernicious system of education,  
and thus kept from being under-  
foot; Norman "graduating" in 1925,  
by default, one might say; and  
Jean with honors in 1928, the year  
of her mother's death.

When Pa died, midwinter 1921, Foster  
Anna decided on a night burial; so  
long after night fall, January 23, 1921,  
a church service was held and  
the cortege proceeded to the  
burying ground on Cemetery Ridge.  
At the time Anna was much interested



in <sup>48</sup>astonishment. Consulting mediums  
in distant places, which may have  
been a cause for this singular burial.  
The ground bare of mow, and lighted  
only by auto ~~head~~-lights. Formulated  
"Not a dream resembling the burial  
of Sir John Moore".

"Not a drum was heard  
Nor a funeral note,  
As our ~~company~~ to the camparts  
we hurried;  
And we silently gazed on the  
Face of the dead,  
In the place where a hero  
Lies buried."

In 1925 began the long and expensive  
and fruitless attempt to professionally  
"educate" Norman, Junior, New  
England, but that is another story.

~~that~~ In 1925 I was named as Major  
M.R.C., and Surgeon 325th Infantry  
Regiment, 100th Organized Reserve  
Division. Detailed for two-  
weeks active duty training. I  
reported August 9<sup>th</sup> at Fort Belvoir,  
Near Washington, D.C., where  
I spent. Driving my Model T  
Ford I was able to visit many  
interesting spots along the Potomac  
and in Fairfax County, including



The City of Washington, <sup>49</sup> Mt Vernon  
and the old Pokeweed Church, where  
the Washington, Fairfax and other  
funt families, worshipped. Training  
with the 13th Eng. Regiment, as well  
as the line officers of the 325th Reserve.  
I took my turn in drills and formations.  
As Officer of the day, once I took  
"Retreat" as Commanding Officer  
of the day of a Battalion of the 13th  
Engineers Regiment - the only time  
in my life I may say that I  
Commanded a large body of troops,  
the forces.

I was much interested in visiting  
the Ruins of Belvoir, the estate  
of William Lord Fairfax and  
Mrs. Sally Fairfax, the friends  
of Washington; now surrounded  
by dense second growth forest.  
Monuments commemorate the deaths  
of the two young sons and heirs  
of the Fairfax family, one with  
died at Quebec, the other on  
the "Coromandel Coast" in  
Africa with the view of the  
British Empire in the 18th Century.  
Gen. Washington was a friend of Mrs  
Sally Fairfax, who often was entertaining  
at Belvoir.



Thursday 9/16/59 50

For September - Milder - Dry - the water  
of the spring dried up - dependent on the  
water table, at Price River, as in the days  
of my youth - often times.

60 Mrs. Sally Fairfax an influence on the  
life of General George Washington.  
Sally Fairfax gave the young Washington  
first employment as Surveyor of the  
Large Land Grants in the Northern  
neck of Virginia Colony; beginning  
his career as large land owner,  
and together with his wives wealth,  
the richest man in America -  
(W. E. Woodward "Washington.")

61 Write at Fort Belvoir, August, 1925.  
I frequently rode a dark Bay Mare,  
gaited; a beautiful medium sized  
saddle horse, with delicate legs  
and small feet. Very gentle &  
appeared to have Arabian blood;  
probably a product of the Army  
Remount Experiment in breeding  
Arab horses at the Front Royal  
Stables, in Virginia, about 1918.  
I would have been pleased to  
own this horse, at the time; one of  
the most desirable I have ever  
seen - at some remote time  
horses may again supplant the  
machine age, in War and Peace.



47

"Two things greater than all things are,  
women and horses, Power and War."

While on active duty at Fort Belvoir,  
August, 1925, Jean wrote me several  
long letters, revelations of her true  
and better nature. At age 44, early  
symptoms of ill health were apparent;  
as heretofore stated, alarm at Norman's  
incipient alcoholism, known to her,  
was a factor.

A native of Fairfax County, she  
told of incidents of her youth and  
herdarity, and was interested in my  
explorations of the region. These  
letters are among my mementoes.

Returning home in late August,  
I learned that Congressman J. Alfred  
Taylor had been the guest of the  
Andrew Prices, and, learning of my  
rank in the Army Reserve, and continued  
interest in Military affairs, had  
voluntarily offered Norman, Jr., an  
appointment to the Cadetship at  
West Point from the 6th West  
Virginia District, a vacancy then  
existing.

This easily obtained  
scholarship at the Military school  
was an honor, and a valuable asset.

Gratefully accepted by me,  
as for Norman Jr., he accepted it  
as the due of an idle and untrained



Boy, with remote <sup>to</sup> nations ~~for~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~conduct~~ <sup>conduct</sup> and diligence qualifying  
for the scholarship -

"A boy is the most vicious of animals;  
unless he is trained it is better he never  
been born." - R.W. Emerson -

The sad story of the West Point experiment  
in education of Norman Price, Jr., will be  
told a little later, as a warning to  
other parents in the matter of training,  
to avoid juvenile delinquency.

James Alfred Taylor, of Fayette  
County, for several terms - Congressman,  
and Publisher of County Newspapers;  
a ready writer. Personable and  
popular politically, and an honest  
man, he never made political  
office profitable. The father of a  
large family, and having no Memorial,  
other than his work. A daughter  
of Mr. Taylor married the son of  
District Judge Bennett, ~~and of~~  
~~the family at the time~~ included  
Locusts County. Young Bennett  
brutally murdered his wife while  
in a drunken frenzy, and was  
promptly and properly lynched  
by the Citizens of Fayette County;  
~~by hanging~~, for which action no  
penalty was imposed or any real,  
Public opinion rather approving the hanging.



5-3

Mr. J. Alfred Faylor died several years ago, and is gratefully remembered as a gentleman and friend. He had a good heart, and is I believe in the Covenant of Grace. A son carries on as a Lawyer and Publisher of papers in Fayette County.

Reference has been made to the spectacular burial (at night) of our father, William Thomas Price, January, 1921, on Cemetery Ridge east of Marlinton. The history of the family Cemeteries, dating from the early 19th Century in Martins Bottoms should be recorded.

First Cemetery on the brow of Hill, Hamilton Field additions, overlooking Interstate Highway 39, East Marlinton, where Major W. L. Poage and Nancy Warrent - ~~Poa~~ <sup>Poage</sup> ~~talwood~~ - Poage lie buried; marked by a monument and bronze plate, erected, 1937,

by Sister Anna and myself. This is a burial reservation 56 x 120 feet in the plan of Hamilton Field additions. This burial Place dates from about 1830; the Poages being the first to be ~~there~~ buried.

Long in disuse as a <sup>burial ground</sup> ~~cemetery~~, in the late 19th Century the McLaughlin



Cemetery, also a reservation, was opened, where many former citizens of the community ~~are~~ <sup>have</sup> been buried.

~~Among the first~~, five infants of Aunt Mary-Price-McLanahan ~~among the~~ first to be buried.

When our grand-parents, James Atlee Price and Margaret Poage-Price, died in 1874, they were buried near their home on the terrace in West Marlinton. In due time the wife of Uncle Woods Price - of the Crawford of Randolph County, lies in an unmarked grave; then in order, Uncle Sam Price (1894-1895), Uncle Jesus Henry Price (1896), grave unmarked, except by a Confederate Metal Marker; Aunt Caroline McClure-Price (1899); finally Uncle Josiah Woods Price (1918). His grave-stone bears an inscription as a "Soldier, Gentleman and Scholar."

"A little heap of dust and dust,  
a little streak of Rust,"

a stone without a name;

Lo! here, word and fame

Finally, a word as to the <sup>ambrose Pierce</sup> oblivion



55-

Which by a singular Chain of Circumstances  
Crowded the beautiful and ample Price  
Cemetery at the foot of Price Hill, West  
Marlinton; where, otherwise, the Price clan  
~~could~~ all sleep in undisturbed repose.  
Near-by, also, in a Confederate burial  
ground, also reserved, but nearly  
obliterated by housing.

The terrace was a camping site for  
part of General Lee's Army in the Western  
Virginia Campaign of 1861. There remains  
of this stone chimney and fire-places  
visible until recently. A fine Sugar-  
tree grove occupied the terrace, and  
destroyed by the encampment, for fuel;  
a single large tree remaining that  
for a hundred years has supplied sap,  
Uncle James has boasted to me that  
he personally, appealed for and saved  
from being cut down, also, a large  
fig-tree bearing almond-shaped  
nuts; and still living in my Boy-  
hood, from 1855 to 1900.

In the soldiers Cemetery once were  
seen rudely carved names on stones  
of Georgia and Mississippi Volunteers,  
who died and were buried here. One such  
remembered by me was William Copeland  
of a Mississippi Regiment,  
Uncle James Price, <sup>died</sup> in 1846, and  
buried with his father. His estate divided



56  
Among his ~~the~~ legal heirs, an ample  
and dignified one-quarter acre  
was reserved as a family cemetery;  
surrounding his grave, his parents  
and sister-in-law, Mrs. Woods Price.  
In the year 1903, Sister Anna Virginia  
Price, contemplating marriage, decided  
to build her house on the ~~old eastern~~  
south-eastern promontory of the Plateau,  
although the site closely occupied by  
the two cemeteries; the land now in  
possession of Uncle Woods Price,  
who was prevailed upon to part with  
the ~~lot~~ <sup>land</sup>, although in doing so he  
conveyed parts of both reserved  
lots that did not belong to him.  
In doing so, he insisted on lot  
lines almost bordering on the  
foundations of the projected new house.  
All of this was inexcusable on the  
part of all concerned; the youth of  
the one and the age of the other, a  
partial oblivion in the matter of  
right and justice in the conveyance,  
while these dead were each lying in  
his appointed place.  
Old English law, on which the  
new world jurisprudence is founded, is  
strict in the matter of selling a man's



bed in the bottom of <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ earth, ~~as~~ long  
as survivors live and are interested in  
protecting the resting place of ancestors.  
The final irresponsibility committed  
by Uncle Woods price, several years later,  
giving to a neighbor (Richardson) a  
strip in part overlapping and confining  
the Cemetery reservation from the  
south, wiping out the possibility  
of retaining the original quarter acre.  
The result, the abandonment of  
the Price Cemetery, and including the  
Confederate Sacred quarter acre,  
as a private burial ground.

\* Cultural

True, a few Confederate crosses  
and battered field stones remain per  
the war heroes of 1861. True also  
a big yard 30 x 30 feet, remains of  
the lawful quarter acre Price lot.  
The lawful quarter acre Price lot  
surrounded by a fallen wall of loose  
stones; two decaying apple trees  
and sunken graves. The Myrtle ~~tree~~  
one also survives.

As stated elsewhere, Uncle Woods  
Price's tragic life ended Nov. 1918,  
dying intestate, (and incompetent) his  
estate divided among next of kin.  
Among his effects were found in a bag  
~~eighteen~~ two thousand dollars in gold  
coin, which he had demanded, and  
received from J. C. Richardson as payment



for the strip of land, <sup>58</sup> in which conveyance  
he had sold - perhaps unknowingly by  
the bones of his ancestors, among whom  
he himself was soon to sleep. For a  
half century following the war and  
the early death of ~~the~~ the wife of his  
youth, careless of clothing and personal  
hygiene, unembarrassed, unshaven and  
unshorn, although lean and wiry,  
dying of a cancerous affection and  
stroke at age 82; that insouciant, but  
personally and mentally "eccentric,"  
in a high degree. To almost his  
last breath he was able to interpret,  
or translate, his beloved classics  
in the original Greek and Latin.  
As to ~~the~~ the bag of gold received  
in the sale of land, it was a fact  
that it lay for several years  
among the litter of books and papers  
in his "library" or living room  
at the old Price "venerated" log  
house. Where he was found dead  
by his house keeper.

Ma wrote me, sadly, in November  
1918, that Uncle Woods "looked better"  
when dead and lying in state in his  
Confederate Cavalryman's Jacket. That  
he had looked in life for many  
years past. (I was at Camp Curtis, Miss.)

and active



Uncle Woods could be - often was -  
 generous, even, philanthropic, among  
 his limited circle of friends, usually  
 tenants and farmers among other  
 acquaintances. His generosity to me  
 in the matter of the two hundred loan  
 for my third year at Medical School  
 is remembered, with true gratitude ex-  
 Let us hope, and believe, that the old  
 Confederate Warrior is included in  
 the "Covenant of Grace" not of works!  
 a point first argued in America  
 by the remarkable Mrs. Anne  
 Hutchinson and the Clergy of  
 Plymouth Rock, whose faith was  
 founded on the "Covenant of Works" of  
 early Seventeenth Century.

However distasteful, after the lapse of  
 thirty-five years, it seems necessary to  
 chronicle something about the futile  
 trip at Higher Professional education of  
 Norman R. Price, Jr.

A graduate of the local High School, and  
 already well advanced in alcoholism;  
 And it is indeed a singular thing how  
 kind, or perhaps hopeful, concerned  
 parents can be concerning an eighteen  
 year old son in matters vitally concerning  
 his future well-fare.



Saturday. Sept. 18, 1925 - 3.30 am.

Dry and frosty. Working in a supply  
of wood adjacent to Road 219. Frosty and  
dry weather, but no "killing" frost yet.  
Increasing stiffness in my "good" ear - Right  
noted with mild concern. "Very late"  
look out of the windows. Shall be darkened.  
Man goes to his long home. Was down

In September, 1925, Norman having  
received appointment as alternate candidate  
for a cadetship at West Point, the full  
appointment as Principal having been made  
prior to Norman by Congressman Taylor.  
The opportunity seemed ideal as to  
Norman's schooling, and I decided, with  
Dean's full consent, to further his chances  
of passing by special coaching.  
A Retired Army officer, Colonel  
Mallard of Washington was ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup>  
as one who received in his home and  
coached appointees. I entered Norman  
paying the stiff fees of about one  
thousand dollars, besides extras and  
allowances.

It developed, later, the Principal  
failed of entrance, thus in failing to qualify  
mentally for entrance in March, 1926, my  
son registered failure also, despite aid,  
and wholly due to <sup>lack of</sup> application and  
the spirit of ambition, totally lacking.  
In retrospect, it appears to me that  
Colonel Mallard's school lacked discipline;



or not failing<sup>61</sup> to observe, correct,  
or at least report to parents the trend  
of a young alcoholic, and consequent  
failure in performance at school,  
whether due to destructive habits of study,  
or plain lack of wit or mentality.  
The facility <sup>with which</sup> young Graves have  
in deceiving parents and guardians  
is remarkable.

In spite of Norman's failure, Mr. Taylor  
gave a full opportunity, effectively March  
4, 1924; and I, still hopeful, again  
entered him at Willard's School.

Not in the least sobered by  
failure to pass entrance requirements,  
Norman during vacations at times ~~and~~  
worked ~~hard~~ <sup>work</sup> on ~~the~~ a road building  
project, spending his earnings in  
riotous living; one feature of a  
rapid progress, acquiring infectious  
Wrethitis (gonorrhea) from an ancient  
prostitute (Gertrude) or (Gertie) who  
had infected and infected generations  
of her contemporaries. This required  
long and expensive treatment by a  
Washington specialist, and before  
more effective antibiotics were known.

Norman again journeyed to Washington,  
in <sup>the</sup> company of a ~~car~~ <sup>band</sup> of Manhattan  
"sports" attending Championship baseball  
series. The Party included



Fred McFarquhar<sup>63</sup>, Veteran; and himself  
an alcoholic of many years standing;  
who reported to me on his return that  
Norman ~~had~~ attempted habitually to drink  
all the alcohol obtainable.  
all this was warning of eventual  
failure; but hope died a lingering  
death in the heart of parents - especially  
mother.

A peculiar chain of circumstances  
involving political influence by United  
States Senator from Arkansas, Callaway  
who was succeeded on his death, in office,  
by his wife, U.S. Senator Hattie Callaway.  
The two Senators had two sons, both  
educated at the West Point, and are  
today high ranking officers of  
General Staff. The Callaways are  
said to have Cherokee Indian blood  
by the maternal side; but as the  
Princess trace to Pounatan (Pacalontay)  
descent, the true and original Americans  
of which descent I am justly proud.

As the Professional education of  
Norman Price Jr. seemed predestined  
to failure, at the time, the interference  
of the Senator Callaway in favor of the  
J. B. ~~Callaway~~ Jr. of Cass, who held the  
alternate appointment, and a classmate  
of the Callaway boys at a prep school  
near Waynesboro, Virginia. Due to



64  
the entrance system of Preferred  
schools, the Callawayson and Young  
~~Callawayson~~ were admitted to West Point  
on Physical Examinations, only.  
In due time Mr. ~~Callawayson~~ graduated  
Class of 1931, served through the grades  
as an officer U.S. Army, as a Lieutenant-  
Colonel died heroically on the Normandy  
beach at the head of his Regiment of  
Infantry, June 6, 1944. "Request  
in Pace".

By 1944 Norman R. Price Jr. had com-  
pleted fourteen years as a Ci-devant  
sergeant and enlisted man, Air Force,  
U.S. Army, and in January 1942, as  
a member of probably the first bombardment  
squadron sent over-seas in the war  
of 1941, embarked on transport from  
Hamilton Field, California, to Karachi,  
India.

Norman's Progress through the thirty  
years, 1929-1959, inclusive, is a  
long story, to which full justice  
will be done in future chapters of  
this narrative.

As stated heretofore, the seat of the  
Puffer Family, period of the Civil War of  
1861, was Callaway County, Virginia.  
H. Scott Puffer has related to me many  
years ago, that his father, Dr. William P.



Rucker, killed a 65-  
year old fellow Physician  
in  
Coompton, Virginia, using a long knife  
of the bovie pattern, that he habitually  
carried in a sheath slung between  
his shoulder blades.  
Following the war-time division of  
the State, and a post-war Republicanism, as  
were all of his four younger sons at a  
later period, Dr. Rucker removed to  
Leesburg, W. Va. as a more congenial  
political atmosphere. An oft-repeated  
canon, regarding ~~Dr.~~ Rucker, heard in  
my time, was that for many years  
the doctor consumed a quart of  
Criskey daily.

After the war of 1877, Captain Truman S.  
Martin remained in the Regular U.S. Army  
and was commanding a Lt. of Infantry  
assigned to the 15th Regiment. ~~and~~  
~~immediately~~ then in the Philippines,  
Later transferred as Military Officer  
to the Embassy at Tokio, his duty in  
part to acquire the Japanese language.  
and remained in the Japan about  
five years. If in that time he had  
leave in the United States, I am not  
aware of it. Thus far removed from  
possible entanglement in my family  
affairs. This was well - Perhaps  
Providential - as I was in no humor



To ensure absolute secrecy, I have written this letter in a very guarded manner, and have not mentioned any of the names of the persons who are connected with the cause. I have also written in a very guarded manner, and have not mentioned any of the names of the persons who are connected with the cause. I have also written in a very guarded manner, and have not mentioned any of the names of the persons who are connected with the cause.



once, Spring of 1926. I handed Jean a  
letter bearing Captain's post mark and in Captain  
Martin's ~~handwritten~~ handwriting. To my  
surprise, I noted a slight confusion,  
even embarrassment, on Jean's part, but she  
proceeded to open the letter, using the "stiletto"  
(a Japanese make), which she used to open  
mail. With some deliberation, Jean  
read to me a few common places, one  
being that Martin expected to visit home  
on leave during the summer, another  
that struck Jean forcibly concerned  
Norman's recent disgraceful failure to  
pass the tests for entry Military School;  
implying a real or pretended "Indian"  
indifference to the "turmoil" of ordinary  
living.

My reaction to the reading was that  
of indifference to the letter, or Captain  
Martin's opinions of my indifference  
to "turmoil".  
After Jean's death, reading ~~the~~ letters  
to Norman, I learned that she had quoted  
Martin to Norman, who in turn took  
offense, again surprising Jean as  
resentful of criticisms from that quarter.  
At long last, all of us learn that in  
dispute secrecy, there is nothing secret  
that shall not be revealed.

In the autumn of 1926, Captain Truman S.  
Martin, U.S. Army, visited Washington for a few  
days, ostensibly to see old friends,  
specially the McChesnes. Jean and I



68  
by chance, were on the front porch together  
when the Captain appeared, in civilian  
apparel, and advancing across the broad  
lawn, and cordially received by me,  
as a war comrade, not seen for six  
years, and invited to have dinner  
with us the following day.

Much worn by age and illness, there  
was much of the old vivacity and charm  
about Jean, at age 46. Next day she  
dressed with especial care, and a well  
appointed meal served, passing pleasantly  
and without incident. At this time Jean  
had little more than a year to live.  
At the dinner in my house, Captain  
Martin may well have reflected, being  
a man of intelligence and education,  
on the "Vanity of human wishes."

Had occasion to write Captain Martin  
in Tokyo, following Jean's death, which  
letters and answers will be noted in  
its proper sequence. Having attained  
a full Colonelcy, U.S. Army, Martin  
died about 1946, aged ~~46~~ 47, and  
retired; he rests in the National Cemetery  
at Arlington.

Jean was a reader at an early day  
of "Smash Let" Magazine, forerunner  
of the light sexy literature of the later  
years, and later. ~~A little later~~ She read  
"Youngs Magazine" and "Smappy Stories",  
pulp with accent on sex, not illustrated.



My error on Jennie's part, and were  
knew it better than she: but persisted in  
a spirit of perversity. Knowing my  
liking for the work of Henry L. Menck, she  
subscribed over a period of years to the  
American Mercury when first under his  
editorial Publications, as an annual presents  
paid for from her Personal allowance.  
In fiction, historical and otherwise, she read  
Hergensheim, Ben Ames Williams, Cora Harrison  
and other brilliant writers first "discovered"  
on the Saturday Evening Post, before the  
"See Change" that took over the Post  
in the fourth decade of the 20th Century,  
along with other New York "slicks".

The primary disease morose, Progressive  
and incurable; a distressing symptom  
anorexia; and sometimes passing most  
of the night without sleep. When I  
expressed concern for her reason  
if she did not sleep more, she seemed  
amused, but refused to even attempt  
sedative medication, that only increased  
her discomfort by adding to toxicity.

In order to meet heavy expenses  
I was driving hard, at home only  
at short intervals, either day or night,  
and then occupied with gardening,  
landscaping, building repair and  
forestry. Jennie's personal "orderly",  
Young James Preston, age 12, colored.



70  
Descendant of a long line of House  
servants in the Preston Family of Guilford  
County "for the War" - and Freedom -  
alarmed and embittered by Norman's continued  
failures at school, evidenced by bad reports  
and absences from class at that ancient  
Sectarian College, Hampton Sydney ~~where~~  
he was entered Session 1927. Dear Mr. [unclear]  
of uncharacteristic emotions said to me,  
"Norman had no sense"! To which  
indictment I could only agree, and  
under all the circumstances surrounding  
us, and in the presence of death in ~~the~~ the  
family, continued to drift.

The previous summer an indictment  
had been returned by the Grand Jury,  
the late Alfred P. Edgar, State Attorney  
against Norman for alleged Prohibition  
Law at a Minnehaha Springs Party  
of several days duration, attended  
by many elite of both States of the  
town and County, the younger set,  
without apology for Norman's conduct  
at the encampment, which was bad.  
Edgar son, "Buster", another nice well  
and alcoholic, was equally guilty.  
Brother Andrew, then alive, was concerned;  
but through him I informed the State Attorney  
office that my agents had given me a list  
of all present, and all would be summoned  
to court and we would thoroughly air



September Volume 2  
3 A.M. 1959 Page 1

John and family returned to Puducherry, Ky.  
Wednesday, August 26<sup>th</sup>, where they  
arrived, daily, Friday, 28<sup>th</sup>. The annual  
1959 visit successful and enjoyed by  
all of us, whatever the pains and  
expense of travelling, entertainment,  
and gifts. Jean Jr. scholarship at  
Columbia University, where she has  
completed the first year; ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup>  
resuming my financial help.  
Whatever the outcome of present day  
higher educational trends, maybe  
while here, Jean typed 269 pages of  
my narrative, approximately 10,000  
words, (544 page script.)

Today, resume my story, with  
Page 1, "second volume." Arose at  
3 A.M. the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp  
Custer, Michigan; talked out as Surgeon  
10<sup>th</sup> Infantry by Major J. C. Adams, M.C.,  
but continued with the Regiment as  
Surgeon 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ a Military  
Reservation for Troop Training in the  
Recurring Wars of America, located  
on an elevated sandy plateau.  
Showing glacial erosion, marked  
by large and small ponds, ~~and~~ <sup>with</sup>  
numerous muskrat "houses."  
The Camp located 14 miles from the  
thriving town of Battle Creek (name)



because of some <sup>2</sup>very others conflict of the  
pioneers with the Indian residing of  
the valley. a world center in the  
production of cereal foods, typified by  
the names Post and Kellogg. There  
also is located the famous Sanitarium  
of the Christian Scientists; also  
accentuating Vegetarianism in diet.  
The Bottom lands of alluvial soil  
produce celery as a principal crop.  
Abandoned farm houses marked the  
~~sandy~~ plateau of several thousands  
acres; the soil appeared thin and  
worn away by unskillful cropping;  
adapted to grape growing; each  
farm had a small vineyard of  
neglected appearance. Prevailing  
winds from the west, and ~~such~~ the  
trees and shrubbery about the houses  
a lean eastward due to constant  
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland  
sea.

The nature of the country is well  
described by Nell Miller in his  
book "I found no Peace"; 1936,  
whose boy-hotel home was  
near Dowagiac, Michigan;  
a famous "War Correspondent" and  
"Evolutionist" - if not a pacifist, his  
writing not approved by the war-  
mongers, and Mark Twain, Churchill  
and our own F.D. Roosevelt -  
Miller was found killed by a "fall"



From a train in <sup>the</sup> London yards,  
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the  
United States in the war in Europe -  
as Miller had been strongly writing  
and opposing the war, he had met  
the same ostracism by internationalists  
as had the ~~Warburgs~~ Colonel Charles  
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill  
faction. It is therefore probably  
certain - that Miller was snuffed  
by agents in the employ of the  
authority in Britain and America;  
the cause of death officially written  
off as an accident, with the usual  
hypocritical "regrets" of the inter-  
national Press and Politicians.

W. W. Miller, shortly before his  
death in early middle life, had  
married an English woman. His  
book, little known, and almost  
forgotten, may yet be given the  
credit that is its due, a clear  
and sensible commentary on the  
wars of empire in the first years  
of the twentieth century, A. D.  
His death was timely, perhaps;  
as undoubtedly he would have been  
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh  
and retired, as has the latter, to  
comparative obscurity. By good  
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still  
survives, though looked on with  
suspicion as a divergent.



His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abduction and murder of his first born son - Mrs. Lindbergh (Came Morrow) appears a gifted and able woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books, though not brilliant, are sufficient evidence of talent and morality. - a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The fiendish murder of the Lindbergh Infant typical of human degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America - an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americans.

In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Custer, while the 1st Infantry Division was being recruited to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farm house near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and



predecessors of  
and Mother

Peaceful rural community was  
once inhabited here; the spot now  
devoted to the study of War in the  
School of Mars.

The house was ~~round~~ an well  
built and sound, though never painted;  
an iron cooking stove abandoned by  
my former occupant and owner.  
The quartermaster agreed to my plan  
in lieu of quarters in 1<sup>st</sup> ind. and  
supplying ~~some~~ fuel, a few utensils  
and tools and bedding. With the  
help of Sgt. Gary and Asher we  
contrived a table and benches from  
found salvaged from Camp refuse;  
four mattresses spread on the floor.  
I met the family in Battle Creek  
October first, moving immediately  
into our new home on the Harmony  
Road, which we occupied grate-  
fully until my "Honorable"  
discharge from the Army the following  
February, 1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved  
mild, with little snow, compared  
with the preceding "hard winter"  
of 1914, marked by gales blowing  
from the Lake and drifted snow.  
On pleasant days, and off duty, all  
of us took walks in the country  
with its adjacent woods and small  
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we  
visited Battle Creek, where for a



Couple of months before we attended  
Public School. Part of his sketchy  
formal education until his final  
graduation from Marlinton High  
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a kindly grocer in  
Battle Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind  
in delivering food stuff not  
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.  
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family  
man, apparently in a good way in  
business, as the saying goes, was  
quite openly admired for his high  
spirit and acceptance of our  
Nomadic Army life, with its  
pioneering aspects on the Harmony Road  
frequently delivering groceries in  
person. At our departure from  
~~the army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge  
of two litters and a young dog  
the children had taken in. In  
connection with the final disposition  
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote  
before our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalangou  
where James Brother Macer was  
employed as a boy-scout executive  
for the local Scout Camp.

Taken all together, our winter  
with the Army at the house on the  
Harmony Road more than endurable  
and routine for ~~with~~ ~~with~~ a few  
and our young children. Perhaps



with my usual matter of factness  
spent too many evenings until late  
at the card games in officers mess.  
But Jean, as always in our family  
life of twenty two years did not  
complain of my absence or business  
or otherwise, except once when  
I staid unusually late and failed  
to meet her on return from town  
by street car, she met the children  
getting "home" as best they could  
in the rain and mud. This was  
mexcusable, on my part; deeply  
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was  
neglectful of the family comfort;  
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard  
and long for this comfort, and  
supplied every comfort need;  
fortunately, I had other means than  
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,  
style 1917. Never incurred a  
debt during entire ~~some~~ active service.

Undoubtedly, Jean missed her  
accustomed social contacts  
during this time, although 35,000  
human beings and their camp  
followers inhabited the Army Camp.  
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride  
from the East, and following the  
example also set up house  
keeping in another form.



+ and also companions

8  
have a quarter mile or the Harmony  
road. An exchange of calls  
did not lead to cordiality between  
the families, particularly on the part  
of the Lees desiring us to all  
terrible turn-out of marriage  
~~leaves~~ pioneering; and Captain  
Lee and wife soon took each apart-  
ment in town.

Once again gave shelter to a  
young woman, Camp follower, &  
married to a ~~young~~ sergeant, who  
~~did not remain long.~~ We  
learned the young soldier now-  
com had been "Bartey" for neglect  
of duty; it being evident that  
marriage in his case had not "worked  
his way to promotion and pay."  
At Thanksgiving, Jean prepared  
an excellent and elaborate turkey  
dinner, and we had in St. Vauter  
my friend of Rock Island Camp.  
Captain Vauter, Surgeon, Vauter's,  
now with the 40th Regiment, formed  
from the 10th. Captain Vauter  
in full dress uniform in honor  
of the occasion. Moreover, ~~Captain~~  
~~Vauter~~ a native of Albemarle County,  
Va. and a gentleman born, single  
and even then approaching middle life  
in his thirties. He was living at  
last alone; married, a retired officer, in



Saturday  
September 5, 1959  
3 AM-

9 This day marks my  
74th year residence  
at Marlin Poston.

Sept. 5, 1885, James, Andrew and I com-  
pleted our trek in the "Carry-all" from  
Rockingham County, referred to at length  
in a preceding Chapter. I a boy of  
ten years. Both brothers departed  
aged ~~47~~ 77 (1946) and 59 (1930).  
Our first night in Prentiss County  
at the home in Huntersville of  
Dr. S. P. Patterson.

A change in plans and extensive  
alterations being made in the Drainage  
and Sewerage system under Main  
Street - at added cost. As the  
whole street is to be paved with 2 feet  
of concrete Compconcrete; the sewer  
and water systems under-lying will  
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a soldier,  
that I had sheltered in our home  
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;  
perhaps, with her genius for Coaching  
~~and Managing~~ young women in  
their settling in life, hoped to save  
the marriage. However this young  
person proved to be "Natty Marrying  
brand," and soon disappeared from  
our household; perhaps to become  
"Common to the Regiment," in ~~the~~  
~~the~~ Battle Creek.



On the arrival of the Battalion at Camp  
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a  
large number of negro draftees running  
at large, encamped adjacent to  
our Cavalry Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed  
by the order and discipline of our  
~~Reg~~ Regular troops; many chose to  
try the "new doctor" in camp,  
and appeared in numbers for treatment  
of their many diseases, though having  
their own Medical Detachment and  
Physicians. I found it necessary

to turn these away to seek their  
own medical facilities. One  
of their Lieutenants (White) called  
on me as Regimental Surgeon  
and audaciously threatened to "Report"  
me as refusing his medical  
attention. Telling him to "report  
and be damned," he did report me  
to the Division Surgeon, but I  
escaped with a mild reprimand  
from Colonel Wright to be more  
diplomatic in future in handling  
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Barstow, <sup>Jackson</sup> ~~Howard~~  
a colored boy who had for a time  
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter  
and field hand. Barstow had been  
swept in by the draft, and hearing  
of my presence, called to pay respect



17  
Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "Delaware Battalion," the dumping ground of army misfits, where he was known as "Old" ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, patriotically glad to see me. ~~The~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Curtis. After his army hitch, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the Girl" (Jennie) their welfare and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army, Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge - ("Surgeon's Certificate of Disability.") The cause of Discharge was written "Impossibility." When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> exhibited the Discharge paper no more. Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in "trouble," only weak mentally. He had a good heart. Peace to his ashes.



The 10th Regiment, recruited to full  
was strength, autumn 1918, and the  
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ <sup>whose</sup> shoulder  
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ~~for~~ <sup>overseas</sup>  
"overseas" and routine examinations  
made of men and officers for that duty.

At the same time, Colonel C. C. Creighton  
M.C., devised two specially irksome  
activities for medical officers,  
designed to test and improve  
whatever physical and mental qualities  
were possessed.

The first, "Pop drill," specially  
for those assigned "overseas". A  
young medical Lieutenant, who appeared  
to have recently been a football  
player and coach, was assigned  
to drill us; of fierce facial expression  
and mental clarity typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the  
athletic field, about forty in number  
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress-  
~~and~~ were put through all paces,  
consisting of setting up exercises,  
including short runs and leaping  
low hurdles. ~~Individuals~~ <sup>Individuals</sup> who  
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the  
knees ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> singled out to do  
run a hundred yards and return  
and jump a hurdle.

~~And~~ A middle-aged and dignified



13

Major, M.C., who in civilian life had probably been a distinguished man in the community, dared to protest. With some heat, this ignominious, destructive to moral; his protest received in stony silence by our "Coach." It appeared for the moment one of those ~~these~~ <sup>these</sup> moments not unknown in the military life; but we were soon dismissed without noting <sup>boresome duty</sup>.

Another ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> designated by Colonel Creighton was a weekly quiz designed to test our professional fitness and scholasticism. All Divisional medical officers assembled and required to recite, ~~individuals~~ <sup>in some cases</sup> called on at random by the grilling officers. It is readily seen this could be embarrassing and destructive of true moral in the military service.

Once when called on to describe some intricate detail involving the blood circulation, I rose and stated I was not prepared to recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical degree from a University and had practiced medicine and surgery for fifteen years just past, including one and one half years active military service. This I did.



Father than attempt to scrape from a  
defective memory anatomical details.  
Having had my say, I sat down, and  
was not called on again by the  
"Professor" detailed by Creighton  
to quiz us.

Ambrose Pare, noted Military  
Surgeon of the sixteenth Century,  
was largely ignorant of scientific  
details; I have not yet <sup>having</sup> described  
the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory  
symptoms of the onset of the great  
Influenza epidemic of 1918, ~~as~~ and  
well as ~~onset of~~ winter, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> the  
"Armistice" of November 11th, put  
a final quietus to ~~the~~ Creightonian  
Nagging. His Medical Divisional  
Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing  
numbers of ~~soldiers~~ <sup>soldiers</sup> reporting with  
temperatures and catarrhal symptoms  
at sick calls, Colonel Creighton  
was inclined, at first, to suppress  
the percentage of sick in the camp,  
even directing the diagnosis

"Influenza" be used sparingly.  
However, I continued writing "Influenza"  
quarters, where indicated, ~~at the~~



Sunday, Sept. 6, 1919 13-

4 AM.

"September Morn," an  
idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights.  
Ripening fields; some corn already in shock.  
Slept a little late, rising at 4 AM. Some  
weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large  
numbers in quarters and Hospital, and  
the night cool, the men began to close  
the windows in ~~the~~ crowded Barracks,  
for already full to suffocation with ~~the~~  
smoking, coughing sick soldiers, ~~and~~  
a duty of the officers of the day to keep  
open a certain number of windows  
for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for  
the Divisional Medical Staff heard  
of no more in the onset of the epidemic.  
Futile efforts made to make the sick  
comfortable; more straw provided to  
stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra  
barracks made available for the sick,  
and partial isolation. A good deal  
of confusion as to the number reported  
daily as present and fit for duty.  
Numbers went to their near-by homes,  
or overstay leaves of absence, and  
not missed at assembly. ~~Others~~ Others  
could have done so, without being  
reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many  
as fifty in one day, from pneumonia  
and complications, besides the per-  
manently disabled by pleurisy and.



16  
tubercular infections. (Many a  
pensioner is living today - Forty years  
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)  
I do not know the exact mortality  
at Camp Curtis following the "Flu"  
epidemic, but many thousands died.  
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,  
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians  
left, and the virus infection deadly.  
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities  
among ~~the women~~ who bore children, and  
among ~~those~~ who gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks  
quarters, though the officers of the day  
supposed to get the sick to hospitals,  
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in camp.  
Criminals and armed men have a  
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of  
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only  
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity  
- did not contract flu. myself and  
family staid well. Possibly due to  
having had influenza the winter of  
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov 11,  
and due to epidemic disease, there  
was a let down in morale and the  
movement set in among the men and  
officers to "go home," ~~combated~~  
opposed



for a time by higher authority. The movement extended to "over seas" and in January Detachment began to arrive for discharge at the "Base", ~~they~~ very snooty with their over-seas caps, wrap leggings and "gold" service stripes. Some name-calling, and even fights occurred between individual soldiers on a point of honor. The soldiers of my old Rock Island detachment especially beligerant on the subject; ~~as~~ all young volunteers at the outbreak of the war. A ~~sole~~ <sup>SOBE</sup> point freely expressed; not even permitted in general orders a "trip" for voluntary service, ~~that~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~that~~ decorations were handed out freely for every imaginable ~~other~~ distinction ~~other~~.

Army Bureau rising reached a all-time high in stupidity in this lay-up, advertising an unpopular foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided in December, 1918, to break out with renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early fall only the "Armistice" of Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> put in an application for discharge, feeling the urge to get out of the Army and



back to civilian employment, to  
restore personal finances, much  
depleted. This was finally granted  
to take effect January 27, 1919. I  
had been duly examined in the field  
by a board of Medical officers  
and pronounced perfect physically;  
presumably, also, mentally unmarked  
and unscathed by a year, seven  
months and twenty-seven days  
"home service" in ~~active~~ war time,  
including about eighty months  
"field service" with the 10th Infantry, 45th Army.

Like thousands of other soldiers  
and officers, in my anxiety and haste  
to get home and ~~into~~ business in  
a "war market" I ignored or  
concealed injury or illness that  
could have been pensionable at  
a later date; or even retirement  
pay as a Reserve officer; the ~~entire~~  
Railroad accident at Blue  
Creek, in particular to both legs.  
Incidentally, I may add, that  
the number of Medical officers  
granted "retirement" status after the  
war of 1917, became a national  
scandal shortly after, due to favors  
granted this or that by a Medical  
retirement board. (Camp Moore)



Friday, Sept. 11, 1959 19  
Thirty days of almost continuous heavy weather,  
around 90 each day; cooler weather and  
fall signs. Combining with locally the  
average was large x work on the Road  
and bridge progressing; but delayed by  
extensive ditching for sewerage. And  
day a typical "September Morn." a long  
distance fall from Mr. Lemus, of Chaderston,  
of United Fuel Gas, regarding renewal  
of leases Campbell Ry. Mineral. It is  
evident they are still interested in  
this gas field.

Following my arrival of November 11, 1918,  
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced  
my war was over, whether the Pentagon or  
the day agreed, and sitting down to wait  
discharge. There had been no deaths or  
serious illness among the officers of the 10th  
and 40th Regiments during the influenza  
epidemic, and all of us were going back early  
with hope for promotion and pay in the war.  
Lemus and the family, by this time, were well  
enough quarters in his old house on the  
Hammock Road, with more space and  
freedom of movement than most families  
in the army enjoyed. We made visits  
to town, saw a show occasionally, and  
lived in hope of early discharge and return  
to Marlinton. No more Pop drills and  
giving classes by Colonel Brighter, a  
Division Surgeon much annoyed by the  
heavy mortality during the epidemic.  
Morale in the camp very low; no Refs  
games more frequent, and playing for Refs  
was prohibited, resulting in unjustified



20

Losses to many officers, as for the men, their  
losses usually confined to any money  
they had in hand. Credit of "Jaw Bone"  
in gambling not popular among the  
centurions. <sup>any time the game</sup>  
continued late at night the Barrack windows  
of Officer Mess covered with blankets and  
lights were supposed to be "out". On  
such a dark night. He was so far as it  
concerned the Citizens soldiery, ended.  
Thus passes the glory of the earth.

Johnson made my financial clearance with  
the Quartermaster, the Commissary and the  
officers mess, early in February we left  
the farm house and embarked for home.

During the second day in the evening  
regaining practice in my profession  
after long absence, in my case, was  
comparatively easy, as I had retained,  
and paid out my office in the Bank  
during my absence I was able to begin  
immediately, and it is a matter of some  
pride I earned a dollar the first day.  
I also made a deal with Ford Peabody  
and friend James Baxter for a Model  
T and set to work. Influenza was still  
rampant and home attendance of cases  
of all sorts the usual thing. It is  
true the mind of late winter was  
almost bottomless less, but I and  
my model T and a horse I purchased  
valiently tried to answer all calls.



Just as I had been accustomed to doing  
before my tour of the War and its alarms.  
It is a singular fact that in Dec. & Jan. of  
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice  
in Marlinton was equipped with either  
horse or auto transportation; ~~except~~ except  
myself; the others relying on hired  
conveyance or conveying the horses  
by the clients. I had thus first call  
on Country Practice, and kept busy.  
Many Physicians returning from the  
War not so fortunate as I; some  
finding their places filled by claim  
jumping Doctors, or otherwise ousted.  
"For emulation has a thousand sons,  
Who stand in line; if one be gone  
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my Power and  
place as an elected County official,  
but hoped to regain that or some other  
public office, at this time having, as I  
thought, a justifiable belief that the  
returning soldiers might be welded  
into a voting block of influence in  
the election as supporters of former  
officers and comrades. The election  
of next year, a Presidential year,  
together with women suffrage, pretty  
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans  
Politically, in a foreign war.

The sad case of my class-mate and



and war ~~communities~~ - Captain George A. McQueen, M.C., is cited as a ~~good~~ to the  
fidelity as a patriotic asset of service  
in that war -  
A brilliant student and prominent in  
the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of  
Maryland, and a native of Germersville  
in Nicholas County, Do. McQueen was  
quickly successful as physician and Surgeon  
in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married.  
and before 1917 had served as Mayor  
of the Capital City, <sup>in the county</sup>.  
After honorable service he aspired  
to the office of Governor of the State, with  
respectable Personal and financial  
backing; his grandiose figure in uniform  
featuring his campaign posters, as  
justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldiers  
vote "expected" in the elections of 1920.  
This proved a delusion, of the <sup>highest</sup> ~~highest~~  
magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as  
Personal and Political opinions  
dictated, as heretofore, before and after  
the war - Dr. McQueen, running  
as a Democrat, failed of <sup>the</sup> nomination,  
going to some "Civilian" Politician, who  
was in turn, defeated by the Republicans  
land-slide of 1920.

The losses of a Political Campaign  
are heavy and the Doctor lost out in  
with the profession as well. The death of his



A singular incident of the Police game. A visiting sharp-shooter had for some reason singled me out as a special contestant, and in one round, the play narrowed down to Mr. ~~Bullington~~<sup>Bullington</sup>, the sharper, and me; and as I held three Kings and no especial danger in sight, stood several <sup>raise</sup> ~~times~~ on a daily limit. It seems that Mr. Bullington, who was on my left, flinched deliberately, as he resented what



he considered "fiddling or bluffing  
tactics" of the sharp-shooter directed  
at me in several plays previous.  
His quite obvious "staying" nettled  
and discomprized my opponents, who  
dropped out on the next set. Mr. ~~Wade~~  
commented to me after the game, in  
which I was a small winner, what  
the gentleman had against me.

Because of alcoholism, after  
a few years, Dr. McQueen lost  
out professionally and politically  
and died aged about 40 years.  
Unusually gifted and promising  
in early life, his end I fear was not  
peace. I trust he was in the  
Covenant of Grace; though wandering  
not last.

The death of a brother, a Doctor  
McQueen, Dentist at Summerville a  
few years since was tragic. He  
fell into an open hearth fire; it may  
have been while dozing, and was  
fatally fumed.

Further, I will record that in the elections  
of 1920 I was nominated for County  
Commissioner, as a Democrat, and  
defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams.  
Prominent Lumberman and Banker.  
~~He~~ I opposed the amendment to the State  
Constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.

But Hamilton



Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939<sup>25</sup> - Rose at 3.30. The  
Mummy Coal, requiring fire in the Bath room -  
very usual "sitting down" in early morning  
and eve. Cellen has come - they write.

It seemed unreasonable to me - then as  
now - that people the voters - men and  
women - under the leadership of Tay-  
lors in the Legislature, would  
sally to the Palls and vote an amend-  
ment enabling the State to borrow  
vast sums to be used internal  
improvements. The Mother State  
of Virginia, Reminiscent of the  
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating  
to a period before the Revolution  
of 1861; the West Virginia part of  
the "Virginia Debt" until receiving  
a political issue, in ~~1920~~, finally  
settled by payment of Fourteen  
million Dollars with interest. Elected  
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.  
In the elections the "Good Roads  
Amendment," with its borrowing  
"Revolving" fund, carried heavily;  
particularly popular with the need  
women voters; again the ladies  
as always, insufficient for progress,  
regardless of public debt. The  
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me  
in the elections; besides the trend that



26  
Year was Republican. Wilson  
Paralytic and Senile, held on to the  
Presidency to his last gasp for  
death in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not  
going my way - My defeat for County  
Court not unexpected. The Campaign  
was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat,  
I was soon after elected to the Town  
Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton.  
Meanwhile I was practicing to the  
limit of capacity, enjoyed a good  
income, sufficiently ample for all  
present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-  
year onset of the incredible 18th  
amendment, with moonshine traffic  
in hard liquors and the home  
brewing of filthy country wines and  
liquors, along with Judicial  
and Police Tyrannies, graft and  
hypocrasies. Our home, like  
others in Marlinton, was marked as a  
filthy brewery of Malt liquors and  
fermented assorted drinks, with  
Wmmy, aged 13 years an enthusiastic  
helper in bottling operations thus  
early acquiring a taste for illicit  
alcoholic Beverages.  
With my customary aloofness, I



gave no need. Signs of danger, even  
when, at times, I found at the house  
an assorted drinking party of men  
and women. I was personally there  
and through life a total abstainer.  
Always early to rise for a breath of  
morning air, and busy with my  
practice of medicine, and gardening.  
Land-surveying and forestry, I ignored  
as did not observe the plain signs  
of disaster in the family life.

From early life, I had been  
accustomed to social drinking on  
occasion; now for a considerable  
period - about three years - excessive  
and habitual, until the onset of  
ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety  
about Norman's alcoholism, put a  
final stop to his drinking, until  
~~his death four years later.~~

About this time the activities of  
Mr. H.S. Ruelar, an attorney, and  
for long operator of a part-time  
gambling Commercial Paper place  
in an apartment over his office; he  
was also notable in the Moonshine  
and home brew Business, as an  
adjunct to his Paper game, and  
as a business.

"The Judge," as he was often called  
by owners and customers, possessed



28  
An ancient auto - a "Hup" or  
other extinct brand, the operations of  
which required the expert attentions  
of Harry Hines, and who drove the  
car on Judge Ruchers frequent  
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided  
old Hottlett, a leading Moon distiller  
of Moonshine. Many times Jean  
accompanied ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~also~~ in  
~~with~~ the expeditions. It was on  
returning from a trip to the North Fork  
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I  
first observed Jean drunk in the  
Autumn of 1923. The unpleasant  
incident is fixed in memory,  
because Jean ~~proper~~ exhibited a  
long knife, or stiletto, I did not  
know she possessed, and stated  
fiercely that if I objected to her  
conduct I would be killed then  
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor  
fled or made resistance; she put  
away the evil looking stiletto;  
and nothing more said of the  
incident. Nor was the threat  
repeated. Doubtless, I have always  
thought of the sight of a woman  
to kill her husband, if she cannot  
live with him, and should not  
be penalized. It may be this



29  
be considered one of the risks inherent  
in ~~the~~ the state of matrimony. I know  
the incident was deeply regretted by  
Jenn when she later came to her senses.  
She had a good heart, and would  
normally <sup>have</sup> died, literally, for her  
husband and children.  
Many years later, and following  
Jenn's death, Brother James told me,  
quite casually, that he had <sup>then</sup> expected  
Jenn to kill me - about 1923.

Except for an occasional incident  
as the foregoing, ~~it is not~~ <sup>it is not at all</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> domestic life ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> unhappy;  
~~actually~~, actually, we lived well,  
decently and in harmony. My  
single, and doubtful, diversion was  
the Weekly Village Paper game,  
generally ~~usually~~ all night, which was  
interrupted by a call, usually of  
an abstract nature.

It is related of the Great London  
Physician, John Hunter, 17th Century,  
that on one occasion returning late  
to his home after a day's work of  
research and practice, found his wife  
presiding at a mixed party, or  
"lick-up," as he described it, and  
dispersed the gathering, thus  
exhibiting his authority.



Sunday, Sept. 13, 1909 30

I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complete national election - style about 1970. Personally, such problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

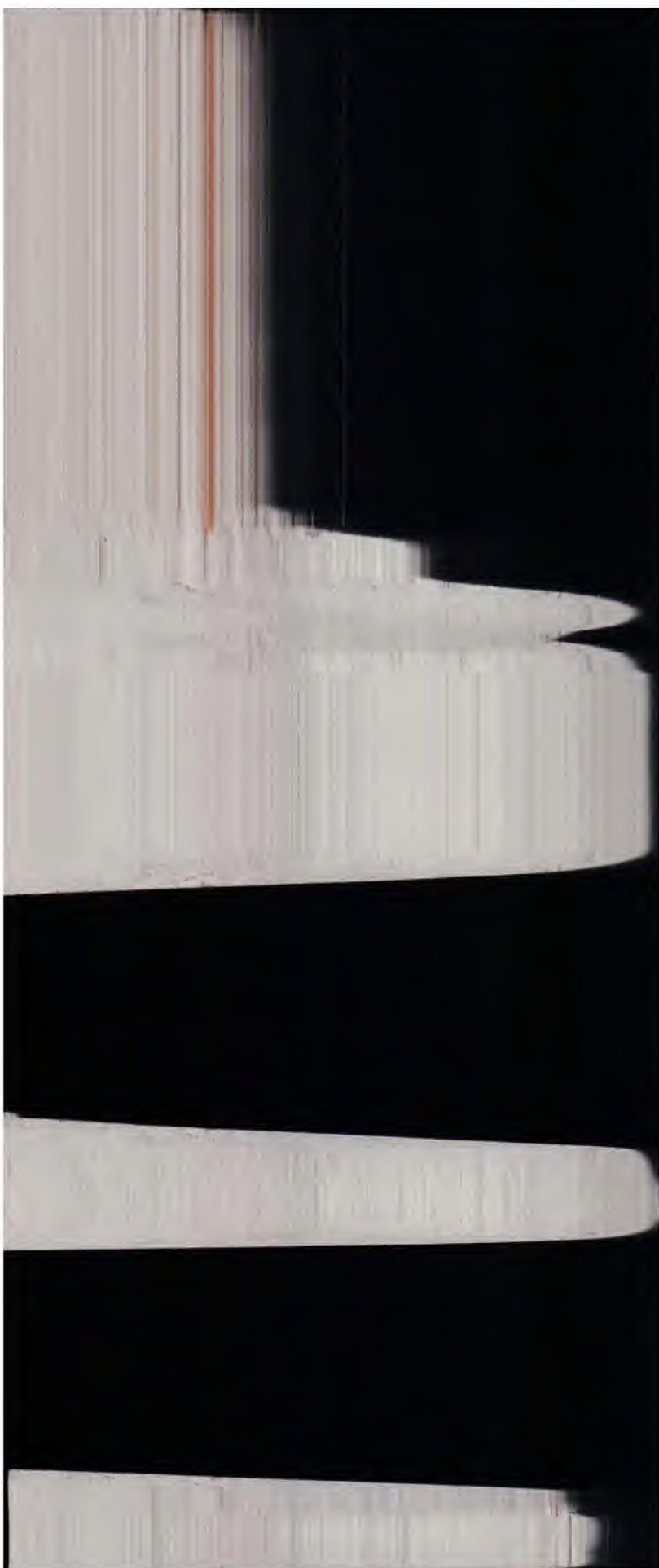
The youths shall faint and be weary,  
And the young men shall utterly fall;  
But they that wait upon the Lord  
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;  
They shall run and not be weary;  
And they shall walk and not fall faint.

A recent letter from Amos L. Herold of Austin Texas; two pages written in execrable, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time, to practice round letter writing, with some waist and forearm action, - "even as you can."

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because if I do not make the damned

(over) I shall not finish this thing







31  
 Further today, I will be sure to  
 need if tomorrow. It is selected of the same demonstrable  
 that on becoming involved  
 with the present (Lithia).  
 It is said, however, that he was  
 demonstrate the effectiveness of Mearns  
 as a cure. He has not the  
 "Sue Sickness" as a reference to the  
 great mass of "Sue" the  
 Mearns' laboratory. The  
 Mearns has been recognized by the  
 "Sue" to the approval of the  
 Mearns (Mearns) in the chest.



Mrs Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a  
 handsome lady of large frame, the  
 mother of three daughters; a native  
 of Amherst County, Virginia and of  
 excellent family and culture.  
 Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney  
 and journalist, practiced law in  
 our county and edited the Marlinton  
 Journal for several years. In  
 1899 he married Miss Lillie Yeager -  
 daughter of Henry A. Yeager. Mr. Sam  
 Scott had University Education; was  
 literate, even a genius; but was  
 dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -  
 all of which is another story.

During this married life in Huntersville  
 and Marlinton, over a period of about  
 forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker  
 "separated" a number of times, due  
 principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent  
 affairs with certain Native Concubines  
 of the period.

On more than one occasion when  
 Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at  
 a fast gait the team of two cross-  
 bay horses, with her three daughters  
 in the large family chariot, the  
 village would remark that Mrs.  
 Fizzie Rucker was leaving Scott



Rucker, again <sup>3,3</sup>

When an attractive woman of middle age leaves her husband, and does not find another man of means to take her up, she is lost.

A lady of high Principal, Mrs. Rucker, on these recurrent separations invariably went to the home of her father-in-law, Dr. William P. Rucker, at Lewisburg for refuge. After a time, a reconciliation would be patched up, and Mrs. Rucker ~~and~~ and the children would drive home. One such incident occurred about 1907, and the old Dr. Rucker having died, Mr. Rucker took a small hotel or boarding house in Norfolk, Virginia, in anticipation of expected literary activity connected with his publications & position ~~that~~ ~~year~~. Due to a minor business recession that year, or to public indifference, his ~~&~~ position proved a failure, or "flop," and in due time he returned to her home, in Marlinton. On another occasion she removed herself, (my girls grown, and all teaching or doing secretarial work) as far as Mobile, Alabama, but again returned. About 1912, to reside



with her aged <sup>34</sup> husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life my dear lady in whom could not bear the least suspicion of "infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally defending those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also popular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from wrong wives, if other evidence was not to be found or proven.

Incurably affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his Court Room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Clerk's House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The joint gradually lost its atmosphere of gentility as a resort for all hours resourse by fellow attorneys and gentlemen, and at last became known as a "Rake-off" game, resorted to by lumberjacks, even negroes; with a bit of book-keeping of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County Grand-Jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker gambling "joint,"



The Prosecution <sup>24</sup> was usually unsuccessful  
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors  
not usually cooperation in upholding  
"Law and order".

On one occasion, the late William Dearing  
was asked by the Grand Jury, foreman if he  
played Poker, replied he "did not know  
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful  
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~and~~  
and had no luck. This from a  
veteran soldier of the 1st Cal-Inf.  
Exported Merriment, and no damning  
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate  
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet  
lives a retired and plain life in  
Marlinton at an advanced age,  
supported for the most part by his  
"Social Security". Married late in  
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Thorne,  
who has recently died. For many

years Wallace Lange followed  
the life of a woodsman in the Cumber  
Quap, was known as "Pete", and his  
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in cards  
games to some extent. Proverbial.

When asked by the jury foreman and  
Prosecutor, he admitted having played  
in Rufus's apartment; interrogated  
further if he had seen money pass  
commercially in the game, "Pete"  
replied he had seen "Donations"  
to provide utilities, Cards, light, heat,



Father's services and other survivors  
 surroundings of a gentleman's game-  
 The jury returned no indictment.  
 To fully appreciate this anecdote  
 one needs be familiar with Walter  
 Lange, his personality, eagle eye and  
 And beaked nose, altogether a hand-  
 some man not often seen, even in  
 age and adversity; correct in his  
 language, although not regularly  
 schooled, his education that of a  
 man of the world endowed with  
 intelligence. I believe, had fate so  
 decreed, Wallace Lange could  
 have been a leader in war and  
 peace. True, a lifetime in the  
 lumber camp, - like unto soldiering,  
 he may have spent too many hours  
 studying the <sup>ways of</sup> ~~ways of~~ kings, and the  
 favor of the Goddess of Chance.  
 At present friend Lange lives  
 alone in his cottage at the base of  
 Price Hill in West Marlinton. Kind  
 Providence has granted him length  
 of days following an active life in  
 the open and forest places. He was  
 born on the lofty top of Buck's Mountain  
 overlooking Marlinton from the west.  
 Now he can review life as vanity,  
 "the shadow of a dream," at the same  
 time real and earnest. ~~In good luck!~~



In the autumn of 1907 and Jean being detained  
at home, our young son being an infant of  
eight months, I desired to visit the  
exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's  
consent travelled alone by rail, and by  
way of Baltimore, having a nostalgic  
wish to again see these student days,  
after a four years interval, that had  
witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two  
days in a student's boarding house  
with Fayette Street, and mingle  
with students assembling at the  
University of Maryland Medical  
School, where I readily passed  
for one of them, with the reserve  
of new acquaintances. The Medical  
School had recently opened for both  
men and women - an innovation -  
a woman medicine sat near me at  
table, who appeared to speak German  
by choice. I did not hate her as near  
my equal in beauty and charm as  
Dr. Alice Steffian of the early days.  
I travelled by boat from Baltimore  
to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the  
shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving  
the boat, who should appear looking  
for lodgers at her rooming house  
than Mrs. Fizzu Rucker, who had  
recently "left" Scott Rucker as her  
wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker  
either did not recognize me, or a student



38  
appearance of doing so; she may have  
felt somewhat near sighted, or ~~that~~  
over-sight, as she had seemed to  
look directly at me without recognition,  
I chose not to introduce myself, and not  
long afterward I heard that she had  
given up her logging business and  
returned to her home.

After Mr. Rucker's death in 1924, Mrs.  
Rucker went to Alabama for a while.  
Before her departure she enlisted Jean  
to arrange and dispose of the household  
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,  
including some debts the Ruckers  
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Premontory symptoms of Jean's  
long illness had already appeared  
in the fall of 1924, but she labored  
long and hard on the Rucker  
disposal of effects, though not  
feeling well. This she did from  
some feeling of association and  
friendship for the family over many  
years; although at the time I did  
not think she owed them much,  
either in association or sincere  
friendship; especially in the matter  
before referred to in the automobile  
expeditions for ~~moon~~ foot-leg  
legions, wines and home brews  
of the early years of Prohibition  
beginning in 1920.



39  
This trafficking by Jean of the Rucher  
furnishings and effects continued for  
about a year, because as late as  
September, 1925, I paid Mr. Rucher  
for books and some furnishings. By  
then Jean's liver and pancreas was  
failed to function markedly, together with  
hardening of the arteries and emaciation.  
An abnormal craving for Carminatives -  
Cloves, pepper, cinnamon, was a symptom.  
A collection of wines in jugs and some  
malted drinks in bottles no longer craved  
as nature had revolted against such  
abuse of appetite for food and drink.  
It was necessary to keep the "limes" under  
lock, as by this time Norman was quite  
willing and eager to dispose of the lot  
in short order.

Next spring, 1926, as a general State  
Police had begun raiding private houses  
in Marlinton in search of alcoholic  
beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose  
of all "Cellar" contents, some gallons  
of jug of wine being cached by me  
among ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> rocks on the hill-side.  
Some years later when I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> looking  
for this treasure I could not find  
a single jug - six in number -  
but it had exploded, or else  
I had not marked the site of  
burial ~~treasure~~ sufficiently well.  
Anyway, the brew was not of a vintage  
exactly improved by "age."